GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

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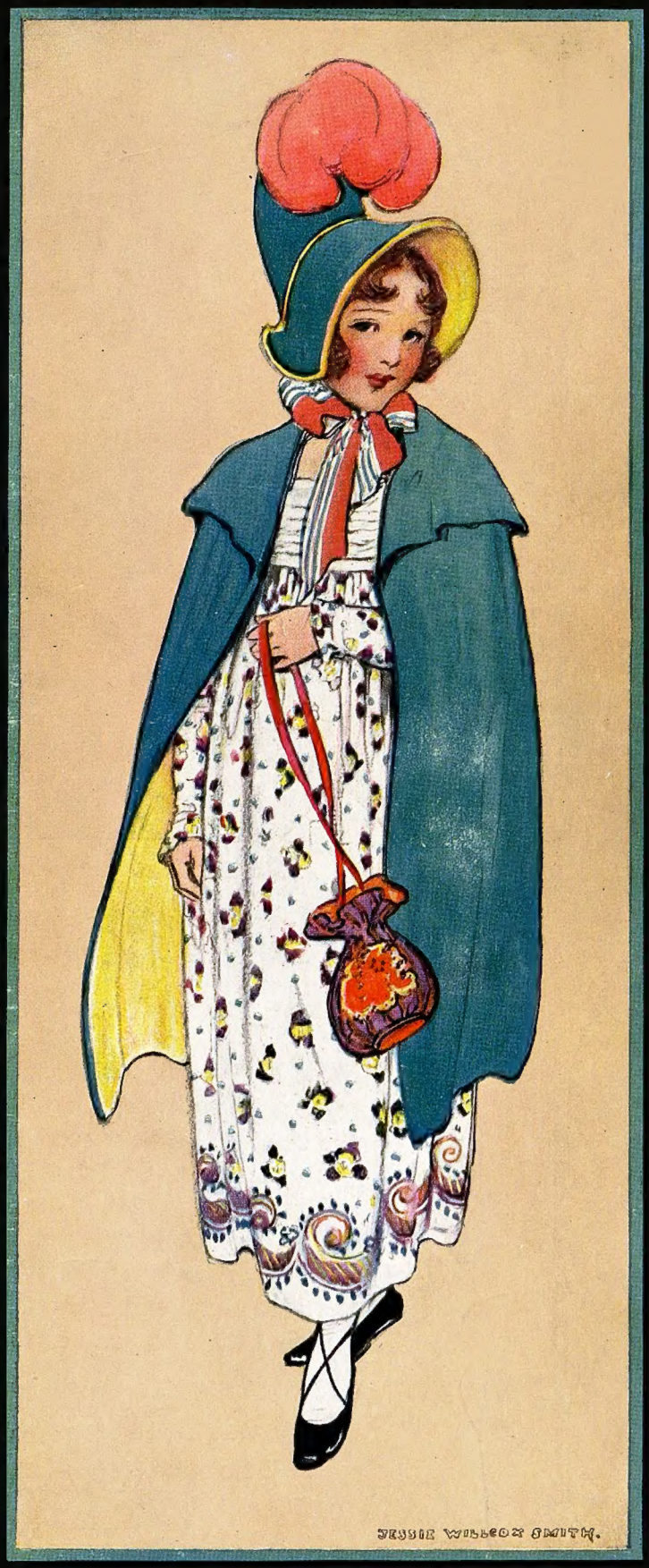

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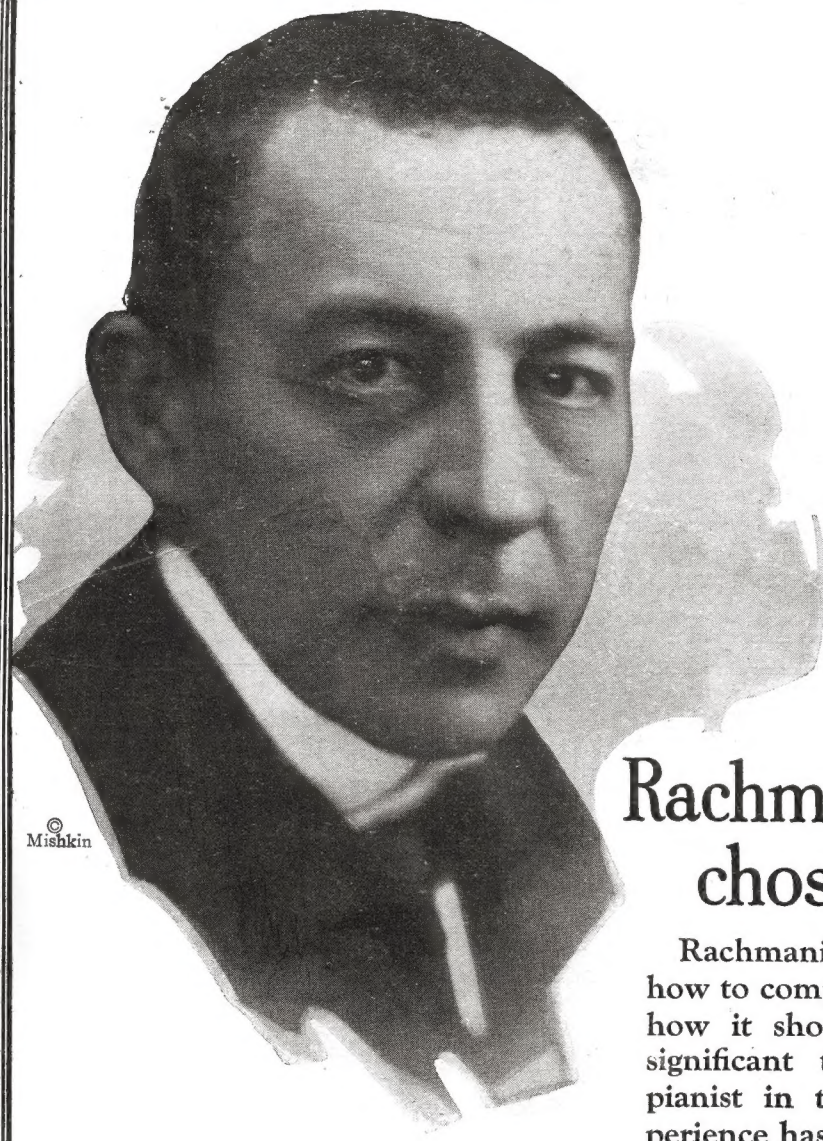

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May Good Housekeeping

FOR a very special reason, which you shall hear next month, we have tried to make the May number a red-letter one. It has been a hard job, for each magazine is just as good as we can make it at the time. Unexpected opportunities present themselves and enable us to make some magazines better than others, but our aim is constantly for the best—the best in fiction, in fact articles, in service features, in fashions, in art work, in inspiration. We know that that is what you expect; you know that that is what we want to give you. So you may look forward in May to the very best magazine we can make. Some of the writers will be Frances Hodgson Burnett, Ruth Sawyer, Coningsby Dawson, Fanny Heaslip Lea, James Oliver Curwood, Emma-Lindsay Squier, Margaret Widdemer, Dr. Wiley, Frances Parkinson Keyes, Anne Shannon Monroe, and S. E. Kiser

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Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director, is a research laboratory conducted for the purposes of testing foods and toilet preparations. All foods tested under the Bureau standards undergo rigid examinations for quality, purity and wholesomeness. All toilet preparations are likewise tested for quality and freedom from harmful ingredients. Every food and toilet preparation advertised in Good Housekeeping may, therefore, be purchased with a knowledge of this protection.

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If any goods advertised in Good Housekeeping are not satisfactory, or if any advertiser is remiss in answering your letters or coupons or in sending samples, we ask you to make this known to the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping. Address your note for his "personal attention."

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In using advertisements see page 4

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2 The Service We Render

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3 The Guarantee We Give

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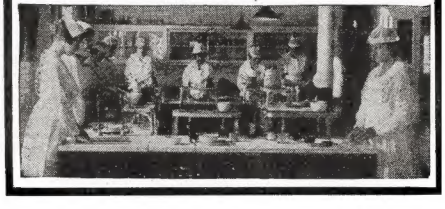

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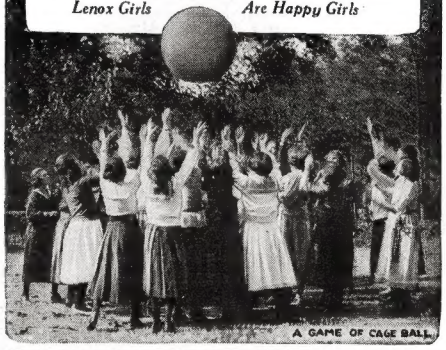

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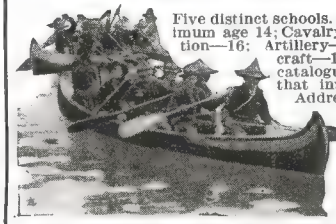

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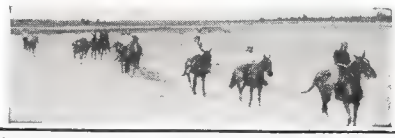

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What the *Editor* Has to Say

The Most Important Week of the Year

A CALL has gone forth to all leaders of children's work in the International Sunday School movement to make plans for the effective observance in their respective fields of the International Children's Week which will begin Sunday, April 24th, and close Sunday, May 1st. The recent world war has attracted the attention of all patriotic men and women to the enormous value of childhood and the urgent need of conserving the young life of a nation if that nation is to live. As a result, there is in every civilized country a great effort to care for the physical welfare of all children in order that a much larger percentage of children born may live to become strong, able-bodied men and women.

Likewise these same nations have laid their plans to keep the public schools going and to make the education of the minds of their children better and more effective than ever before. They recognize that it is a matter of supreme importance to fit their children for life and citizenship in the new era which the winning of the war by the Allied forces has brought.

But strong, clean bodies and well-trained minds alone can never make democracy safe for the world. Something else is needed, and that is trained consciences and wills—consciences which know right from wrong as defined by the Christ, and wills which can force selfish mortals to obey their consciences, to deny themselves, and to follow the Great Master in service to others even unto the end.

In other words, every child needs and must have religious education if he is to become a true citizen of the nation into which he has been born and a real member of the Kingdom of God on earth. This task of religious education for the children of a nation belongs to the homes and the church schools of the various communities, just as the task of secular education belongs to the homes and the public schools of those same communities.

The World's Biggest Crop

WE are glad that we are able to send the above message into nearly a million American homes. It was prepared by Mrs. Maud J. Baldwin, superintendent of the Children's Division of the International Sunday School Association. Its importance is suggested by the fact that at least thirteen million American children under twelve years of age are receiving no religious education whatever. Society is menaced by such a condition, for the child that has no religious education all too often grows into the man or woman without religion, and the man or woman without religion is usually one who will trample, either thoughtlessly or with cunning, upon the rights of others. And it is that trampling, through a colossal selfishness, that is at the base of the world's troubles today. An observance of the Golden Rule for forty-eight hours by every one who has heard it would make a lot of people afraid that the millennium had dawned, for happiness would spread over the earth as the light from an unclouded sun. Labor troubles would cease—for there can be no labor trouble without selfishness on one side or the other; profiteering would wither in all the marts of trade where now it flourishes so—for selfishness is the roots of profiteering; rumors of war, which cause preparations for war, would fade into the eternal silences—for war is only selfishness disguised as a noble agency of national necessity; sin itself would disappear, during those two days—for sin, against man or against God, is the very essence of selfishness itself.

The Best Week of All

THERE are many reasons why this Children's Week is the most important week in the whole year. One that seems to us quite sufficient is by the voice of God himself, speaking to a prophet of old: "Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die." We have heard of no amendment to that divine declaration: childhood is the best time to teach its meaning, not in fear, but in reverence and pride; its glory, not its consequences. If you want to do your part, the International Sunday School Association's suggestion for the observance of the week will help you. A copy costs five cents at the Chicago office.

Their Enemy Their Friend

THERE are probably few women who read this magazine who have not read of the sensational attack upon the League of Women Voters made by Governor Miller of New York on the occasion of the League's state convention. "What is the reason for your existence?" he demanded, thinking to floor the League with his wrath and apply the *coup de grâce* with his denunciation of the League as a menace to American institutions. But the League was neither floored nor finished. It played the part of hostess perfectly, but after the guest had departed it sent him a complete answer to his question and disproof of his charge. The discussion that followed has served to clarify the situation and acquaint the nation with the fact that it has available for every-day use an agency of unbounded possibilities for service. In essence, the League is a vast national research committee to search out and place before the nation's voters the necessity for personal responsibility for and activity in good government. When this is understood in connection with the fact that the League is in no sense partisan, opposition to it on the part of politicians takes on the appearance of more than a disinterested conviction. This is the conclusion that is just now adding to the confusion of those who attacked the League and to the strength of the League itself. Its real purpose was never so well understood—nor the need for it. Another attack like Governor Miller's should place the League in the position its founders hoped for.

The Year's At the Spring

THE year, at its turning, is not bright. As the frost slowed up the life of the soil even in those places where it did not stop it entirely, so the cold hand of doubt and depression has held back business until there is stagnation in nearly every line. But now the ice must go. It has served its purpose; to linger would be to undo its beneficence. The business depression has served a purpose. We needed it. We have been operating a dangerous machine which kept going only because everybody thought it was great and helped it along. At any moment it might have been wrecked. That we have got our feet on solid ground without a smash that dislocated our business joints for years is due to luck, not good judgment. But that does not matter now: here we are with the spring smiling at us, urging us to be optimistic and come and sow and plant and till and tend. And largess will be ours again—enough for our own and to spare. The world needs the crops we can raise; it is as hungry-hearted as it is hungry of body. If we will go forth, men and women, women and men, sowing our seed, the crops that we can raise will be the envy—and the hope—of the world. The sun shines. Make hay.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW

MARY

By Grace Noll Crowell

Decoration by John Richard Flanagan

"The first day of the week
Cometh Mary Magdalene early
When it yet was dark,
Unto the sepulcher—"

Each Easter morning
I go with her into the garden.
I love to walk beside her;
To carry, as she carries,
Aloes and cinnamon and myrrh,
And all the sweet burden of spices
For our Lord.

The old garden is wet with the night dew.
Since last Friday
Many feet have trod the pathway.
The bruised petals of white lilies
And of pale purple phlox
Lift their faint fragrance
Like incense through the dusk.
The shadows of gray olives
Lie deep across the old walls.
The dawn tarries over the hills.

Mary wears the trailing, dark dress
Of the night;
But I—I wear
The shining white garments of the dawn.
For I have long known something
That she does not know.

Her eyes see the open sepulcher
Stark before her in the darkness,
And there is a voice:
"Woman, why weepest thou?
Whom seekest thou?"

"I weep," she answers,
"Because they have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where they have laid him."

O, Mary—Mary—
I want to put my arms about you,
To tell you—to tell you—
I want to call it through the dusk!
I want to sing it to the stars!
I can not breathe for it—
"Mary—look— See—!
He is not the gardener!
He is—"

But Mary's eyes are heavy with tears.
She can not see.

"Sir, if thou hast borne him hence,
Tell me where thou hast laid him,
And I will take him away."

And then—
With the old-time tenderness,
Jesus speaks her name,
"Mary."

Begin now FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S *wonderful story*

The Head of the House of Coombe

You will like it as well as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "T. Tembarom," stories that one never forgets, just as you will never forget this one, with its pictures of Feather and her Robin, of Donal, and of magnanimous, misunderstood Lord Coombe. It will not be published in book form until it is finished here. Read it now

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

THE history of the circumstances about to be related began many years ago—or so it seems in these days. It began, at least, years before the world, being rocked to and fro, revealed in the pause after each of its heavings some startling suggestion of a new arrangement of its kaleidoscopic particles, and then immediately a rearrangement, and another and another until all belief in a permanency of design seemed lost, and the inhabitants of the earth waited, helplessly gazing at changing stars and colors in mental chaos.

Its opening incidents may be dated from a period when people still had reason to believe in permanency and had, indeed, many of them, acquired a singular confidence in the importance and stability of their possessions, desires, ambitions, and forms of conviction.

London at the time, in common with other great capitals, felt itself rather final, though priding itself on being much more fluid and adaptable than it had been fifty years previously. In speaking of itself it, at least, dealt with fixed customs, and conditions and established facts connected with them, which gave rise to brilliant—or dull—witticisms.

One of these, heard not infrequently, was to the effect that—in London—one might live under an umbrella if one lived under it in the right neighborhood and on the right side of the street, which axiom is the reason that a certain child sat on many days staring out of a window in a small, dingy room on the top floor of a slice of a house on a narrow but highly fashionable London street and looked on at the passing of motors, carriages, and people in the dull afternoon grayness.

The room was exalted above its station by being called "the day nursery," and another room equally dingy and uninviting was known as "the night nursery." The slice of a house was inhabited by the very pretty Mrs. Gareth-Lawless, its inordinate rent being reluctantly paid by her apparently with the assistance of those ravens who are expected to supply the truly deserving. The rent was inordinate only from the standpoint of one regarding it soberly in connection with the character of the house itself, which was a gaudy little kennel crowded between two comparatively stately mansions. On one side lived an inordinately rich South African millionaire, and on the other an inordinately exalted person of title, which facts combined to form sufficient grounds for a certain inordinateness of rent.

Mrs. Gareth-Lawless was also, it may be stated, of the fiber which must live on the right side of the street or dissolve into nothingness—since nature had seemingly created her at the outset as nearly nothingness as an embodied entity can achieve. So light and airy was the fair, slim, physical presentation of her being to the earthly vision, and so almost impalpably diaphanous the texture and form of mind and character to be observed by human perception, that among such friends—and enemies—as so slight a thing could claim she was prettily known as "Feather." Her real name, Amabel, was not half so charming and whimsical in its appropriateness. "Feather" she adored being called, and as it was the fashion among the amazing if amusing circle in which she spent her life to call its acquaintances fantastic pet names selected from among the world of birds, beasts, and fishes or inanimate objects, "Feather" she floated through her curious existence. And it so happened that she was the mother of the child who stared out of the window of the dingy and comfortless day nursery, too much a child to be more than vaguely conscious in a chaotic way that there were times when the feeling which raged within her and made her little body hot and restless was founded on something like actual hate for a special man who had certainly taken no deliberate steps to cause her detestation.

Feather had not been called by that delicious name when she married Robert Gareth-Lawless, who was a beautiful and irresponsibly, rather than deliberately, bad young man. She was known as Amabel Darrell and the loveliest girl in the lovely corner of the island of Jersey, where her father, a country doctor, had begotten a large family of lovely female creatures and brought them up on the appallingly inadequate proceeds of his totally inadequate practise. As pretty female things must be disposed of early lest their market value decline, a well-born young man, even without obvious resources, represents a sail in the offing which is naturally welcomed as possibly belonging to a bark which may at least bear away a burden which the back carrying it as part of its pack will willingly shuffle on to other shoulders. It is all very well for a man with six lovely daughters to regard them as capital if he has money or position or generous relations, or if he has energy and an ingenious, unfatigued mind. But a man who is tired and neither clever nor important in any degree, and who has reared his brood in one of the Channel Islands, is not wise in leaving the whole hopeless situation to chance and luck. Sometimes luck comes without assistance, but almost invariably it does not.

Feather, who was then Amabel, thought Robert Gareth-Lawless incredible good luck. He only drifted into her summer by merest chance because a friend's yacht in which he was wandering about came in for supplies. A girl Ariel in a thin, white frock and with big, larkspur-blue eyes yearning at you under her flapping hat as she answers your questions about the best road to somewhere will not be too difficult about showing the way herself. And there you are at a first-class beginning.

The night after she met Gareth-Lawless in a lane whose banks were thick with bluebells, Feather and her sister Alice huddled close together in bed and talked almost pantingly, in whispers, over the possibilities which might reveal themselves—God willing—through a further acquaintance with Mr. Gareth-Lawless. They were eager and breathlessly anxious, but they were young—young in their eagerness—and Feather was full of delight in his good looks.

"He is so handsome, Alice," she whispered, actually hugging her not with affection but exultation. "And he can't be more than twenty-six or seven. And I'm sure he liked me. You know that way a man has of looking at you—one sees it even in a place like this where there are only curates and things. He has brown eyes—like dark, bright water in pools. Oh, Alice! if he *should!*"

Alice was not perhaps so enthusiastic as her sister. Amabel had seen him first, and in the Darrell household there was a sort of unwritten, not-always-observed code flimsily founded on "First come, first served." Just at the outset of an acquaintance one might say "Hands off," as it were. But not for long.

"It doesn't matter how pretty one is, they seldom *do*," Alice grumbled. "And he mayn't have a farthing."

"Alice," whispered Amabel almost agonizingly, "I wouldn't *care* a farthing—if he

AMABEL sat up on the edge of the bed. In the faint moonlight and her white nightgown she was almost angelic. "I think you ought to take some interest," she said plaintively. "You know there would be more chances for you and the others—if I were not here"

"What will you do with her?" inquired the Head of the House of Coombe detachedly.

only *would!* Have I a farthing — have you a farthing — has any one who ever comes here a farthing? He lives in London. He'd take me away. To live even in a back street *in London* would be heaven! And one *must*—as soon as one possibly can. One *must!* And, oh!" with another hug which this time was a shudder, "think of what Doris Harmer had to do! Think of his thick, red old neck and his horrid fatness! And the way he breathed through his nose. Doris said that at first it used to make her ill to look at him."

"She's got over it," whispered Alice. "She's almost as fat as he is now. And she's loaded with pearls and things."

"I shouldn't have to get over anything," said Amabel, "if this one *would*. I could fall in love with him in a minute."

"Did you hear what father said?" Alice brought out the words rather slowly and reluctantly. She was not eager on the whole to yield up a detail which, after all, added glow to possible prospects which from her point of view were already irritatingly glowing. Yet she could not resist the impulse of excitement. "No, you didn't hear. You were out of the room."

"What about? Something about *him?* I hope it wasn't horrid. How could it be?"

"He said," Alice drawled with a touch of girlishly spiteful indifference, "that if he was one of the *poor* Gareth-Lawlesses, he hadn't much chance of succeeding to the title. His uncle—Lord Lawdor—is only forty-five, and he has three splendid, healthy boys, perfect little giants."

"Oh, I didn't know there was a title. How splendid!" exclaimed Amabel rapturously. Then, after a few moments' innocent maiden reflection, she breathed with sweet hopefulness from under the sheet, "Children so often have scarlet fever or diphtheria, and you know they say those very strong ones are more likely to die than the other kind."

Alice burst into a fit of giggling it was necessary to smother by stuffing the sheet in her mouth. "Oh, Amabel!" she gurgled. "You *are* such a donkey! You would have been silly enough to say that even if people could have heard you. Suppose *he* had!"

"Why should he care?" said Amabel simply. "One can't help thinking things. If it happened, he would be the Earl of Lawdor and—"

She fell again into sweet reflection, while Alice giggled a little more. Then she herself stopped and thought also. After all, perhaps—! One had to be practical. The tenor of her thoughts was such that she did not giggle again when Amabel broke the silence by whispering with tremulous, soft devoutness.

"Alice, do you think that praying really helps?"

"I've prayed for things, but I never got them," answered Alice. "But you know what the vicar said on Sunday in his sermon about 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

"Perhaps you haven't prayed in the right spirit," Amabel suggested with true piety. "Shall we—shall we try? Let us get out of bed and kneel down."

"Get out of bed and kneel down yourself," was Alice's unsympathetic rejoinder. "You wouldn't take that much trouble for *me*."

Amabel sat up on the edge of the bed. In the faint moonlight and her white nightgown she was almost angelic. She held the end of the long, fair, soft plait hanging over her shoulder, and her eyes were full of reproach. "I think you ought to take *some* interest," she said plaintively. "You know there would be more chances for you and the others—if I were not here."

"I'll wait until you are not here," replied the unstirred Alice.

But Amabel felt there was no time for waiting in this particular case. A yacht which came in might so soon put out. She knelt down, clasping her slim, young hands and bending her forehead upon them. In effect she implored that Divine Wisdom might guide Mr. Robert Gareth-Lawless in the much desired path. She ended with a gently fervent appeal that—if her prayer were granted—something might happen which would result in her

Feather's eyes of larkspur blueness were clear of any thought or intention; her ripple babies? I suppose the nurse knows. I don't. I wouldn't touch her for the world!"

becoming a Countess of Lawdor. One could not have put the request with greater tentative delicacy.

She felt quite uplifted and a trifle saintly when she rose from her knees. Alice had actually fallen asleep, and she sighed quite tenderly as she slipped into the place beside her. Almost as her lovely little head touched the pillow, her own eyes closed. Then she was asleep herself, and in the faintly moonlit room with the long, soft plait trailing over her shoulder looked even more like an angel than before.

Whether as a result of this touching appeal to the Throne of Grace or not, Robert Gareth-Lawless *did*. In three months there was a wedding at the ancient village church, and five flower-like bridesmaids followed a flower of a bride to the altar, and later in the day to the station, from which Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gareth-Lawless went on their way to London.

A certain inattention on the part of the Deity was no doubt responsible for the fact that something did not happen to the family of Lord Lawdor. On the contrary, his three little giants of sons throve astonishingly, and a few months after the Gareth-Lawless wedding, Lady Lawdor—a trifle effusively, as it were—presented her husband with twin male infants so robust that they were humorously known for years afterward as "the Twin Herculeses."

By that time Amabel had become "Feather," and, despite Robert's ingenious and carefully detailed method of living upon nothing whatever, had many reasons for knowing that life in a back street in London is not a matter of beds of roses. Since the back street must be the right street, and its accompaniments must wear an aspect of at least seeming to belong to the right order of detachment and fashionable ease, one was always in debt, and forced to keep out of the way of duns, and obliged to pretend things and tell lies with aptness and outward gaiety. The slice of a house between the two big ones was a rash venture of the honeymoon, but a year of giving smart little dinners in it and going to smart big dinners from it in a smart if small brougham ended in a condition somewhat akin to the feat of balancing oneself on the edge of a sword.

Then Robin was born. She was an intruder and a calamity, of course. Nobody had contemplated her for a moment. Feather cried for a week when she first announced the probability of her advent. Afterward, however, she managed to forget the approaching annoyance and went to parties and danced to the last hour, continuing to be a great success because her prettiness was delicious and her diaphanous mentality was no strain upon the minds of her admirers, male and female.

That a Feather should become a mother gave rise to much wit of light weight, when Robin in the form of a bundle of lace was carried down by her nurse to be exhibited in the gaudy, crowded, little drawing-room in the slice of a house in the Mayfair street.

It was the Head of the House of Coombe who asked the first question about her. "What will you do with her?" he inquired detachedly.

The frequently-referred-to "babe newborn" could not have presented a gaze of purer innocence than did the lovely Feather. Her eyes of larkspur blueness were clear of any thought or intention, as spring water is clear at its unclouded best. Her ripple of a laugh was clear also—enchantingly clear. "Do!" she repeated. "What is it people do with babies? I suppose the nurse knows. I don't. I wouldn't touch her for the world. She frightens me."

She floated a trifle nearer and bent to look at her. "I shall call her 'Robin,'" she said. "Her name is really Roberta, as she couldn't be called Robert. People will turn round to look at a girl when they hear her called Robin. Besides she has eyes like a robin. I wish she'd open them and let you see."

By chance she did open them at the moment, quite slowly. They were dark, liquid brown and seemed to be all lustrous iris which gazed unmovingly at the object

in line of focus. That object was the Head of the House of Coombe.

"She is staring at me. There is antipathy in her gaze," he said, and stared back unmovingly also, but with a sort of cold interest.

II

THE Head of the House of Coombe was not a title to be found in Burke or Debrett. It was a fine irony of the Head's own, and having been accepted by his acquaintances, was not infrequently used by them in their light moments in the same spirit. The peerage recorded him as a Marquis and added several lesser attendant titles.

"When English society was respectable, even to stodginess at times," was his point of view, "to be born 'the Head of the House' was a weighty and awe-inspiring thing. One was called upon to be an example. One represented things—parties in Parliament, benevolent societies, and British hospitality in the form of astoundingly long dinners at which one drank healths and made speeches.

"I was born somewhat too late and somewhat too early. I was in my bloom in in the days when ladies were reproved for wearing dresses cut too low at Drawing Rooms. Such training gives curious interest to fashions in which bodices are unconsidered trifles, and Greek nymphs who dance with bare feet and beautiful bare legs may be one's own relations."

The detachment of his question with regard to the newborn infant of the airily irresponsible Feather was in entire harmony with his attitude towards the singular incident of life as illustrated by the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, by none of which he was—as far as could be observed — either impressed, disturbed, or prejudiced. His own experience had been richly varied and practically unlimited in its opportunities for pleasure, sinful or unsinful indulgence, mitigated or unmitigated wickedness, the gathering of strange knowledge, and the possible ignoring of all dull boundaries. This being the case, a superhuman charity alone could have believed that his opportunities had been neglected in the heyday of his youth.

That the various worlds in which he lived in various lands accepted him joyfully as an interesting and desirable if more or less abominably sinful personage, the Head of the House of Coombe —even many years before he became its head—regarded with the detachment which he had, even much earlier, begun to learn. He had not married, and innumerable stories were related to explain the reason why. Most of them were quite false, and none of them quite true. When he ceased to be a young man, his delinquency was much discussed, more especially when his father died and he took his place as the head of his family.

"Are you as wicked as people say you are?" a reckless young woman once asked him.

"I really don't know. It is so difficult to decide," he answered. "I could tell better if I knew exactly what wickedness is. When I find out, I shall let you know. So good of you to take an interest!"

Thirty years earlier, he knew, a young lady who had heard he was wicked would have perished in flames before immodestly mentioning the fact to him, but might delicately have attempted to offer first aid to reformation by approaching with sweetness the subject of going to church.

The reckless young woman looked at him with an attention which he was far from being blind enough not to see was increased by his answer.

"I never know what you mean," she said almost wistfully.

"Neither do I," was his amiable response. "It would not be worth while going into."

After his father's death, he spent rather more time in London and rather less in wandering over the face of the globe. But by the time he was forty he could have found his way about blindfolded in the most distinctive parts of most of the great cities. He saw and knew well those who sat and pondered with knit brows and cautiously hovering hand at the great chess-board which is formed by the map of Europe. He looked back at the time when the incongruousness, the abnormality, and the unsteadiness of the foundations on which such personages stood, first struck him. The realization had been, in its almost sacrilegious novelty and daring, a sort of thunderbolt passing through his mind. He had at the time spoken of it only to one person.

"I have no moral or ethical views to offer," he had said. "I only *see*. The thing—as it is—will disintegrate. I am so at sea as to what will take its place that I feel as if the prospect were rather horrible."

As a statesman or a diplomat he would have seen far. Having been born with a certain order of brain, it observed and worked in spite of him, thereby adding flavor and interest to existence. But that was all. It can not be said that as the years passed he quite enjoyed the fact that he knew he was rarely spoken of to a stranger without its being mentioned that he was the most perfectly dressed man in London. He rather detested the idea, though he was aware that the truth was unimpeachable.

Feather also had a marvelous trick in the collecting of her garments. It was a trick which at times barely escaped assuming the proportions of absolute creation. Her passion for self-adornment expressed itself in ingenious combination and startling uniqueness of line now and then. Everything draped itself about or clung to her in entrancing folds which, however whimsical, were never grotesque.

"Things are always becoming to me," she said quite simply. "But often I stick a few pins into a dress to tuck it up here and there, and if I give a hat a poke somewhere to make it crooked, it is much more becoming. People are always asking me how I do it, but I don't know how. I bought a hat from Cerise last week, and I gave it two little thumps with my fist, one in the crown and one in the brim, and they made it wonderful. The maid of the most grand kind of person tried to find out from my maid where I bought it. I wouldn't let her tell, of course."

She created fashions and was imitated, as was the Head of the House of Coombe, but she was enraptured by the fact, and her entire small brain cells were concentrated upon her desire to evolve new fantasies and amazements for her world.

Before he had been married for a year, there began to creep into the mind of Bob Gareth-Lawless a fearsome doubt remotely hinting that she might end by becoming an awful bore in the course of time—particularly if she also ended by being less pretty. After watching her for about two hours one morning as she sat before her mirror directing her (*Continued on page 124*)

STICK TO IT

By Edgar A. Guest

Stick to it, boy,
Through the thick and the thin of it!
Work for the joy
That is born of the din of it.
Failures beset you,
But don't let them fret you;
Dangers are lurking,
But just keep on working.
If it's worth while and you're sure of the right of it.
Stick to it, boy, and make a real fight of it.

Stick to it, lad,
Be not frail and afraid of it;
Stand to the gad
For the man to be made of it.
Deaf to the sneering
And blind to the jeering,
Willing to master
The present disaster.
Stick to it, lad, through the trial and test of it,
Patience and courage will give you the best of it.

Stick to it, youth,
Be not sudden to fly from it;
This is the truth,
Triumph may not lie far from it.
Dark is the morning
Before the sun's dawning,
Battered and sore of it
Bear a bit more of it,
Stick to it, even though blacker than ink it is,
Victory's nearer, perhaps, than you think it is!

"Love is—and ought to be—blind, that it may have the heavenly sight unmarred by the accidents of human imperfection"

Accidents *of* Imperfection

By Anne Shannon Monroe

Illustration by A. R. Milne

THE sea was pounding madly against the wide gray beach, and I was pacing more madly still. I thought, it is well the friends I was expecting did not come. I was in no mood to try to be nice. One who had been very dear had wounded me deeply, unforgivably. I could not overlook it and go on, and I could not contemplate the future cheerfully without her in it—in most ways so truly companionable, so steadily an inspiration, so happily a habit in my life. But this offense could not be condoned; my own dignity would not let me condone it, my own self-respect. Why, she was always doing something like that! The strangest thing! Such a *knowing* person about some things, such a dense one about others. Well, this ended it.

I could stand the sea no longer and went into the cottage. A friend had lent it to me for September, that beach-exodus month, so I had it and the ocean to myself. A fire roared on the hearth. Through the sea-looking windows I watched gulls paddling in the gray edge of the receding water. I turned away from the unfriendly vastness to the fire. A fire is a friendly thing—when one has a companion. . . .

THERE'S an old saying that the things we like are never good for us. Articles by Anne Shannon Monroe are the exception. People read them, and write letters about them, and put them in scrapbooks, and memorize bits of them—and invariably the articles do them good. We are glad that this article is the beginning of a series, because that means there will be more of them—the next, in May, "Shall I Marry This Man?"

I turned away from the fire and pulled an old bound volume of *Scribner's* from a book shelf, meaning to lose myself in one of the good, old-time "continued" stories. Opening it, these words met my eyes:

"Love is—and ought to be—blind—that it may have the heavenly sight unmarred by the accidents of human imperfection."

I don't know who said it—I didn't care, for instantly everything cheered up. It gave me a working code, a plan to go by, an understanding through which to operate, and overlook, and forgive, and keep my self-respect—and my friends.

"The heavenly sight unmarred by the accidents of human imperfection"—why, that was the whole of it, the whole of maintaining one's equilibrium in social relationships. Deep down underneath everything I knew my friend was true and loyal. I knew that the incident which had so inflamed me did not represent the big main current of her life, the steady flow of her fine, high spirit. It was merely "an accident of imperfection."

Blithely now, even laughing at my recent tragic mind, I got into a sweater and went for a brisk walk along the deserted beach. The sea roared and piled high its waves, and I raced joyously out of their reach. Now a bit of an old, battered wreck would be washed up, now a dead and ill-smelling skate, now a soft, decaying starfish—"accidents of imperfection," I told myself, playing the game, as I moved past them and went on—and all out of the same glorious old ocean that fills the air with such stimulating salt spray, that rolls up in such spanking waves, that curls the edges of its great, gray slaps of water with such a delightfully frilly and foamy and rainbow-hued and sparkling finish. Shall we abandon the ocean because of the dead skates it sometimes throws at our feet?

The trouble we have in our human relationships arises (*Continued on page 117*)

Like the recipe for angel cake, "First catch your angel," to insure the success of your party you first invite some person of distinction to be your guest of honor

Letters Senator's

By

Frances Parkinson Keyes

In line with its policy of recognizing all the interests of women and serving them in the best possible manner, it was inevitable that GOOD HOUSEKEEPING should appoint a representative at the national capi-

DEAR MARGARET

Your letter has gone unanswered longer than I meant it should, not because I have been so gay, but because I have been so ill. I caught cold in the chilly atmosphere of the United States Senate the week of the passage of the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Child Welfare Bill, and added to it considerably the following Monday morning by getting out of bed—where I had spent a miserable week-end, swathed in blankets and imbibing hot lemonade, while I read in the Sunday papers about the good times all my friends here were having—to go and speak at the hearing before the House Committee on the same bill.

Once up, I decided to pretend I had no cold, and stay up, as I wanted to enjoy every minute that the boys were home for their Christmas vacation. As you can well imagine, this course of procedure on my part did not work out very well, and when I finally capped my indiscretions by going down the Potomac for an all-day sail on the *Sylph*, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy's yacht, with a regular bevy of "official" youngsters, I came home and "retired to my couch," to rise no more for some time.

Now I'm beginning to come to life again, but am still obliged to take things easy. I turned a deaf ear to a beguiling invitation to go out for a long motor ride this afternoon, and here I am, curled up cozily on the sofa to write to you instead.

"As I sit looking out into the snow-storm falling on all these forlorn-looking, one-story buildings," you say, "I can't help feeling that your life in Washington is as remote as life at some foreign court would be. It has been a hard fall, with the trying conditions of falling prices in sheep and cattle and wheat. The country is full of hay, but there is no stock to eat it. I guess we will sail through all right, but it means constant nerve-strain. Do, please, find a lonely moment in which to write me about the gaieties of the capital, and cheer me up."

Well—first of all—of course you are coming out all right. In the first place, you personally are bound to, as an individual; you have as much "come-back" as a rubber ball! In the second place you are coming out all right because the whole country is going to do so. Not right away, perhaps. The bankers think they're having the hardest time, and the farmers think they're having the hardest time, and the manufacturers think they're having the hardest time, and I assure you there are moments when the Senators think they're having the hardest time. And of course the wives of all these men think so too. Mary writes me that she is lonely, in a manner that implies that she feels that only farmers' wives, living in Vermont, are lonely. You write that you are undergoing nerve-strain—as if only bankers' wives in Nevada were having nerve-strain! Don't think I'm not sympathetic—I'm bubbling over with sympathy, because I've had plenty of loneliness and nerve-strain myself! As a matter of fact, things *are* pretty hard all around. But every war in history has been followed by just such a reaction as we're all going through—worse ones, sometimes. And after the first reaction—the hard one—comes another and bigger one, which is good. "The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small"—and just now they are busy grinding out better things for Mary in Vermont, and you in Nevada, and me in Washington.

And now to return to Washington, which is what I have to do promptly the first of October every year now, leaving behind me our lovely Connecticut Valley at its very loveliest, flaming with gold and scarlet. I assure you that a keen feeling of enjoyment over the prospect of the gaieties that I am about to enjoy is not usually the first sensation that I experience when I do it. I am constantly face to face with the fact that an income representing comfort, not to say luxury, in rural New England—and in rural Nevada, too, I suppose!—means nothing better than genteel poverty in Washington. The United States Government, often accused of being extravagant, is the stingiest one in the world when it comes to the payment of its public servants. I honestly believe that one of the main reasons that the personnel of the Diplomatic Corps is of such a high order is that the foreign countries get the best men they can find to send here, irrespective of whether they have private fortunes or not, and then pay them what they need to maintain the dignity of their positions. Our government, on the contrary, pays its ambassadors and ministers, its vice-president, cabinet-officers, judges, senators and representatives, army and naval officers, so little, that only men with means of their own can undertake these positions at all, and only those with *large*

From a Wife

Illustrated by
Katharine Sturges Dodge

tal, where women's interests are now centered. These monthly letters by Mrs. Keyes, of which this is the second, will give you facts you have not been able to get before. This letter deals chiefly with social affairs

Though society does make a few women vapid and foolish, much oftener it teaches them valuable lessons, makes them tactful and courteous and well-informed

means can fill them with comfort. In this way, many of the ablest, as well as many of the noblest men are absolutely debarred from holding public office—exactly the kind of men we most need in office—which seems to me pretty poor economy on the part of Uncle Sam! There are no "perquisites" to the position of being a Senator's wife—not even the motor-car and the plentiful supply of hot-house flowers which the Cabinet Officers' wives do get; and "gaieties" undertaken with the necessity of practising rigid economy have a little of the "gayness" rubbed off, as many another Senator's wife would tell you, if she would confess the truth! Senator Sherman of Illinois, who is to retire from office this spring and therefore can not possibly be accused of self-seeking, announced last week that before he left the Senate he would introduce a bill to increase the salaries of Senators, in order that those who came after him should not have to endure what he had had. I understand that a Democratic Senator in the same position has said the same thing, though his statement has not been made public. I hope they are successful! I've never told you all this before, because I don't like to sound like a whiner, and I'm grateful for all the things that do make my life so full and interesting and happy, but I want to prove to you that "nerve-strain" isn't confined to Nevada!

Moreover, some of my ventures into "society," bring me into contact with unusually frivolous women who irritate me very much. I met one who told me that if she had fifteen minutes to herself between engagements it made her so nervous that she paced the floor! And I can't begin to tell you, Margaret, how many have assured me—apparently with pride—that they never have time to read. One woman told me this three times in the course of one afternoon! The third time she said it I couldn't help asking her if she knew how to read, and the memory of the look she gave me still sends cold shivers down my spine every time I think of it! Another qualified her remark by saying that she *did* usually manage to glance through the Society Column of the *Washington Post* while she was drinking her coffee in bed in the morning! I went to a large luncheon the other day, where the lady at my right made the meal very dull by talking about all kinds of sentimental "uplift" movements and at last announced that after all her greatest hope was that a home for defectives might be established here. I told her, with perfect gravity, that I should be delighted to assist in such a movement—that I had met more of them in the short space of time that I had lived here than in all my life before! The others at the table were "onto" me in a minute, and there was a convulsed moment—but I'm wicked enough not to feel sorry!

I have also discovered, to my distinct discomfort, that the heated discussion of political questions is often considered, apparently, natural and proper for dinner-party conversation. I never heard that subject brought up in that way in my life at home—did you? And I still feel that it never should be. One of the first dinners I went to here was a small one where, besides the host and hostess, there were another Republican Senator and his wife, and a Democratic Senator and his wife, from the South. The other Republican Senator made one or two slurring remarks about the South and quoted its attitude during the Spanish War as an example of what he was trying to illustrate.

"Oh, Senator X.," I could not help exclaiming, "surely you're mistaken in what you're saying! The South has been wonderful in every war, and in none more than that one! Think of the part General Y. played in it, for instance!"

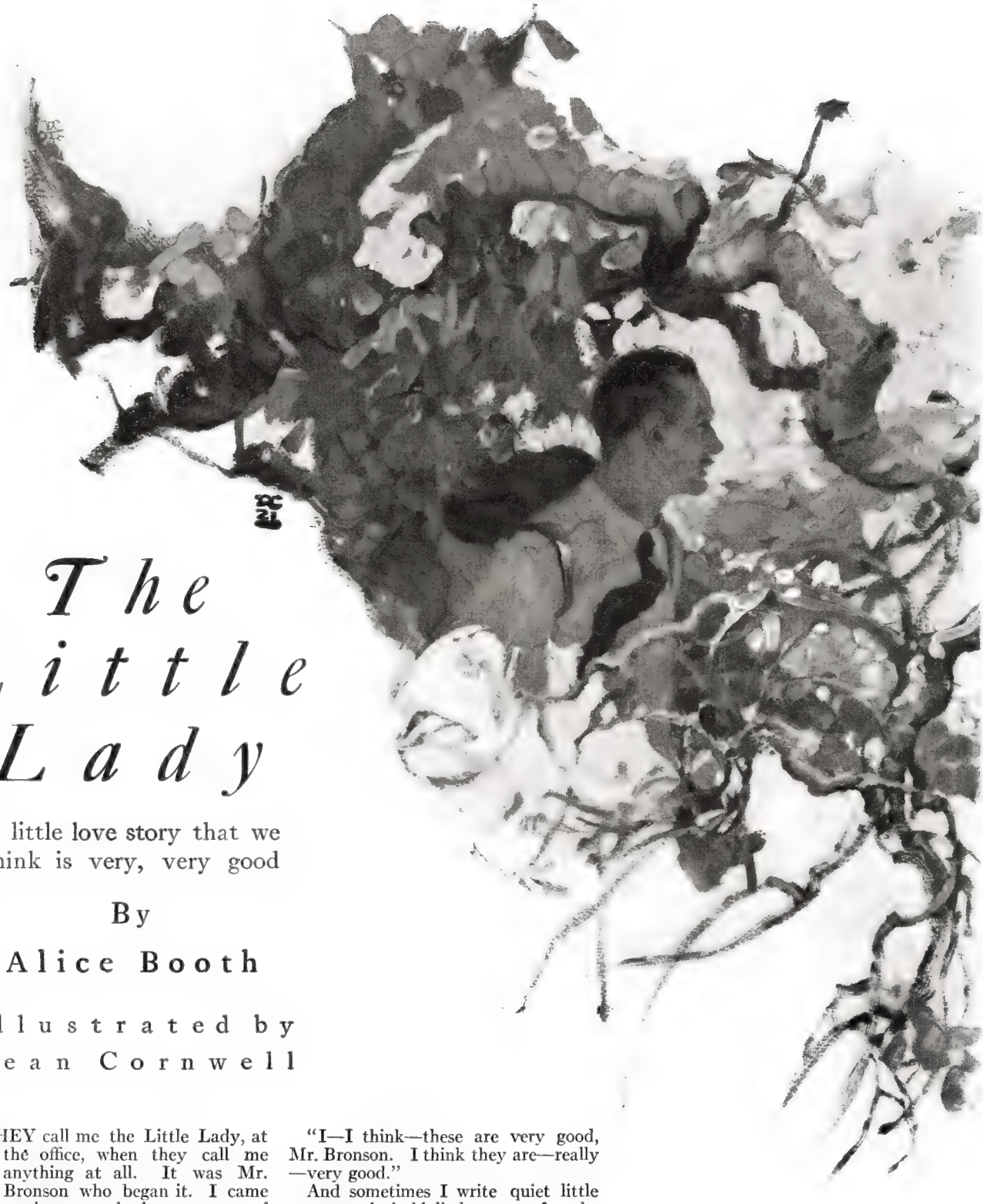
The topic of conversation was almost immediately, of course, directed into other channels, but the next day I met the Democratic Senator's wife at the dancing class which her small daughter and my small son both attend.

"Please let me thank you for what you said yesterday," she said instantly. "It was very kind. My husband and I both appreciate it very much."

"It was only fair," I replied, and reiterated what I had said about General Y. I was amazed and horrified, on looking at her, to see that her eyes were full of tears.

"Thank you again," she said. "Of course you didn't guess, having heard only my married name—but he was my father!"

When my first months—which are always pretty hard, for one reason or another, for almost every new Senator's wife—were over, I discovered that I had all through them unconsciously been making friends, sometimes in quarters where I should have least dared to expect it. Quite early in the course of making my first calls I went to the Serbian Legation. I had already met Madame Grouitch, the charming and brilliant (*Continued on page 137*)



The Little Lady

A little love story that we think is very, very good

By

Alice Booth

Illustrated by
Dean Cornwell

THEY call me the Little Lady, at the office, when they call me anything at all. It was Mr. Bronson who began it. I came in, one morning, very shy but very sure of what I wanted to say, and he looked over his glasses at me, with his bushy eyebrows twisted to match his smile, and said,

"Well, Little Lady, what can I do for you, this morning?"

And every one has called me the Little Lady ever since.

That was the last time he has talked with me. Of course we say things to each other every day, for I work here now, but we do not talk. Each morning Mr. Bronson gives me all the manuscripts and says,

"Here, Little Lady."

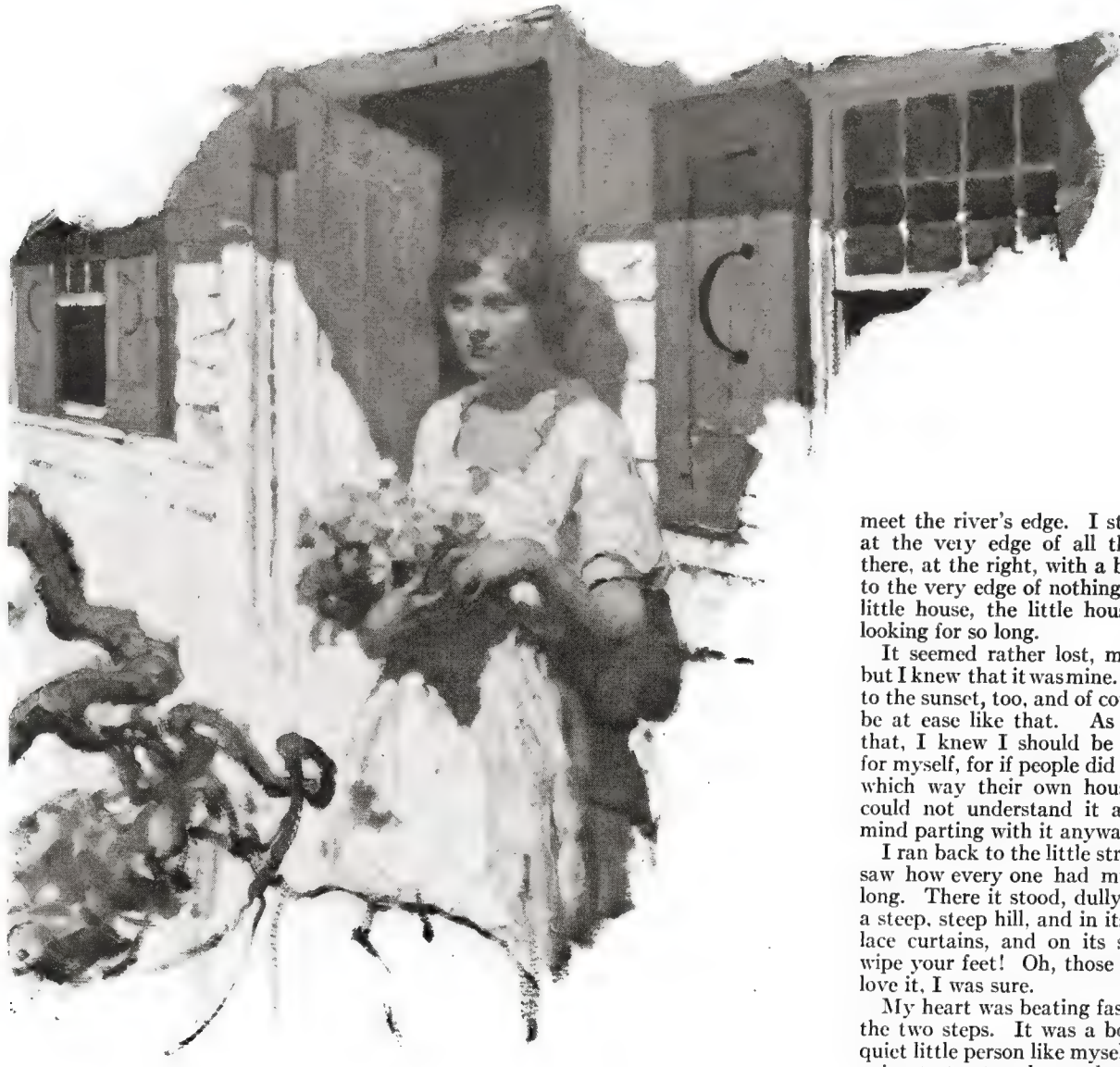
And each afternoon I send them all back—except one, perhaps, or two—and those I lay in front of him on the desk, saying flutteringly, in my foolish way:

"I—I think—these are very good, Mr. Bronson. I think they are—really—very good."

And sometimes I write quiet little verses and timid little essays for the magazine, that always seem to me to be crushed, somehow, by the resounding phrases Mr. Bronson slips in "just to put the thing across."

That is all. So you see that while I am not at all lonely, I am very much alone, in the office as well as outside. The girls I used to know in school have married and go down-town to gay dinners and theater parties with their husbands. But there are Len and Louise, who invite me out for week-ends to play with the baby, and there are one or two old friends of my father, with snowy hair, who come to call on me at Christmas time and when they come back from their vacations. And truly I believe Mr. Bronson intended to be a friend of mine. But in the office, when he glances at me, the telephone always rings, and when he leaves he carries with him such great bundles of work to last all through an evening—

But I am really very happy. I think sometimes that people who have missed great happiness are happier than those who have found it. We have no standard of comparison to shadow our tiny pleasures, and a new book or a tramp in the country fills me with a delightful contentment of spirit. I love my tiny two rooms and kitchenette. I love books, and trees, and flowers—growing flowers, I mean; not the sort you see in florists' windows. I love to stir about a kitchen and cook good, homey little things to eat, and fill



"I can not let you have my house, but you can have half of my sunset this evening," I offered. I was very anxious to be nice to him, for he looked as if he needed it

little rows of fruit jars to sit snugly on my pantry shelves.

I always meant to have a house some day. I was born in a house, not in an apartment as every one seems to have been here. But somehow I never found my house. I went about hoping to find it; I even had some money I had saved to buy it when it came; but springs passed, with their rich brown gardens, and falls, with their crackling fires to meet the cold without, and still I lived in my tiny two rooms, where no one really knew me but my books.

Sometimes I was worried. Perhaps the house could not find me because I was so little and so quiet and so insignificant. Love had missed me; why should not a house? And then I became more worried, and on Sundays I took queer little trolleys that ran about the country everywhere, and I looked and looked, but I never found my house.

And then, one day, I went spring-hunting on the Aqueduct. To me, the Aqueduct is like the road to Canterbury; no one uses it but pilgrims. There are no automobiles; there is no dust. Violets bloom there in the springtime, and green trees droop overhead. No one knows where it may lead. It runs so independently, at the part I know, straight and level, over hollows, through the hills, that it might go even to the King's castle—who can tell? It marches proudly through the great estates of all the rich, without a single curve or bend to ask permission. I always liked the people I met on it—lovers, solitaries, old men, and all the children. Once I passed two boys, very young and just a little frightened, making their first camp in a grassy hollow beside the bank.

It was spring now, with a crisp tang of winter in the air. The river gleamed like sapphire, far below. A biting breeze had whipped the bright sky bare of clouds. The sun would soon be setting in the forest on the Jersey shore. Suddenly the road bent sharply before my eyes—bent like a twisted ribbon and vanished round a wall of rock. We were high, high, at the very crest of the topmost hill. Ahead, the land dropped abruptly in its three-mile dip to meet the river's edge. I stood on a shelf at the very edge of all the world—and there, at the right, with a back-yard clear to the very edge of nothingness, stood my little house, the little house I had been looking for so long.

It seemed rather lost, my little house, but I knew that it was mine. It had its back to the sunset, too, and of course it couldn't be at ease like that. As soon as I saw that, I knew I should be able to get it for myself, for if people did not even know which way their own house faced, they could not understand it and would not mind parting with it anyway.

I ran back to the little street, and then I saw how every one had missed it for so long. There it stood, dully, at the top of a steep, steep hill, and in its windows stiff lace curtains, and on its step a mat to wipe your feet! Oh, those people did not love it, I was sure.

My heart was beating fast as I went up the two steps. It was a bold thing for a quiet little person like myself to do. I was going to try to take my house away from people who would think they owned it, and I was not quite sure how it could be done. I tapped at the door softly, so softly that I was startled when it was jerked open by a busy hand.

It was a tall, bony woman in ugly gingham who came to meet me. She wore glasses, and she frowned at me through them in an anxious, worried way. She was much too clean, and the house was much too clean, and it was easy to see that that was what worried her.

"I beg your pardon," I said politely, "but would you mind telling me if you own this house?"

"We do not," she snapped back at me. "And what's more, we don't want to."

I was so happy that I clasped my hands to hear her. I found them still clasped when I went away a half-hour later, and they were stiff and aching from the strain.

"May I come in and look at it?" I asked. "Please let me see it—and the yard—for I do want to own it, and I can't wait until it is mine to look at it. Do you know the owner, and do you think he will sell it to me right away so that I can live here always, beginning from as soon as possible?"

She jerked the door unwillingly still farther open. "You can look all you've a mind to," she said. "Though why anybody'd want this place I can't see. It ain't got but five rooms, and two of them upstairs, and the roof leaks, and the wind

blows till you can't think, sometimes. I'm everlastin' sick of it. We're goin' to move next week, and we've already give the agent notice. He's the meanest man on earth, and he never fixes anything unless—"

She said a great deal more. I could hear her from the yard, just on the edge of the world. But I forgot her to plan the garden as I meant to have it, with tall hollyhocks to fence it in, and ragged robins of pink and blue and lavender, and larkspur, row on row of it, and pansies everywhere. I turned to look back. The house was adorably old and covered with patches. I would have the roof fixed, I decided—I must have shelter from the rain—but nothing else should be changed. The great kitchen with its dull brick floor should be my room of rooms. The back door with its sloping shed should be the front. My house should face the sunset, turned its proper way at last.

I hurried down the hill all thrilling with my happiness. Other people, who have always had more than I have, might have been very little stirred, but this was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to me in my life. The only thing that could ever be more beautiful would be finding a lover—but I tried not to let myself dream of impossibilities like that.

The agent was a cross old man. I think he probably charged me very much too much for the house. I think I must have paid him what it was worth to me, instead of what it was worth to him. But anyhow it was mine! I could move in next week! I could plant flower seeds in the garden, and nail things, and hang curtains there forever, for it was mine.

I went about in my dream all that week. I found more possibilities than ever in the manuscripts at the office, and when I took them to Mr. Bronson, I even ventured to point to one out of all the others and to say:

"Oh, I do wish you would print this one. It made me so happy that I am sure it would make other people happy, too."

It was a very personal thing for me to say. Perhaps I never would have said it if I had not owned a house. But Mr. Bronson bought the little story, and so I was not sorry.

I went up every night to see my little house. Once I took sandwiches and ate them in the back garden by the sunset. But the woman called me in and gave me coffee, which I hate, and said that I would catch a chill. I could hardly wait until she was gone, so that I could have it to myself. But finally, the day came, my furniture was sent up from the city, and when I arrived, there it all was, and the key was in the door, and I was so happy that I cried there on my own door-step—I never had a door-step of my very own to cry on until now.

It all seemed to me so important that I decided to tell Mr. Bronson. So when he came to my desk, the next morning, I said:

"Mr. Bronson, I want to tell you that I've bought a house, and I don't have to live in the city any more."

He smiled down nicely at me, as he had smiled the first time I ever saw him, and his voice was warm and pleasant as he spoke.

"Well, well, Little Lady! Bought a house, have you? I hope you'll be very happy in it. I'd like very much to—"

He looked as if he might be going to say something more, but the telephone rang just then, and he hurried back to his own big desk. And I was too happy even to wonder what it was, so happy that I learned to work and think at the same time, in order not to waste a minute of my pleasure.

The days were like a fairy-story. I was up at dawn to see the sunrise, and when I came home, there were curtains to hem, and books to arrange, and trees to find out the names of, and strange green shoots poking through the brown flower-beds from last year. Every day there were new leaves on the rose-bushes, and every evening a different sunset. I can not tell you how happy I was! It must have been happiness that kept me up, for I could not take time to cook while the sunsets were going on, and after that I had to watch the stars come out, and the yellow moon rise—so that I lived mostly on sandwiches, and cocoa, which I cooked in the yard and ate on the old table by the apple-tree.

Len and Louise came to spend week-ends with me, now, and the baby rolled on the grass and scattered the apple-blossoms as they fell. I had realized my dream: I had a house and could entertain guests like this whenever I liked. It gave me new confidence, and what, in any one but a shy little person like myself, might even have been a bit of pride.

I bought new clothes, too, for nothing but my house—for morning, soft, blue linens that would not dim my eyes, with rose-colored ties to touch my cheeks with pink; for evening, soft, blue crêpe, with scarlet satin tight about my waist. The sun had left a trace of gold in the paleness of my hair; the wind had brushed my cheeks with rouge. It seemed to me that I was just a little nearer to being pretty than I had ever been in all my life. Even Mr. Bronson, I believe, noticed a change in me, for he looked at me now, when I took the manuscripts to him—really looked at me, I mean, and he has rarely done that since the first day I came there and he called me "Little Lady."

Somehow the house did something else to me, too. Perhaps it was because I had to have a new dream now that the house I had always wanted was my own. Perhaps it was because I saw the boys and girls go strolling together on the Aqueduct. But I began to think more about a lover—the lover I had never had. So many people every day went walking by my door, that really it seemed as if some day some one might come that way for me. It was a pleasant dream. I did not build on it, but I did amuse myself with it when I was in the moonlight alone and all the world seemed walking on the Aqueduct two by two.

It was in the moonlight that it always seemed as if it might come true; I never thought of it in daytime. But it was in the broad, shining, summer sun that clear through my little house I heard a knocking at the door.

My arms were full of ragged robins, a tangled mass to drown the great pink jar beside the hearth. They were dripping from my arms as I fumbled at the door to open it, so that I stood for a moment gathering the precious things before I saw him.

I thought then, as I think now, that he was the most beautiful man in all the world. He was tall and thin, and he looked as if he needed petting but did not know it. I think that is the very nicest look a man can have. His eyes were blue—or gray; I've never known—with a laugh in them, and a loneliness, and his smile— It was not until he smiled that I forgot the robins. I looked at him and looked at him. He did not seem to mind; instead, he leaned against the apple-tree and looked at me. It was some time before I remembered to be shy.

When he saw that I was confused, he spoke at once. "Give me a robin," he said, and immediately I was not shy any more.

"I wanted to buy your house, Little Lady," he said, "but as soon as I saw you, I knew that it *belonged* to you, and so of course you couldn't sell it."

"*I* bought it, myself," I said rather vaguely, but I think he understood.

And then I remembered that I was a hostess and the owner of a house, and I began to be polite.

"I can not let you have my house, but you can have half of my sunset, this evening," I offered.

So he came in and helped me fill the great pink jar with robins, just as easily and as naturally as if he had lived there all his life.

I was very anxious to be nice to him. He looked as if he needed it. So even while we watched the sunset I was thinking what I could cook for him that would please him—and be good for him; he was really very thin. So we went in, and he spread the gray table for me under the Chinese lantern by the door. And I creamed chicken, and dressed crisp lettuce hearts—and there was buttered toast, and marmalade, and coffee, which I always keep for Len and Louise, though I hate it so myself.

He ate a great deal. I have noticed men in the boarding-houses I used to live in, and they always eat a great deal, so I was not surprised. But he ate very slowly and often smiled at me, so I did not mind that he did not talk. And then we watched the moon together, and when he went I was very sleepy and very happy, for now I had something real to dream about on moonlight nights when the boys and girls were walking on the Aqueduct. (*Continued on page 113*)

Just to make the best of all possible numbers still better, we shall have in it a story by Fanny Heaslip Lea. In the big May number, then—

"In Every Port"

"I WILL sell the house to you now," I suggested. "I will go away and let you have it, and some day, when you are not so tired, you can sell it back to me." He was very still, and suddenly I felt shy again, and a flush came in my cheeks. "You're very good," he said in a queer, restrained voice. "I didn't know anybody ever was so good. But the house needs you to make it perfect, Little Lady"

The nation's first and greatest need is a home for every man—a home he owns. And conditions today are such that the nation is justified in urging individuals to build. Prices today are fair

Columbia Signals "*Go*"

By Allen E. Beals

Nearly two years ago Mr. Beals wrote for us "Building on a Price Peak," in which he predicted that those who waited till 1920 to build would suffer for it. They did. Now he says it is unwise to wait for cheaper prices. His position in relation to the building world is such that we consider his advice reliable. Read his article, and if you want to build—do it now. Prices will be higher later

HOUSE hunting as a periodical diversion won its place among the recurrent domestic problems in thousands of American families because it afforded an opportunity to change one's neighbors and neighborhood, freed one from the embarrassments due to house owning, and temporarily offered the quickest and most effective means of offsetting the advancing cost of living. There came a time, however, when house hunting became a desperate game with the hunter likely to become the victim. In fact, it proved to be almost as futile as was the effort to keep the family budget inside the safety zone. There were no houses to be had except at exorbitant figures, and the family that had been willing to pay unending tribute for a place in which to live was, in many instances, compelled to leave lifetime associations for a residence in a strange city. There was only one way out of the dilemma. That was to build, but alas! The rise in the cost of construction had long since rivaled the increase in rent. Only those who had so little or so much money that they could afford to take risks tried to build under such conditions. But desperate as was the chance, they have emerged from the great tribulation rich in the possession of a home they can call their own.

Home building in the immediate future will be nothing like the adventure it was when material and construction costs were in the ascendant, but if action is long deferred, the surplus of eager builders is sure to cause as many complications as the shortage of materials did during the war years. Tracing present-day fundamentals, it is easy to see why this is so. The national dwelling shortage at the close of the year was placed at 1,250,000. In normal times America builds between 350,000 and 400,000 family dwellings each year. In 1919 only 85,000 family dwellings were erected, while 1920 reported even fewer, or 65,000. The net result of this nation-

wide hesitancy to build during the last two years is that 25,000,000 persons, or approximately one-fourth of the population of the United States today, either are improperly housed or are affected by the housing shortage by increased rentals of the quarters they occupy.

Each year of procrastination, then, increased the number of those who will *have* to build, and build soon. For people of finer sensibilities, the quarters offered at a price they can afford to pay are impossible.

The Census Bureau informs us that half the population of the United States lives in cities and towns of more than 2500 inhabitants. Aside from the menace to the health and morals of families arising from such overcrowding, the item of fire risk is a conspicuous one. Exactly 15,219 persons were burned to death in 1919, and 17,641 were seriously injured in fires. Of the dead and injured, the startling total of 82 percent were mothers and children under school age, due largely to the fact that 65 percent of the fires in this country occur in overcrowded dwellings. In addition to the deaths there is a colossal money loss.

The Supervisor of the Surveying Department of the National Board of Fire Underwriters states that fire destroys $2,000,000 worth of property in the United States each day. In other words, 889 homes in continental United States are destroyed by flames every twenty-four hours. The net result to the individual family of such a continual sapping of home supply with retarded replenishment is in increased rentals ranging from 25 to 150 percent. Profiteering alone is not responsible for these increases. The inexorable law of supply and demand has had a clear field, with the demand increasing and the supply decreasing. In 1890 families in the United States exceeding available dwellings amounted to 10.5 percent. In 1900 the ratio was 12.2 percent; in 1910, it was 13.8 percent; in 1920, it was 23 percent.

Originating with Federal intervention during the war, construction of all kinds has been progressively depressed and discouraged by transportation failures and manipulation, fuel control by public and private interests, labor difficulties, diversion of credit to refunding purposes, and the issuances of vast quantities of tax-free securities that vigorously competed with first mortgage investments on improved realty. These are the basic factors which have contributed to keep all but the strongest investors out of the building market.

Commercial interests, following a will o' the wisp in the form of a vision of world-wide trade, were first to avail themselves of the advantage of lowered restrictions upon building construction immediately following the signing of the Armistice. The lure of millions of returning soldiers eager to step out of their uniforms into mufti temporarily upset the usual even-headed balance of American business men. During war-time, clothing, textile, furniture, and food manufacturers had no opportunity to lay up reserves, so at the first opportunity they bid against their competitors for available help and raw material, and finally against themselves in their desire to obtain first option on available building materials with which to enlarge their factories. When construction work started, these manufacturing interests sought speed in construction first. They had to begin quantity production faster than ever before, but to their consternation, for the first time in their lives they went out into the building material market and found that they could not buy brick, cement, lime, or steel in any quantity they wished, nor could they obtain delivery on the schedules they specified.

With the customary tendency of American business men to overcome obstructions at any cost, they adopted the Government's speed-insuring, war-winning tactics of paying for building construction on a speed schedule, or a basis of insuring fixed profit to the building contractor over and above the amount the finished building might cost. This so-called "cost-plus" system of construction quickly absorbed the meager supplies of building materials left in the manufacturers' yards after the Federal authorities had for two years drained all the stock on hand, and in addition curtailed building material production to 40 percent of normal, and then allotted fuel in such insufficient quantities as to permit operation of their plants at only 25 percent of average annual production.

Under such conditions of supply and demand the modest dwelling builder, coming into the market for the first and probably the only time in his life to buy material and building equipment, in the face of competition like that had only one recourse—to withdraw—which he did with great alacrity. He found that his building construction dollar had shrunk to a purchasing power of only 39.6 cents.

But in the meantime the prospective home builder *(Continued on page 148)*

MARY NORTHEND

You would surely want to build if you could see the inside of this little house.
Its comfortable rooms, completely furnished, are shown on pages 34 and 35

Men and Women—40 to 59—*Take Heed*

YOU are feeling fine. Your weight is gradually increasing. Your vitality seems to have no limit. Your efficiency has reached practically its maximum. And yet you have to face the possibility of being a victim to a disease, mysterious in its character, resistant to all medical treatment, which, when once it is fastened upon you, seems almost incapable of being shaken off. You men and women may add many years to your lives if you will do the right things now. We urge you to send for a copy of Dr. Wiley's Questionnaire, which, when properly filled out, will tell you whether you show symptoms of this disease. Address him, enclosing a stamp, at the Woodward Building, Washington, D. C. At the same time you may join

The League *for* Longer Life

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

DO you realize that the most unlikely appeal to an audience seemingly deaf may sound a note that will move an empire? The "voice crying in the wilderness" was not a resonant tone spoken from the mouth of a megaphone. It was plaintive and sympathetic. Apparently it fell upon a sea of sand and failed to find a listening ear. But consider the majesty of the message it carried, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." The waste places trembled with the mightiness of the message. The rocks and sands were vibrant with a new and living voice. The summons engages today the attention of a large part of the civilized world.

The message in this present appeal seems to fall on deaf ears. The man of forty is busy. He is buried in a mass of work. He has found himself. He is seized with a new and compelling ambition. He is writing his name in the Who's Who of the world. All his energies are concentrated on one great purpose. He is going to make good. Will he stop to heed the warning voice? Will he give a moment to the compelling necessity of keeping fit?

We should not be without hope. The typical man whom I have in view is having some surprises. His friend, who was as eager as he in the quest for success, has just died of tuberculosis. His brother-in-law for six weeks has tossed helpless on his bed with typhoid. Yesterday his partner, who for weeks has complained of lassitude and lack of vigor, with flabby pouches under his eyes and a bleached look in his face, went to a doctor. He came back with a look of helpless misery in his eyes. He carried a test tube with a lot of what seemed to be a yellowish red sand in the bottom. What is it? Copper oxide precipitated with a tablespoonful of his urine. He was stricken with fear. His doctor had told him the truth. He was a diabetic!

Those who are between the ages of forty to fifty-nine inclusive may well be divided into two sub-groups. From forty to forty-nine includes, as an average, those who are at the peak of their production. It is the age of rich fruition. During these years men and women do their best work and make their most indelible mark on their times. No matter what the occupation may be, we have in these years the maximum of efficiency.

The second sub-group, from fifty to fifty-nine, has many of the characteristics of the first. During these years, nevertheless, old age begins to make its first inroads. The hair is likely to turn gray, lines come in the forehead, the marks of care and of continued exertion are distinguishable in the face, and the youth of nineteen looks upon the individual as old. Nevertheless, the ability to produce, the power of performance, and the richness of fruition are, as a rule, very little diminished in this second sub-group.

In the whole group we begin now to find distinct evidences of those diseases which are denominated the diseases of maturity and old age. We do not have to cope with measles, whooping cough, and chickenpox. Tuberculosis and typhoid fever are far on the wane, and those other diseases, which are as difficult for the older persons to escape as children's diseases are difficult for children, begin to appear.

The first of these troubles which I wish to emphasize in this article is diabetes. It is true that diabetes may attack all ages. It is also true that when it begins in early childhood it is usually much more speedily fatal than in advanced years. It is true that diabetes is one of those diseases which can never be cured, but only arrested or modified. The distinguishing feature of this disease is the change in the functional activities of the body relating to the capacity of the organism to burn carbohydrates, and especially sugars. There is one form of sugar particularly which escapes oxidation, namely, that form known as dextrose, which constitutes one-half of the sugar formed from ordinary sugar on digestion, and the whole of the sugar formed from starch. The symptoms which are most characteristic relate to the appearance of the sugar in the urine. The kidneys, when engaged in their ordinary physiological functions, do not excrete more than a mere trace of sugar, and this only in times of a superabundance of sugar in the blood.

When the disease which is known as *diabetes mellitus* sets in, the quantity of sugar secreted in the urine becomes, at times, remarkably large. As the excretion is not the normal function of the kidney, it is not surprising that the kidney itself becomes more or less diseased, and thus diabetes becomes really a form of kidney trouble, that is, nephritis, though it is not classed as such.

While statistics do not extend far enough in the past in this country to enable us to make any direct comparison, there is a distinct impression among those who are in a position to judge, that diabetes is a much more frequent disease now than it was formerly. It is well known that an excessive consumption of sugar may produce what is known as a dietetic diabetes in which, temporarily, sugar is found in the urine.

One of the distinguishing features of this disease is its frequent occurrence in persons who are overweight. It has long been known by physicians that the extremely obese person is much more likely to become a diabetic than one normally, or abnormally, thin. The most advanced physicians, at the present time, are so impressed with the danger of obese persons having diabetes, that they advise the frequent examination for blood sugar in fat people with a view of determining the possible occurrence of diabetes before any actual sugar is found in the urine. This is done as a precautionary method so that steps may be taken to diminish the quantity of blood sugar at a date previous to its appearance in the usual way. When the human animal is fed a carbohydrate, if it is in the form of sugar, it is speedily found in the blood. Sugar undergoes a certain degree of digestion, as a rule, before it enters the blood; that is, ordinary sugar. It becomes inverted into two different kinds. One is known as dextrose, because it turns the plane of polarized light to the right, and the other is levulose, because it turns the plane of polarized light to the left. The levulose sugar is a sweeter sugar than the dextrose, and the two together are even a little sweeter than sugar itself. It appears that the left-handed sugar is more easily burned in the body than the right-handed. Thus it is only the right-handed sugar that appears in the urine.

When the blood sugar rises above a certain point, it is regarded as the threshold of diabetes, and (*Continued on page 186*)

(*Dr. Wiley's Question-Box is on page 80*)

Down the trail toward us U-Chu-Ka would bound, with such long hops that his hind feet seemed to go above his head. Oh, little brown one, if only we had not taught you to come unafraid when you heard a whistle!

The WILD HEART

Emma-Lindsay Squier's beautiful story of the child-like faith of wild things in any one who loves them

U-CHU-KA

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

UPON the Hill Trail, which Brother and I called ours because we loved it so, you may yet see a little clearing made in the midst of red huckleberry bushes, Oregon grape, and dark green salal shrubs. As long as we lived in the little cabin by the bay, we never allowed underbrush to creep into this spot on the Hill Trail, for it was sacred to the memory of U-Chu-Ka, the only monument we could give him.

U-Chu-Ka was a tiny rabbit—a "jack-rabbit," I suppose natural historians would have called him. But we gave him the name that in the Chinook language means "the jumper," and we never called him anything else.

I remember the day we first saw him—a wee baby rabbit he was, escaped somehow from his mother's vigilance, and so much interested in the big world outside the burrow where he had spent his short life that he hardly knew whether to be afraid of us or merely curious. In such a case he no doubt remembered his mother's warning, for he "froze." By this I mean that he remained rigid, the tan of his fur blending with the mottled greenery and the brown tones of the forest undergrowth. But Brother and I could "freeze" too, having learned the art from the woods creatures whom we knew and loved. So we stood perfectly still, and then it was a case of seeing who could hold out the longer.

It was U-Chu-Ka who finally capitulated in the battle of freezing. His curiosity became greater than his fear, and he sat up on his haunches, his tiny forefeet held primly over his stomach, his ears—much too long for him—tilted questioningly in our direction, and his black dot of a nose twitching ceaselessly.

We were, I am sure, the first human beings U-Chu-Ka had seen, and although behind him were countless rabbit traditions as to what fearful creatures humans were, U-Chu-Ka, being so young, was possessed of optimism and confidence. Brother and I were so happy when the little fellow with his soft brown eyes decided that we were friends to be trusted! Oh, if we had only realized that there were other people not so friendly to little brown rabbits, whom U-Chu-Ka might have the misfortune to meet!

But we never thought of that. Our one realization was that here was a new woods friend, and we set ourselves to the task of winning his heart.

It was not hard. Indeed, when I think of it now, it seems so pitifully easy. And I wonder, did every one know just how easy it is, if men would carry sticks that shoot flame and death into the domain of the woods creatures—if they would not carry apples instead.

It was an apple that first won U-Chu-Ka's heart. Brother had one, of course,

and we nibbled bites off and placed the juicy morsels on the trail in front of us. Then, walking quietly backward, we waited at a safe distance for the wind to carry the delectable apple fragrance to U-Chu-Ka's wiggling nose.

Nor was it long before one satiny ear—so fragile that it was almost transparent—drooped and then rose again. The twitching nose worked harder; U-Chu-Ka sat up straighter than ever; and then, with funny little hops, he came toward us, hesitating occasionally, once pausing to sit up on his haunches as if asking himself if he were doing the right thing in approaching thus boldly.

Finally he came to the bits of apple and promptly forgot his fear in his delight at the unknown dainty. By the time he had eaten the few morsels we had spread out for him, we had others ready, this time only at arm's length.

Later we proffered bits of the fruit in our hands, held very steadily so that no jerking should alarm the little brown rabbit. At first he was undecided whether to accept the morsels so close to the big human creatures, but something, I am sure, told him that there was no harm in us. In the end he hopped over to my outstretched hand and nibbled daintily at the apple, while I held my arm so still that it ached.

What Mother Rabbit would have said of the way we stuffed U-Chu-Ka, that day, I do not know, but I am sure she would not have approved. We fed him until his small stomach was round as a ball. When the apple diet seemed to pall, we gathered tender blades of grass, and very soon the little brown one would not take alarm at our movements, but would watch us with solemn baby dignity, sitting up on his haunches or squatting in a round ball, his tiny ears laid over his back—a sure sign that he was no longer nervous.

How we hated to leave him that day! We didn't take him down the hill and make him a home by the log cabin, for we had no wish to frighten him, and as for foraging for himself in the woods, we were sure U-Chu-Ka knew how to go about it. So we left him at the bend of the trail where we had first seen him. We called it U-Chu-Ka's corner, and we left the core of the apple for him to nibble on after we had gone.

The next afternoon about the same time—for woods creatures are apt to do certain things at certain hours—we came up the Hill Trail, whistling, and were almost at U-Chu-Ka's corner before it occurred to us that the sound might frighten him away if he were still in that neighborhood. But curiosity is a rabbit's strongest trait, and suddenly there he was, hopping out of the underbrush into the little clearing as if in response to our call—indeed as if he had been waiting.

We had brought offerings of lettuce and cabbage leaves, and this time it was not half so long before U-Chu-Ka would eat from our hands and permit us to fondle his velvet softness.

We came every day after that, always whistling, with choicest tidbits for our little friend. He would always come into his "corner" hopping out from the greenery like a tiny puff-ball, sit up very primly, ears tilted, his nose wiggling, until he was sure it was his friends. Then down the trail toward us he would bound, with such long hops that his hind feet seemed to go above his head. Oh, U-Chu-Ka, little brown one, if we only had not taught you to have confidence in humans—to come unafraid when you heard a whistle!

As the summer went by, U-Chu-Ka grew and grew. From a baby rabbit, he became a half-grown rabbit, and we realized that before long he would be a very large rabbit indeed. But he never failed to answer our call, and through the long summer afternoons we would play upon the hill, the three of us. We played house, U-Chu-Ka submitting without protest to being dressed in a doll's frock, with a lace cap tying back his ears. He was our child, and we rocked him to sleep, sent him to school, disciplined him at times, and pretended that he talked to us. If I could only give you a picture of U-Chu-Ka, half grown now, in a blue gingham doll dress, his brown paws stuck through the short sleeves, his white knob of a tail flashing impudently from behind when he hopped about, and his soft brown eyes grotesquely large under the white cap tied under his chin!

And then, one day—it is a day I do not like to think of—we decided that U-Chu-Ka should have a birthday party. So we took cookies, apples, and lettuce sandwiches up the hill. It was hot, with scarcely a breeze, and sounds carried distinctly. From far away we heard a whistled tune, and we knew that some infrequent passer-by was on the Hill Trail. The sound grew louder as we climbed, and then—a single shot that sent echoes vibrating against the startled hills.

A gunshot! It was not such an infrequent sound through the woods that skirted the Bay, but our hearts suddenly contracted as if a hand had clutched them.

We said not a word to each other, but broke into a jogging trot that brought us hot and panting to the top of the hill. From there it was but a hundred yards or so to U-Chu-Ka's corner, and we ran doggedly, with a great fear tearing at our hearts.

Oh, that moment! U-Chu-Ka's corner was empty—but perhaps he would come if we whistled! We tried to form our dry lips for the sound, but none came. For we saw simultaneously, in the little clearing, a bright red patch on the low-hanging ferns—a little tuft of brown fur and a bit of white down.

The hunter had come and gone. U-Chu-Ka could not have known that the long stick he had pointed was filled with flame and death. We could picture the scene so well—the man, swinging carelessly down along the trail whistling, the gun over his shoulder—a sudden halt as a little brown rabbit hopped out from the underbrush into the small clearing and raised himself inquisitively on his haunches—a flash—a bundle of limp fur, blood-stained—a little brown pelt dangling pathetically down from a leather belt—Perhaps the man whistled again as he went down the trail. He could not know that two children, back by the little clearing, were sobbing their hearts out with their faces buried in the cool, green moss, because of a playmate who would come no more.

We tamed no more rabbits, Brother and I. We felt that we had been the cause of our friend's death, and the least we could do was to refrain from putting confidence into other woods creatures, to be shattered by humans who did not know or care about the wild heart.

And so we planted twin-flower vines in the little clearing, and edged it with yellow johnny-jump-up plants. It was our futile way of saying to U-Chu-Ka how sorry we were—how we loved him and how we missed him.

And today on the Hill Trail you may see U-Chu-Ka's corner, grown over a bit now, because no one chops away the underbrush. But still the twin-flowers and the johnny-jump-up's bloom there in memory of U-Chu-Ka, the little brown friend who lives on in our hearts and our loving memory.

HERE ARE TWO MORE

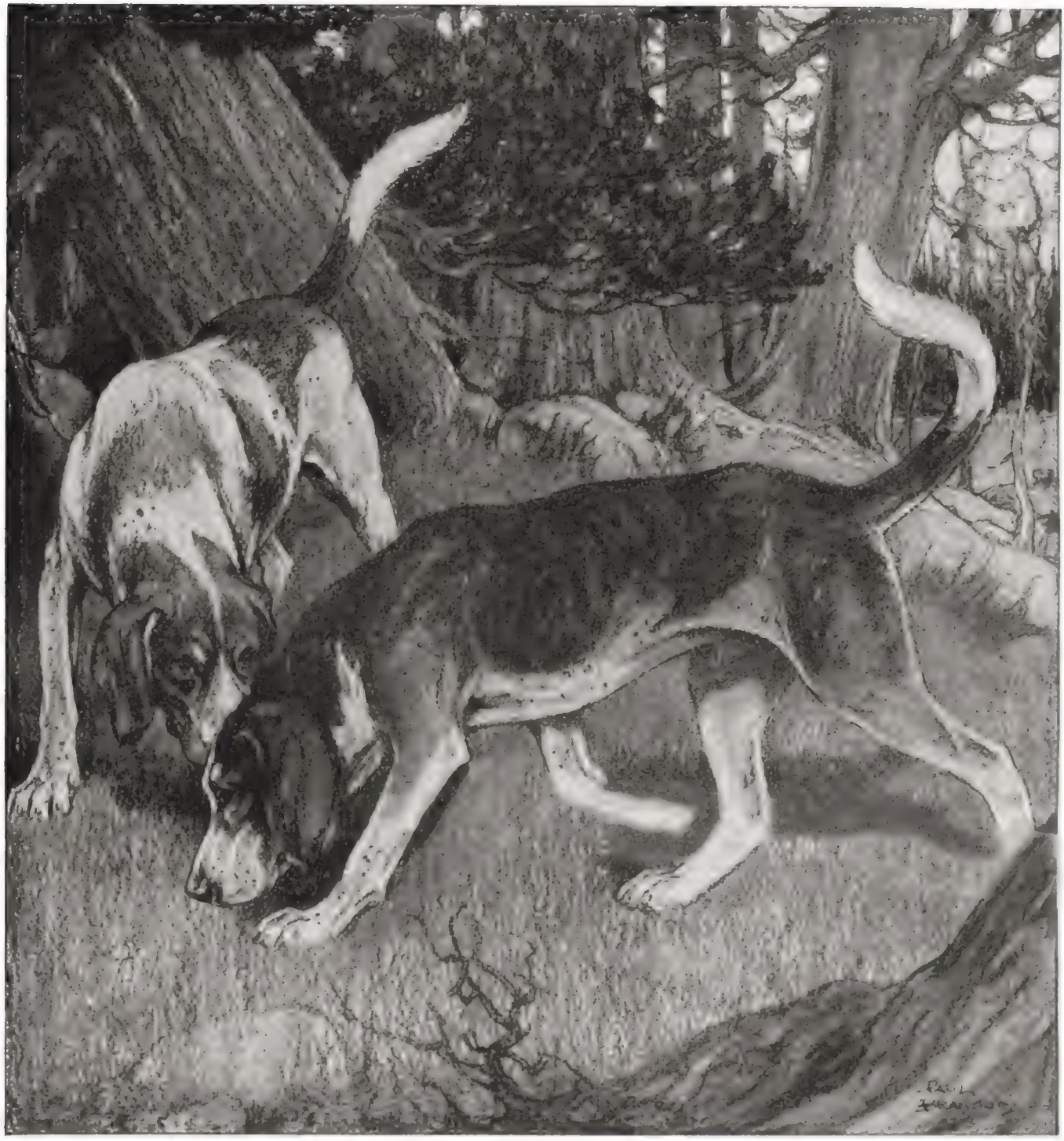
of those wonderful child-animal stories by Emma-Lindsay Squier, stories that bring a lump into your throat—sometimes tears to your eyes—and utterly fascinate you. Are they true? They are. And they are the more wonderful because they are true—because they might have happened to you. We don't know any animal fiction as thrilling as this fact

LEONARD

NO doubt it was a silly name to give a deer—"Leonard"—but Brother and I named him on the spur of the moment, and probably because we did not know the Indian word for "fawn," we resorted to the prosaic title to which our woods friend learned to respond.

Our acquaintance with Leonard began in such a dramatic way and with such suddenness that we had no time to think about a suitable name—although we did remember to name him even in the first chaotic moment of meeting. It was a habit that came to us as naturally as breathing.

It was during those days of licensed killing known as "the deer season." All day long, from across the bay, a mile in width, came the long-drawn-out baying of hounds and an occasional shot. On our side of the bay, too, high up in the wooded hills, we could hear the hounds at chase, and our hearts were heavy, being weighted with fear for the hunted things of the woods. We wondered if the hunters would find the salt-



When the meat was gone, Leonard was safe, for the dogs, with the smell of fresh meat in their nostrils, had lost the lighter scent of the little deer's flying hoofs, and they sniffed shamefacedly and with befuddled yappings

lick which we had stumbled upon in our wanderings and where we had spent many breathless hours, watching for the slim-limbed does and the antlered bucks to come and take refreshment.

We stood outside the little log cabin, our faces raised to the hills, our hands clasped tightly together, listening shiveringly to the hunting cry of the dogs. They were in full chase, we knew, after some luckless deer. We felt so helpless, yet so eager to help protect our friends of the wilds. I wonder if our unexpressed prayer did not have something to do with what happened.

The baying of the hounds alternated with the crash of the underbrush where they were running, men coming close behind. The dogs were skirting the top of the hill. All at once their baying became a series of whimpering barks. They were for the moment off the scent.

And then, down the hill, with such flying leaps that he scarcely touched the earth, came a little deer, a fawn, heading straight for the cabin. Was he mad with fear that he sought the home of humans? Or did he know by that unexplainable power which animals have that we were friends, that we would protect his life with ours—did he, I wonder? For he cleared the four-foot fence with a bound and trotted up to us, then stood trembling, his soft eyes glazed with fright, white foam at the corners of his mouth.

This is not a fiction story; I am telling it as it happened.

The little fawn thrust his hot, dry nose against my hand, and when Brother and I, recovering from our petrified amazement, put our arms around his velvety neck, he did not shrink away, but pressed against us as if mutely begging protection.

If you have never had a wild creature throw itself upon your mercy, if you have never known the feeling of a soft, brown deer body pressed against yours in pleading and in confidence, you can not realize the wild thrill of ecstasy that went through us.

"His name is Leonard!" I found breath to say, my face against the velvety neck of the little deer.

But Brother, being a man in embryo, was thinking of sterner things. The hounds, he reminded me, would shortly find the scent of the deer. If they came baying down *(Continued on page 134)*

Polly Pratt's Easter Visitors

By Sheila Young

PHOTO BY MATTIE E. HEWITT

Above is a charming nail-studded garden door with Romanesque hardware

FURNISHINGS *and* DECORATIONS

Fitness and Convenience in House Hardware

By Harold Donaldson Eberlein

THERE is no small detail of interior architecture that produces a more marked effect, for good or ill, than the hardware. By hardware, in this sense, is meant the knobs, pulls, handles, locks, hinges, keyplates, scutcheons, and other fastenings and appurtenances used for drawers, windows, cupboards, and the like.

The kind of house hardware used is a matter of choice resting with the individual. It therefore behooves us to consider the grounds upon which that choice should be made. The grounds of choice may be reckoned under two general heads—first, Convenience, and second, Fitness.

Under the head of Convenience one must look to the following desiderata: The hardware must be well and substantially made so that it shall be thoroughly durable and serviceable, and fulfill adequately the purpose for which it is intended; it must be comfortable to take hold of and use, and must not have such measurements that the fingers are pinched, nor sharp edges that cut the unwary; it must keep in its proper place and not present awkward projections that catch and tear the clothes.

Under the head of Fitness one meets both more latitude and more responsibility of choice. Convenience covers the strictly practical and utilitarian aspects; fitness covers chiefly considerations in which personal taste plays a part. Under the head of fitness one must think of the suitability of the hardware to the character of what it is to be attached to; of the proprieties of scale or size; of the color; of the material; and, finally, of the design and style, and of the amount and kind of decoration.

Ordinary common sense and a little reflection will suffice as guides so far as the first major requirement is concerned, so that we may here address ourselves wholly to the second. On this score, design first claims attention. The very existence of design presupposes that it shall impart interest. To afford interest, indeed, is its fundamental *raison d'être*, once the purely physical requirements, dictated by the purpose of the object which embodies the design, have been properly satisfied.

This sounds like an obvious truism. Nevertheless, the amount of stupid and illogical design, devoid of all interest, to be seen on every hand, constrains one to mention the matter. To impart the desired interest need not be a difficult thing, nor need it involve great expense. Indeed, it may be

(*Continued on page 86*)

OUR QUESTIONNAIRE

THE Questionnaire is a printed form with spaces in which to write the information about your rooms which we must have before we can advise you intelligently. Send a 2c stamp for the Questionnaire, fill in the blanks, return with 10c to the Department of Furnishings and Decorations, Good Housekeeping Magazine, New York, and receive expert suggestions and advice. A color plate costs 6c additional

The creamy yellow walls of this living-room provide a cheerful background for the green and lavender painted furniture, and rose and black chintz hangings and slip-covers

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY H. NORTHEND

The dining-room at the left has canary yellow furniture and smartly striped green and yellow hangings, with cool green walls. Another view of the living-room is shown below

The illustrations on this page and the one following prove that small rooms can be made to appear spacious as well as hospitable and inviting, provided the laws governing color, scale, and placement are duly observed. If you are in doubt concerning the proper furnishing or decorating of a small house, send 2c to "Furnishings and Decorations," Good Housekeeping, New York City, for a Questionnaire. Fill in the blanks as directed and return with ten cents to receive the advice of our experts

The SUCCESSFUL Small House

By

Mary H. Northend

THE little house of our dreams: how it intrigues the imagination with its broad, sheltering eaves and latticed casements, its welcoming hearth fires and tiny, exquisite rooms! Yet how often the vision, when realized, proves an overwhelming disappointment! The rooms we pictured as hospitable and inviting prove cramped and overcrowded, and the walls press in upon us on every side.

The furnishing and decorating of a small house or bungalow is one of the most difficult problems that can possibly confront the home decorator. It involves an expert knowledge of color, in order that only such colors may be introduced as will make the rooms appear larger than they actually are, and overcrowding must be heroically avoided, both by minimizing the number of objects in a given (*Continued on page 92*)

Delicate gray walls paneled with pale green moldings combine with built-in consoles to give distinction to this narrow hall

In the principal bedroom the walls are hung with yellow and gray striped wallpaper, the hangings are of cream linen with a white fringe, and the furniture is painted gray and decorated with bright flowers. A rug of yellow, bordered with gray, finds an effective foil in the black painted fireplace

AFTER the war—how many thousand men dreamed of that time through four terrible years! But for Lord Taborley the reality was a rude awakening. Expecting to marry Terry, he found her being courted by a General Braithwaite, whom he recognized as his own valet, who had gone to war engaged to the parlor-maid, Ann. Long a friend of Terry's family, Tabs' aid was enlisted to disentangle Adair, the son-in-law of the house, from an affair with a notorious war-widow, Maisie. He secured the consent of Terry's father to marry her, and made an appointment to call on her the next morning. But the next morning found Terry at his house, in tears. Swept away by a fit of emotion, she had promised Braithwaite to marry him, the night before. On reflection she had realized the peril of marrying a man of whom she knew nothing and who evidently had something to conceal. She asked Tabs to see him for her and break the engagement. Tabs undertook the difficult commission and carried it through, delivering at the same time a letter from Ann. This done, he left to interview Maisie. You may join him on the way to Chelsea and a most unexpected turn of affairs

Tabs smiled with a shade of embarrassment. "No man of sense would tell any be dangerous." "But I love to be tempted," said Maisie eagerly. And then,

The KINGDOM

By Coningsby Dawson

TABS was not very familiar with Chelsea. He had seen it from the river a score of times, red-walled, umbrageous, and old-fashioned. But of the district itself he knew next to nothing, save that up to the war it had been the favorite roosting-place of short-haired women and long-haired men. He wondered whether Maisie's hair was short. He decided in the negative. To have attracted three husbands in four and a half years she must be outwardly conventional. An unconventional woman might persuade one man to marry her, but not three in such rapid succession. She probably belonged to the apparently harmless, sympathetic, sisterly, domestic type. And yet she must be something more than conventional; millions of merely conventional women lacked the prowess to anchor only one man in all the years of their life, whereas, judging by the Adair incident, Maisie had not yet completed her list of husbands. There was an undefined danger in coming into contact with such a woman, which lent this expedition to Chelsea an atmosphere of adventure.

Did she know for what purpose he was visiting her? If she did, she was a bold woman, a strategist. Her position was strengthened by his coming to her in the guise of an invited guest. Then he remembered that he had made a bargain with himself to meet her with a mind unclouded by prejudice.

He had been traveling mean thoroughfares, when suddenly the cab swung into an old-world street of dignified respectability and turned again abruptly into a tiny quadrangle of color-washed, stucco-fronted, timbered houses. In the center was a lawn surrounded with white posts between which black painted chains hung in loops; the apparent intention was to create the illusion of a village-green. Tabs entered instantly into the spirit of the game—the littleness and childishness of the attempt at quaintness. He liked the bijou privacy of the Court, its greenness and tidiness, and the absurdity of the narrow windows which glinted at him like spectacles. But there was something that he missed.

The driver had climbed down and was opening the door. "Mulberry Tree Court, mister. I forget which number you told me, but there ain't so much

woman she was dangerous, because to tell her that would be to tempt her to more to herself than to him, "A woman knows she's old when temptation ends"

ROUND *the* CORNER

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

of it that you're likely to lose yerself."

"But where's the mulberry tree?" Tabs asked. There was in his voice the discontent of a disappointed child.

"There never was no mulberry tree," the man replied.

"Well, if there isn't a mulberry tree," Tabs laughed, "I suppose we must make shift to do without it."

The man frowned and justified himself grumblingly. "It ain't my bloomin' fault. I've done nothin' with yer bloomin' tree."

"I suppose not," said Tabs as if the matter were still in doubt.

Feeling in his pocket he paid what was owing and watched the cab move off. Even at this last moment he was half minded to retreat. What business was it of his to interfere in another man's love-affair? He looked stealthily round the Court to see if eyes were watching. All the windows were empty; nothing stirred. The fact that he was not watched reassured him. He glanced at the number on the nearest door, discovered in which direction the numbers ran, and decided that his must be the house conspicuous for its marigold-tinted curtains, standing retiringly in the farthest corner.

Once again he hesitated. Should he or should he not? The old nursery rhyme came wandering into his head with its innocent lilt of jolliness:

"Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush;
Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
So early in the morning."

"And so we do," he murmured. "Let's take a chance."

II

THE door—an apple-green door—was opened by a maid as trim as Ann. Was Mrs. Lockwood in? She would inquire.

"And your name, please, sir?—Lord Taborley! Certainly."

She left him waiting in the hall while she went to make her fictional inquiries. He was as sure that they were fictional as if he had glanced into the room upstairs where Maisie was making a last anxious inspection before her mirror. So the pretense was to be that he had called casually and had scarcely been expected.

He tried to learn something of Maisie from the appearance of her hall. It was speckless. Everything in it shone with intense cleanliness and polish. He had noticed the same gleam about the windows, brasses, and the very door-step before he had entered. He had noticed it again about the maid who had admitted him.

It sent Maisie up very much in his estimation. It almost explained to him how she had managed to get three husbands. Men never know why they fall in love with a woman; more often than not they mistake tidiness for beauty. "If you can't be beautiful, be clean," Maisie's hall seemed to say; "if you can be both, you're invincible." Maisie was invincible, as her conquests proved. This first glimpse of her belongings showed that she loved cleanliness. By a jump in his logic Tabs began to suspect that she must be beautiful.

He had pursued his observations thus far, when he heard a door discreetly closed overhead and the starchy rustling of the maid returning.

"If your Lordship will step into the drawing-room, Madam will be down in a moment."

He found himself in a long, artistic

room, feminine to a degree, exquisitely restful, and yet broad-minded with signs of selection and travel. It was furnished according to no particular period. There was an Italian chest of drawers inlaid with ivory, a Dutch marquetry secrétaire, some Louis XVI chairs, a mirror of old Venetian glass, bronzes, snuff-boxes, specimens of china, odd bits of beaten silver, knick-knacks of all sorts, lying scattered about with apparent carelessness. A fire was burning in the grate. Tea was set out on a table beside a companionable couch. Through French windows the smallest of gardens shone bravely, ablow with bulb flowers planted in crevices of a rockery, at the foot of which lay an oval pond and a silent fountain. As though to emphasize the game of littleness, a toy boat floated on the pond's surface.

"Not the woman I had imagined," was his unspoken thought; "not the wily adventuress! But if she's not, then what—?"

In an attempt to satisfy his curiosity, he commenced to inspect the room in detail. The first thing he discovered was that all the silver frames which stood about contained photographs of the same man. It struck him as an odd exhibition of faithfulness on the part of a woman who had had so many husbands. He counted the photographs; there were five of them recording the same face from varying angles.

"WHICH of them is he—" he asked himself, "—Pollock, Gervis, or Lockwood? But it mayn't be any of them. Perhaps it's a possible fourth—the latest. If so, here's hoping, for it shuts out Adair."

He turned toward the couch, intending to sit down. As he turned, his gaze encountered an oil painting hanging above the mantelpiece.

"By George! How did I manage to miss that?"

He stared at it with intense interest, almost with a sense of shock. Somewhere—he could not determine where—he had seen that face before.

The picture was a half-length portrait of a woman. There was something extraordinarily queenly and at the same time patient in her attitude. Her hands, which were out of sight, seemed to be folded. She was seated, leaning forward; her head was turned toward the right, so that her face appeared in profile. She was in extremely low evening dress of an aquamarine shade, flowered with gold. Her shoulders were sickle-shaped and gleamed like the half-crescent of a young moon. From her throat, which was full and white, hung a splendid string of tan-colored pearls. But it was the slope of her jaw, the way her ears set back, and the rounded strength of her head that gave her that peculiarly alert beauty. Her dark hair was drawn off her forehead, making clear in her features an expression of calm challenge. She was a woman who had lived and not always happily. Her calmness was the quiet of almost painful self-control. And her age— With her atmosphere of experience, it was certainly over thirty. She was not the woman to put back the hands of time for any man.

"It can't be of Maisie," he thought, and yet he hoped. "But it can't be of her," he insisted. "This woman is remote and uncapturable. She's done with passion. She's tasted life to the full, and the taste was bitter. She has nothing left but her unquenchable pride, with which she tortures herself: her pride not to submit, not to cry out, to stand always at bay. That's all she has, unless—" And then, speaking aloud in his effort to remember: "I know her, I'm positive. And yet—"

The door behind him opened. "This is nice of you, Lord Taborley. Ah, you were looking at Di! Most men do that when they visit me. I ought to be jealous. But a word of warning: looking is as far as any of them get."

Tabs found himself shaking hands with a woman who shared the features of the woman in the portrait, but who differed from her in that she was fair, lacked her alluring remoteness, and had much more of youth to her credit. Whereas the woman in the portrait looked uncapturable, Maisie's charm lay in her accessibility, the genial promise she held out of being willing and even eager to surrender. Her every tone and gesture proclaimed her anxiety to find this world a pleasant place, her determination to make it pleasant and to be gay under every circumstance. She was as little, flawless, and gleaming as her house. More than half her good looks were due to the immaculate care which she bestowed on her body—the whiteness of her teeth, the fineness of her well-kept hands, the brilliant clearness of her complexion, the wavy smoothness of her abundant flaxen hair which had been brushed and brushed until it shone and glinted like raw gold in sunshine.

She would have looked almost too perfect to be genuine, had it not been for her vivid health. She was so dainty in her fragility that one longed and yet scarcely dared to touch her. The scented note-paper was forgotten. The moment she spoke, Tabs recognized that nothing that she had done or might do could obscure her atmosphere of breeding. He had met men like that, whose sense of race, even when they were at the lowest depths, had kept them superior to their environment. A pale woman of spun silk and gossamer, with cornflower eyes and lips like parted poppy petals! This woman could be kind to the point of folly, so kind that her folly would appear almost virtue. She was a woman who, though she might love too often, would love so much that to her much would a ways be forgiven.

"I MUST apologize," Tabs spoke gently, "for having been found staring at your picture."

He did not know it, but men always spoke gently to Maisie. It was her air of trust and helplessness that did it, her tender trick of creating in each man the belief that she relied peculiarly on him for protection—all of which was totally at variance with the masterly efficiency with which she ran both herself and her house.

"I was staring at your picture," Tabs continued, "because I thought I recognized—"

"I dare say you did," Maisie interrupted. "Though you may not have met her, her face is forever in the papers. Among the family she's known as the Princess Czarina Bolsheviki!"

"She looks it. But is she a princess?"

Maisie laughed. "Not yet, but it won't be her fault if she isn't. It'll have to be a prince next time. If she marries again, she'll stoop to nothing less. Look at the way she carries her head; she almost feels the weight of her coronet already. But she says she's had enough of marriage. We've all said that. Poor dear Di, she misses a lot of fun by her exclusiveness. If I only had half her wealth!"

She evidently wanted Tabs to ask her what she would do with it. Her eyes grew round with spendthrift promises of jolliness, if ever such wealth should come within reach of her managing hands. She looked as mischievously covetous as a magpie while she waited for him to put the obvious question.

But Tabs wasn't interested in the obvious. He stuck to his inquiry. "What you've told me doesn't help me to recall her," he said. "Who is she? It's most annoying to recognize a face and not to be able to place it against any background."

Maisie pretended to pout. "You're like all the rest of them; you come to see me and do nothing but talk of her. I'd have hidden her in the attic long ago, only she's by Sargeant. She's too beautiful for hiding, and then no one can afford to hide her Sargeant under a bushel in these hard times."

"And still you've not told me," Tabs reproached her.

III

"WOULDN'T we be more comfortable sitting down?"

Maisie slid between the couch and the tea-table, making herself comfortable against a pile of cushions. When Tabs looked round for a seat, he discovered the strategy of the arrangement of the furniture. The nearest available chair to Maisie was at least four yards away; to have selected it would have been to isolate himself. He would have had to hail her ridiculously across the room's breadth. It was plainly intended that he should challenge fate and share the couch, just as Pollock, Gervis, Lockwood, Adair, and so many others had done before him.

All this friendliness would make it a little difficult for him presently when he broached the subject of Adair. He had an uneasy feeling that Sir Tobias wouldn't approve of this way of conducting his mission. It was one thing to fly the white flag of truce while you parleyed with the enemy; it was quite another to share the same couch with her in a cosy room, where there were only the two of you, and the jumping flames of the fire in the grate made the silver on the small, round table glow red. When they weren't talking, there was no sound. None of the clamor of London reached them. They might have been in a cave, far removed from everything that disturbed. And, indeed, the little, piled-up rockery outside the windows, with the spring flowers blowing, and the baby lake, with the toy boat drifting on its quiet surface, rather created the illusion that this was a cave.

A restful lethargy of kindness was creeping over him. He didn't want to be at enmity with anybody, least of all with this dainty sprite of a woman with the cornflower eyes and the flaxen hair. He no longer wondered that three men in succession, weary of the mud of fighting, had come to her for rest. He could even comprehend Adair's treachery, if it had gone so far as treachery. Adair had found his

MAISIE had seated herself on the couch. Tabs was standing before the fire, looking immensely tall in the semi-darkness. "Mrs. Lockwood—" She started as he called her that. "Mrs. Lockwood, it was about you that I came here to talk. Let's get it over. . . . Why can't you let Adair alone?"

wife fretful—she had always been crying and hanging round his neck. Here he had found companionship, secret laughter, and forgetfulness. The world owed any woman a large debt of liberty who could give men that. Maisie was the kind of woman who could bury twenty husbands and go out next morning to meet the twenty-first. What was far more amazing, she could do it without frivolity or loss of self-respect. She lived a day at a time like a healthy pagan. She made you feel, the moment you met her, that that was the only tolerable way of living. The excuse for her philosophy was its success. She was an expert in happiness—so expert that she could communicate her secret without waste of words. Probably for most men words were not necessary; for them their happiness was herself.

From her end of the couch Maisie smiled at Tabs dreamily. "You're persistent when you want anything. I suppose you always get your desires?"

"The little things, yes," he replied. "But the big things—they evade me."

"You mean Terry."

She said it without change of tone or expression, with the same happy smile curling up the corners of her uncruel mouth. It was disconcerting to have his private humiliations referred to so frankly, as though they were fitting subjects for casual conversation. But, after all, he reminded himself, his business there was to discuss her equally private affairs. He was hardly in a position to resent anything she might say. It was a duel, and she had drawn first blood. He was quick to see that her purpose in introducing Terry was to gain an advantage while she postponed the inevitable discussion of Adair.

She didn't give him a chance to reply. "I know all about you and Terry," she continued, "and about Braithwaite, too, for the matter of that. Perhaps why Terry evades you is because she isn't one of your really big things. You may have mistaken her for a big thing. If she is one of your truly big things, you'll get her. You're one of the few men who get all they desire."

It was possible that she was trying to flatter him; nevertheless, against his will, the certainty of her way of talking impressed him. "What makes you think I get everything I desire?"

She laughed and snuggled closer into the cushions. "I can't put it into words. I just know by looking at you. You have the air."

"Then what makes you say that Terry may not be one of my big things?"

She glanced up at him amused. "I almost made you angry when I said that. Do you really want to know? I said it because I don't think she is one of your big things, and, what's more, you don't think she is, either. Now I *have* made you angry! But you don't—not the sane you, who was and is and will be tomorrow, the you who'll outlive this disappointment."

He was at one and the same time intrigued and offended by the turn the conversation had taken. His memory groped back to the first conception he had had of this woman—the woman who tricked married men, who used scented notepaper, who interpreted thoughts before they were uttered and forestalled actions before they had been planned, the woman whom he had been instructed to buy off with a price. What was he doing, discussing his love-affair with such as her?

His voice was chilling when he spoke. "It's very good of you to take such an interest in me. I ought to be gratified that you should think you know so much about me, and after so short an acquaintance—so very much more than I know about myself."

"But I don't think; I do know far more at this moment than you know about yourself." Her tones were calm and lazy, unembarrassed and pleasant. The red glow of the fire glinting on the silver tea-service seemed the reflection of her cheerfulness.

"If you're so certain you know, you might tell me," he said stiffly.

She leaned forward. "I know that you're an intensely lonely man. All men have to be lonely till they're thirty if they're going to get anywhere. They have no time to spare. You've had no time to spare for women—that's why you don't understand them. Women were for you a treat in store, until the war broke. Then suddenly you discovered that you had missed the most precious thing in life. You hadn't the time to be wise in your choice, so you turned to some one young and accessible. Her youth seemed to symbolize all you coveted at the moment; it symbolized going on forever, whereas you were traveling to instant termination. You weren't really in love with her as an individual; you were in love with the thought of love and youth. You won't believe it, but almost any young girl who was beautiful and willing would have served your purpose. During the terrible years you've clothed her with your own idealism. You've told yourself that it was for her you were fighting. You've created in your heart a person she never was and hasn't it in her to become. You've thought of her as a second you, with *your* sense of honor, *your* passion for unselfishness, *your* patience and experience gained through suffering. The ideal you've set up for her is contradictory and impossible. Youth isn't considerate, experienced, unselfish, patient. For those qualities you have to go to the middle years. I know what I'm talking about, for I've had three soldier husbands." She said it without self-reproach or self-glory, as though it were the sort of thing that might happen to any woman. "You've been finding out the kind of girl she really is since your return—the kind of girl who prefers General Braithwaite to yourself and can't discriminate between the temporary and the permanent. You're disappointed in her. You've discovered that she isn't the woman you thought you were loving. You're now only pretending that you still care for her, because life would be too empty without your dream and because the right woman, for whom you've already renewed your search, hasn't yet turned up. Somewhere inside you at this moment your sane self is indorsing every word that I'm saying as true."

"That's not so." His contradiction was spoken fiercely.

"But it is so," the sweet voice persisted. "You yourself have tacitly owned it."

"How?" There was the sharpness of alarm in his way of asking. Her assurance had startled him out of his brief anger.

She laughed softly. "I think we might have tea; it'll restore our serenity. There's nothing like employing your hands when you want to keep from losing your temper. A woman learns that even when she's been married only once. When she's been married three times," the cornflower eyes became suddenly innocent, "she knows everything. Will you touch the bell? It'll save my getting up. 'How?' you ask. How do I know you've already renewed your searching? To a man who's as head over heels in love as you profess to be, all women, except the one woman, however beautiful, ought to be hanks of hair and bags of bones. I read your thoughts when I caught you gazing at my sister's portrait. You were saying to yourself, 'What if she's the woman!' And you're even sufficiently detached in your affections to acknowledge attraction in a horrid, little, pestering, too-much-married person like myself."

IV

IT was lucky that the maid selected that moment for answering the bell. Things were getting uncomfortably personal. Tabs had the idea that Maisie had been talking against time till she should hear the footsteps of her reenforcements. As the maid entered, she

(*Continued on page 169*)

When Easter Comes

By Margaret Sangster

When Easter comes, I do not think of Christ Who hung,
With bleeding hands and feet, upon a rough-hewn cross—
I do not see a Man, Who suffered pain and loss,
And triumphed over death. . . . No, when the world is young
I think of Christ, the little Lad, whose Mother sung
Above His trundle bed . . . Who traced the laughing source
Of many a mountain stream to where, half-hid by moss,
Upon the shores of Galilee, pale violets sprung.

When Easter comes, I like to think of youth aflame
With all the vivid promises of early spring.
I like to think of budding trees, and winds that sing—
And—most of all—when some one speaks the Saviour's name,
I like to close my eyes and, in the shadows, see
A little smiling Boy against His mother's knee!

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We country women love silk stockings quite as much as city women do and are just as fond of the hang of a skirt or the tilt of a hat brim

"Country Cousin" *or* Sister?

By Mary Meek Atkeson

WOULDN'T you like to know her better—your cousin from the country? She has so much to teach you—of work and play and living. Here is your chance to meet her in this article. And perhaps, when you are better acquainted with her, you will find that she is something more than a cousin from the country, after all

IF there is such a thing as being country-minded, I must be so, for my head has long been much occupied with country problems. Perhaps that explains why I can not take the point of view which seems to be the fashion just now, when the popular mind is viewing with so much alarm "the poor farm woman." So, although I do not often speak out in meeting, when so much is being said about us farm women, I feel I must take part in the general discussion.

How country life changes in the popular mind! Just a few years ago it was the back-to-the-farm idea. Every current writer was telling us of the joys of country life—the independence of the farmer, the loaded table of food that didn't cost anything, the fresh air and sunshine without money and without price. Those of us who lived in the country and still protested about the conditions of our toil, the lack of conveniences in our homes, and the less than living wage, were branded as mere fault-finders, too stupid to appreciate the great blessing of living in the country.

Reporters came to interview us and to drink our ambrosial buttermilk, fresh from the churn. But whenever we dwelt upon the discouraging side of our life, they put up their notebooks and firmly guided us to other topics.

"We must be optimistic!" they cried. "You are too far removed from the current of popular thought to understand the psychology of the cheerful view of life."

Well, we were, I suppose. Country people are seldom Pollyannas—the facts they face are too starkly real to be set aside so lightly as that.

So we had to look on while aged clerks and broken-down school-teachers drew out their little savings and invested in bleak acres that would not grow black-eyed peas much less all those independent joys of country life they had been reading about in back-to-the-farm literature. We had to see them lose their savings and, broken in health by toil and living conditions of which (*Continued on page 96*)

Paris looks with favor on this chic brown hat sweeping plumes of glycerined ostrich in a shade to match

Even this brown Georgette scarf encircling a black satin crown keeps pace with the times in its extravagant length

The new flounces with narrow plaitings make possible such frocks as this, effective in green taffeta or foulard

FASHIONS

The Paris Openings, Which Were Never More Varied, Show a Predominance of Slender Lines. Tailleurs Are of Blue, Beige, and Gray Gabardine—Afternoon Frocks of Silk Crêpe—Evening Dresses of Velvet

EDITED BY
HELEN KOUES

THE spring openings of the great French dressmakers have determined that the slender, straight frock so beloved of Parisians is to be worn again this season. It is belted or seamed across at the hips, girdled at the waist-line or a little above, or quite without a girdle of any sort. The slender slip is sometimes rendered more interesting by panels or loops which fall below the skirt.

Some new models show a rather long, straight corsage, either sleeveless or with short sleeves, which is drawn down blouse-fashion over a soft, straight-falling skirt. Others are beltless, the fulness being drawn to the sides and falling in godets from the hips. Jenny features the godet, also the beltless frock.

The wide-skirted frocks showing the Spanish influence, while favored to a certain extent for dancing and general evening wear, have never attained the street; and a style which is never worn for the street and only in the most intimate fashion for afternoons is not the fashion.

But, as last season, there is no one style for the spring. The *grandes maisons* are making a bit of everything, their collections showing great variety. There is a general tendency away from the girdle, which appears more and more rarely—the waist-line often being defined in some other way, as, for instance, a seam which crosses the front or back of the hip.

Varied Influences for the Spring

One frock reflects the Italian Renaissance, and another retains something of old Spain. We have the godet, and suggestions of the Directoire, and corsages of all lengths and varying degrees of slenderness, as well as the beltless frock. There are puffed sleeves and plain, long sleeves and short. Skirts are generally longer, and of all widths—usually wider.

The much heralded Directoire models are quite modified in style—the waist-line not too high, the line nowhere too pronounced. The short jackets are very smart and contrast strikingly with the styles of the past few months. But in jackets, as in all else, every style is worn.

Worth relieves the severity of black crêpe Marocain by using a white crêpe panel strikingly figured in red, black, and green

Many spring frocks are made of wool poplin, gabardine or cashmere. Some plaid is used, but stripes are somewhat more smart. Braid is often employed as trimming, and there is some embroidery.

Crêpe de Chine and crêpe fabrics are preferred to taffeta, which will be worn also, particularly for picture frocks. Pretty are the models of tinted organdy in pastel shades and odd, bright colors—dull rose, green, brown, orange, or blue.

Much silver lace is used for evening—delicate tracery of bright silver on tulle in flounces or entire frocks. Silver tissue also is smart, combined with black, white, green, or other colors—in one case a silver-and-black frock showing a touch of red.

Velvet plays rather an important rôle this spring, evening frocks being fashioned of velvet in pale colors and trimmed with silver or cream lace. Delicate lilac velvet is pretty in evening frocks as well as all the shades of mauve and light gray, which are especially lovely with silver.

Evening Gowns and Wraps

The evening corsage opens in a shallow V at the top and is sleeveless or finished with tiny and often transparent puffs. Much white is worn—white satin, for instance, elaborately embroidered in white and pearl or crystal beads. Crêpe de Chine is enriched with embroidery of the same color, an idea prettily carried out in mauve. The corsage is quite simple and untrimmed save for a mere thread of embroidery about the armholes, while the skirt is embroidered from the hips down to within four inches of the skirt edge.

Evening wraps of crêpe de Chine are lined with velvet—white crêpe de Chine, for instance, being lined with *bleu de roi*. Short loose wraps of Canton crêpe or crêpe Marocain are similarly lined with

GOUPY

Long famous for her embroidered blouses and robes, Goupy designed this charming symphony in gray crêpe de Chine embroidered in gray silk with a narrow belt ending in black tassels

velvet. Frocks of crêpe de Chine are trimmed with velvet ribbon, and entire hats are made of velvet, the under side of the brim being faced with fine straw. A hat of black straw has a corded brim of velvet, and a velvet béret is adorned with a long straw tassel which falls down.

Embroidered Shawls as Wraps

A summer wrap is made of black lace and light gray squirrel fur—a richer-looking version appearing with chinchilla used in place of *petit gris*. Shawls of embroidered crêpe —true "Carmen" shawls —embroidered with colored silks will be worn for summer wraps. A stunning wrap is made of two of these shawls—a sort of cape with long, fringed points falling to the skirt-edge from a chinchilla collar.

In wraps the sleeve is more in evidence than last season, although some slender capes are shown also. Smart is a little separate jacket of velvet or duvetyn worn over a frock of crêpe de Chine or taffeta and trimmed in a fashion peculiar to itself—quite unlike the frock underneath.

Perhaps there is nothing more interesting to know than just what "line" each of the great French houses show. So here is news of the individual openings.

Premet's Spring Opening

Premet's silhouette is generally slender. The skirts are short. The girdle is at the waist-line or to the hips. The tailored frocks are fitted to the waist-line and show fulness at the hips, while the softer frocks, which are of foulard, are open-necked, short-sleeved, and show some ful-

Rumor has it that circular skirts loom up from the past once again, and this frock displaying brown foulard, a very high collar, and bell sleeves seems to confirm the reported news

Though rivalry is keen in the suit world this spring, none can compete for smartness with the straight box model of gray beige gabardine at right, trimmed with very dark blue galon ciré

As swallows herald the spring, so fancy tailleurs proclaim balmy days. The model at left combines a skirt and girdle of black and blue striped taffeta with a jacket of blue gabardine

Alice Bernard stands responsible for this smart coat dress of yellow serge banded with wide braid of beige and gold plaid, the fastening of which is adroitly placed to the side

ALICE BERNARD

Paris seeks inspiration from every source, first consulting the fashions of the Pharaohs, then the Spanish school of witchery and charm. Both slender and flaring silhouettes will be good

To vary the insistent straightness of the average day frock, this dress of black serge flounces its skirt with plaid attached to the corsage at a low waist-line, thus lending a tunic effect

Flounces, bell sleeves, and a high collar seem to proclaim the advent of spring in this Lanvin dress combining a corsage and sleeve of green crêpe de Chine with a black satin skirt

ness in the skirts, which fall in points at the sides. In these frocks even more than in the tailored ones are to be found loose panels of all sorts. One feature of this opening is a group of ankle-length, full-skirted evening frocks with close waists. This use of greater fulness for the evening frocks is rather an interesting note, as it is quite persistent. In these frocks is also noticed the straight Empire line across the shoulders. It is significant, however, that although the skirts are full, there are few circular skirts. Black and colored laces for afternoon and evening are two features of this house.

Worth's Frocks Are Slim

Irregularly arranged skirts, either in panels uneven at the hem or drapery with overlapping panels of different lengths, are notable features of this great house. The tailored suits show narrow skirts with loose, straight jackets as a rule, although there are some fitted to the waist-line and flaring slightly below. One of the attractive serge frocks had sleeves of crash embroidered with silver, edged with crash fringe. In evening dresses the straight princess effect in the front is a marked feature, with one or two trailing panels.

Dœuillet Shows Much Crêpe de Chine

Again at this opening considerable variety is found with the predominance toward straight dresses. Box coats are featured as well as tailored jackets fitted to the waist-line and flaring slightly over the hips. In the one-piece dresses contrasting colors are (*Continued on page 82*)

LANVIN

Evening Gowns Remain Staunch Supporters of the High-Necked Effect but Waist-lines Vary in Length

JEAN PATOU

DOUCET

BERTHE HERMANCE

According to the mode's whim and fancy, waist-lines either gain much importance or dwindle to mere insinuations. At left above the moyen-âge line is still felt in a gown of white crêpe de Chine, while in the gown of rose mousseline at right Doucet makes the waist-line more pronounced

Let it be but a whim of the moment, Paris none the less definitely renounces extreme décolletage in favor of the high-necked gown for evening. The Jean Patou dress at extreme left is fashioned of green and silver tissue and black tulle a-tinkle with green and gold beads with a girdle to match

After a festive display of color as a reaction from wartime days, white returns to its former glory in many of the new evening gowns, as seen in that at right designed by Berthe Hermance, of cream white satin, gold figured mousseline, and pink rose garlands falling demurely to one side

While Some Gowns are Softly yet Snugly Draped about the Figure, Width of Skirt is Favored by Others

WORTH

JENNY

LANVIN

Jenny adopts the new neck-line cut high on one side and low on the other, in this gown of brilliant rose, gold, green, and violet brocade with gold lace edgings about the neck and skirt, and trailing sleeves of bright green tulle. The absence of all girdle gracefully emphasizes the lines of the figure

Paris indorses many a style for the spring, from the sheath-like gown to the fullest skirt as in the gown of old rose taffeta finished with ribbons, at left, wherein Lanvin accentuates a tight-fitting bodice with great width of skirt and puffs across the hips that replace the panniers of a bygone season

Distinctly new is the beltless Worth model of green taffeta at right above, the fulness of which is smartly drawn to one side, thus revealing more distinctly than in past seasons the contour of the figure. Two rosettes of silver and green ribbon placed at the left form the gown's sole trimming

MARGUERITE LÉONIE

All that is fanciful and alluring is suggested in this Léonie hat of black crêpe de Chine, displaying Spanish lace falling mask-like, in truly Moorish fashion, over the wearer's eyes

When Talbot frames a piquant face, she makes the hat of golden brown batavia cloth and scorns all trimming save an ostrich fancy, which she thrusts through the upturned brim

For more formal occasions the Parisienne indulges in such costumes as this, of French blue crêpe de Chine embroidered in paper beads, by Royant. The Lancret hat is brown

MODELS FROM KURZMAN

ROYANT GOWN AND MARIE LANCRET HAT

TALBOT

Many a Brim Takes an Upward Turn Finding in Ostrich and Spanish Lace an Adequate Foil

Slimness and Simplicity may be Vouched For in these Models that Seek Inspiration from Paris

PHOTO BY F. F. GEIPLE

Whether large or small, the mushroom shape has its devotees, but when the crown is of draped black satin embroidered in bright-colored worsted, its charm becomes irresistible to all

This is what happens when gray and blue crêpe de Chine meet on equal terms to fashion the afternoon dress above. The skirt is blue, the embroidery blue, and the slip and corsage gray

Indubitably chic is the three-piece suit, but smartest of all with the cape. An extremely pretty model for spring is that at left, in the new combination of navy twill and gray crêpe de Chine

MODELS FROM LORBER

POIRET

Only her eyes may peer above this mystic veil of gold-embroidered rose mousseline, to which Poiret adds, in truly Turkish fashion, a smart turban of rich gold and rose brocade

No shape forms such a bewitching background as a large picture brim, so with the approach of summer women invariably turn to its winning charm. This hat of green straw has a crown all abloom with green and yellow flowers

Within the boundaries of her own land the modiste now seeks inspiration for her hats. Thus the Breton peasant shape crowns many a fair head this spring. A pretty example is at left of orange taffeta and orange flowers

If the first murmurs of spring are to be considered, they would seem to whisper of ribbon hats rivaling those of light straw. If so, the ribbed, white ribbon hat at right, in a modern version of the tricorne, launches the new mode

IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Smart Spring Models

The value of Canton crêpe as leading fabric of the spring seems acknowledged in the afternoon frock at left, wherein the parti-colored effect, beloved by Paris, is carried out. The upper part of the dress is rust or henna, and the lower, black, through which gold thread stitchery winds its way. A metal ring belt defines the waist-line; $59.50

It's the sash that makes the frock at right, which seems to indicate that dresses are turning to a simpler form of life. Though the silhouette is still slim, tunics often appear over a narrow underslip, as shown in this dress combining taffeta, which is much used, with Georgette. In navy, Copenhagen, light gray, or black; $39.50

We have made the tour of the shops to obtain the best possible values in spring models for you, and it is comforting to find that much lower prices than a year ago are now asked for the same material and workmanship. We shall be happy to buy these models for you upon receipt of money-order. Good Housekeeping Shopping Service

Not even an Eton jacket could seem more youthful or spring-like than this straight box coat of navy blue tricotine tying at the neck in a black ribbon bow. The collar and piping which binds the coat and sleeves are of sand-colored or gray Poiret twill. The bell sleeve featured is new, and indisputably so when slit for an inch or two. Price $69.50

Simple and conservative, thereby embodying the spring mode, this suit of navy or black tricotine still adheres to the belted style which proves more becoming to many women. This well-tailored suit is $59.50

No wardrobe is complete without a coat dress of navy tricotine braided in black, like that at left, which abides by the straight, slender silhouette of the moment. The vestee is black satin; $29.50

Cut in a V back and front, this sleeveless nightgown (A2) has fine lace and embroidery motifs

An effective envelop chemise (A1) is above with insertions embroidery, and ribbon straps

Lingerie of Distinction for the Bride

By Anne Orr

ATTRACTIVE additions to the bride's trousseau or to the baby's layette are the various models shown. They will be of unusual interest to the needlewoman, for not only are embroidery patterns offered but patterns to make the things themselves. The nightgown, envelop chemise, chemise, and bloomers make a charming set in batiste. If a less elaborate style is preferred for every-day wear, part of the lace may be omitted and the embroidery motifs used. The bloomers, in their straight, full lines, are something new and distinctive in lingerie. No less important are baby's dresses and caps, and something dainty has been achieved for the tiny baby and the older child on the opposite page. In embroidering, a number twenty-five embroidery cotton should be used. Except for the organdy apron, all the other pieces may be made of batiste or nainsook.

Suitable for the linen chest or the shower is this heart-shaped, organdy apron (A3), embroidered in a lazy-daisy stitch, in pink, lavender, blue, and yellow flowers, and green leaves

Completing a set in which the nightgown and envelop chemise above are included, this chemise (A5) and bloomers (A6) to match of nainsook are trimmed with lace and embroidery

Real filet and flowers embroidered in a solid satin stitch contribute charm to this exquisite pillow (A4)

Charming New Things for the New-Born Babe and a Thought or Two for Older Sister as Well

Hot iron transfer patterns for embroidery on these two pages come in two groups. One includes all the bride's lingerie for 35 cents; the other, all the baby garments for 35 cents. Both sets may be had for 65 cents. Directions for embroidery stitches enclosed. Address Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping Magazine, New York City. Patterns for nightgown and envelop chemise 25c each, for chemise and bloomers 15c each, apron, pillows, and baby caps 10c each, and baby dresses 15c each. Address Good Housekeeping Fashion Service, 119 West 40th St., New York

This short baby dress (A7—1 to 3 yrs.), with a yoke embroidered in a pink and white garland tied with colored ribbon and small sprays of flowers, is a very dainty piece of needlework

Beautifully designed is the exquisite cap (A8) above, with a turned-back lap and crown embroidered in flowers and trimmed with lace insertion, edgings, and rosettes on either side

A charming dress (A9—1 to 6 months) to clothe the new-born babe is shown above, designed to match the cap. The pointed lace yoke is new, and an embroidered rose rises between the points

A wide hemstitched scallop, with a lazy-daisy pink flower and green leaves on the point of each scallop and on the belt, gives a charming and effective finish to this dress (A10—2 to 6 yrs.)

Particularly suited to the baby with a thin face is the fluffy cap (A11) at left, with ruffles edged with lace and a touch of embroidery on the crown in a wreath of bullion and briarstitching

No baby's outfit is complete without an oval pillow (A12) of batiste as seen at the left, with an embroidered garland encircling a real lace butterfly in the center, and pink or blue ribbon rosettes

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Spring Afternoon Frocks of Canton Crêpe and Georgette

DO YOU realize the convenience that the National Shopping Service is to you? On this page are illustrated models made in New York and distributed throughout the country. Go to your own shop in your own town and ask to see them. Should there not be a dealer in your vicinity, write us to know the name of one who does carry them, and you will be shown the same frocks you would see on Fifth Avenue, if you were doing your shopping in New York The dress of Canton crêpe for instance, at the left above, could be used for the afternoon and would be appropriate for the street during the warmer months. The dress of Georgette next it would be particularly pretty for the street or house in the early days of May and June. This is also true of the dress below on the left, while that on the right may answer as a street dress when made of navy with henna and as a very smart sports frock when of white crêpe with a collar and sash of burnt orange. You will notice that the color combinations are very charming in all these frocks. The combination of colors and the smart note given by the contrasting embroidery lend the distinction

BETTY WALES DRESSES

In the newest material of the season, the dress of Canton crêpe at left above shows a straight, full skirt embroidered in wool. In black with white embroidery, white with black, navy with gray, or gray with navy; 14 to 42, about $74

Contrasting shades mark the spring as in the model of Georgette at right above. The front and back are embroidered and the side panels plaited. Navy and Copenhagen, French blue and gray, or brown and henna; 16 to 42, about $58

Particularly pretty for the street or house wear in the early days of May and June is the dress at right in two contrasting shades of Georgette. The front panel is plaited and the overskirt finely tucked. In navy with rust, gray, or Copenhagen; from 14 to 42, about $58

In the combination of navy Roshanara crêpe with henna the frock at extreme right would answer as a street dress, and when of white with a collar and sash of burnt orange a smart sports dress is achieved. It also comes in gray with a burnt orange sash; from 13 to 18, about $58

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADE-MARK MAKE AND SEE THEM FOR YOURSELF. IF HE DOES NOT CARRY THEM WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, NEW YORK, FOR THE NAME OF A DEALER IN YOUR TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Smart Overblouses and Waists in The Spring Mode

IT is quite surprising how much style can be given a costume by wearing the right sort of waist. This spring the overblouse has established itself to stay. Here are various models of that type, as well as waists, which are to be found in your local shops quite as easily as if you were shopping on Fifth Avenue itself. The enterprise of American manufacturers is making it possible for the woman who lives away from New York to obtain the same good styles as those who live in New York or Paris. The smart overblouse, for instance, below at the left, of white dimity, is just the thing to wear throughout the summer with a white skirt, and you have a costume which is far smarter than a mere shirtwaist and skirt and no more expensive. With your spring suit wear the attractive taffeta waist. The collar and cuffs are of white organdy in this model, and the wide sash falls over the skirt and blends the two into a costume. Another example of the overblouse, which has proved a very smart model, is that shown at the right. This is of a fine quality of tricolette and is prettiest when of a color to match or blend with the skirt.

TOWN BLOUSES FROM THE BLOUSEMAKERS

Of tricolette the blouse at left above is henna, bisque, navy, tomato, jade, white, or black; 34 to 44, about $14.75. That at right is white, flesh, navy, bisque, or gray crêpe de Chine with contrasting embroidery; 34 to 44, about $12.75

The overblouse style is established in Paris and New York, and the crêpe de Chine model at left is particularly charming with its vestee, collar, and cuffs of white eyelet embroidered batiste. In navy, flesh color, bisque, or gray; 34 to 44, about $15

With your spring suit nothing could be smarter than the taffeta blouse at left with a white organdy vest, collar and cuffs, and a wide sash falling below the waist-line, thus blending the blouse and skirt into a costume. It comes in navy, black, henna, or gray; 34 to 44, approximately $15

An extremely youthful and becoming overblouse for sports wear in the spring and summer, which with a white skirt gives the effect of a dress, is that of white striped dimity at extreme left, showing a Peter Pan collar, square vest, and patent leather belt; 34 to 44, about $10

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADE-MARK NAMES, WRITE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING NATIONAL SERVICE, NEW YORK, TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE DEALER IN YOUR TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES HAVE THEM IN STOCK, AND SEE THEM YOURSELF

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Dressmaking Lesson Number Three — The Dress of Silk or Serge Cut from the Same Pattern

THE simple, rather straight dresses cut with kimono sleeves which will be smart this coming season, although they require some skill in making, are really not difficult. For instance, the two dresses illustrated below are cut by the same pattern, although they are somewhat different in appearance. The pattern itself, with its measurements, is shown in the outline charts below. This you may cut yourself, if you are at all expert, or secure a pattern from us, as preferred.

These dresses may or may not be lined, although a lining is to be recommended. In case one is used, follow the directions for making and fitting a lining of China silk as given in Lesson I of this series. Full directions for it were also reprinted at the end of Lesson II.

Now let us consider a serge frock trimmed with black braid as illustrated at the left below.

By looking at the chart of the pattern you will see that forty-two-inch material is used folded in half. Diagram I shows the shape of the dress from the shoulder line to where the hip line comes in the picture. The sleeve which is cut kimono fashion has no armhole. The materials required are:

3 yds. of serge 42 or 54 in. wide at $3.25 per yd.	$9.75
14 yds. of narrow braid ½ in. wide at 22c. per yard.	3.08
1½ yds. of wide braid 3 in. wide at 75c. per yd.	1.13
1½ yds. of China silk for lining 16 in. wide at $1.00 per yd.	1.50
1 card of hooks and eyes.	.10
	$15.56

Lay your material on the fold and cut according to the dimensions shown (paying no attention whatsoever to the dotted lines). This gives you the front, back and sleeve all in one piece. Seam the curved lines together and cut out the neck-line two and one-half inches in the front and two and one-half inches in the back and three inches on the shoulder. (These three inches are not shown on the chart, but they are the depth of the neck-line.) The material is then slit to a depth of six to seven inches along the edge of the fold in front, as suits the requirements of the figure, to enable the dress to be slipped on over the head. Be careful to slit the material only in the front; this slit is for the opening, and the back, of course, is plain. The neck-line and this opening formed by this slit are bound with a braid which may be used as a binding, one-half sewed on the right side and one-half on the under side. A circular cuff is added to the lower edge of the sleeve to give the desired length.

The skirt section is two straight widths also cut from forty-two-inch material folded in half so that the center front comes on a fold and the center back on a fold. The measurements show, for the average thirty-six-inch figure, that material twenty-nine inches long by twenty-seven inches wide forms the front breadth and the back breadth. The straight upper edge of the skirt is applied to the lower edge of the waist which comes at the hip-line. In the serge dress the material may be laid in an inverted plait at each side or slightly eased to the waist section at the hip-line. By comparing the measurements on the chart you will find that the lower edge of the front at the hip-line is eleven and three-quarter inches while the hip-line of the skirt is thirteen and one-half inches. This extra fulness in the skirt section may form an inverted plait, gathers or two shallow side plaits as shown in the silk dress at the right.

Before attaching the skirt to the waist-line sew up the side seams and press open. Then baste the skirt to the waist. In the serge frock turn in a flat seam on the lower edge of (*Continued on page 185*)

Braided in black this slip-on model of navy serge is cut from the chart below, and follows the verdict proclaimed by Paris and New York by maintaining slimness and simplicity throughout

From the same pattern as the dress at left, this afternoon dress of Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine is cut. The waist pattern is cut as shown by dotted lines and a chemisette inserted

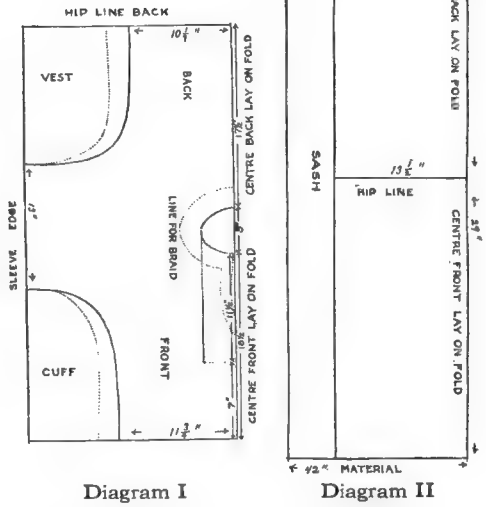


Diagram I
Waist Section

Diagram II
Skirt Section

If expert at all you may cut a pattern by this chart and measurements, which can serve for both dresses illustrated, or secure a pattern from Good Housekeeping Shopping Service for 60c.

A broad shaft of light shot athwart the blackness of the raft. David's eyes turned to the source of the unexpected illumination. The door of the cabin was wide open, and in the doorway stood St. Pierre himself

The FLAMING FOREST*

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

FOR many minutes David stood at the bateau window and watched the canoe that carried St. Pierre Boulain and the Broken Man back to the raft. It moved slowly, as if St. Pierre was loitering with a purpose and was thinking deeply of what had passed. Carrigan's fingers tightened, and his face grew tense, as he gazed out into the glow of the western sun. Now that the stress of nerve-breaking moments in the cabin was over, he no longer made an effort to preserve the veneer of coolness and decision with which he had encountered the chief of the Boulains. Deep in his soul he was crushed and humiliated. Every nerve in his body was bleeding.

He had heard St. Pierre's big laugh a moment before, but it must have been the laugh of a man who was stabbed to the heart. And he was going back to Marie-Anne like that—drifting scarcely faster than the current that he might steal time to strengthen himself before he looked into her eyes again. David could see him, motionless, his giant shoulders hunched forward a little, his head bowed, and in the stern the Broken Man paddled listlessly, his eyes on the face of his master. Without voice David cursed himself. In his egotism he had told himself that he had made a splendid fight in resisting the temptation of a great love for the wife of St. Pierre. But what was his own struggle compared with this tragedy which St. Pierre was now facing?

He turned from the window and looked about the cabin room again—the woman's room and St. Pierre's—and his face burned in its silent accusation. Like a living

*A synopsis on page 113 will enable you to start this thrilling story now

thing it painted another picture for him. For a space he lost his own identity. He saw himself in the place of St. Pierre. He was the husband of Marie-Anne, worshipping her even as St. Pierre must worship her, and he came, as St. Pierre had come, to find a stranger in his home, a stranger who had lain in his bed, a stranger whom his wife had nursed back to life, a stranger who had fallen in love with his most inviolable possession, who had told her of his love, who had kissed her, who had held her close in his arms, whose presence had brought a warmer flush and a brighter glow into eyes and cheeks that until this stranger's coming had belonged only to him. And he heard her, as St. Pierre had heard her, pleading with him to keep this man from harm; he heard her soft voice, telling of the things that had passed between them, and he saw in her eyes—

With almost a cry he swept the thought and the picture from him. It was an atrocious thing to conceive, impossible of reality. And yet the truth would not go. What would he have done in St. Pierre's place?

He went to the window again. Yes, St. Pierre was a bigger man than he. For St. Pierre had come quietly and calmly, offering a hand of friendship, generous, smiling, keeping his hurt to himself, while he, Dave Carrigan, would have come with the murder of man in his heart.

His eyes passed from the canoe to the raft, and from the big raft to the hazy billows of green and golden forest that melted off into interminable miles of distance beyond the river. He knew that on the other side of him lay that same distance, north, east, south, and west, vast spaces in an unpeopled world, the same green and golden forests, ten thousand plains and rivers and lakes, a million hiding-places where romance and tragedy might remain forever undisturbed. The thought came to him that it would not be difficult to slip out into that world and disappear. He almost owed it to St. Pierre. It was the voice of Bateese in a snatch of wild and discordant song that brought him back into grim reality. There was, after all, that embarrassing matter of justice—and the accursed Law!

AFTER a little he observed that the canoe was moving faster, and that André's paddle was working steadily and with force. St. Pierre no longer sat hunched in the bow. His head was erect, and he was waving a hand in the direction of the raft. A figure had come from the cabin on the huge mass of floating timber. David caught the shimmer of a woman's dress, something white fluttering over her head, waving back at St. Pierre. It was Marie-Anne, and he moved away from the window.

He wondered what was passing between St. Pierre and his wife in the hour that followed. The bateau kept abreast of the raft, moving neither faster nor slower than it did, and twice he surrendered to the desire to scan the deck of the floating timbers through his binoculars. But the cabin held St. Pierre and Marie-Anne, and he saw neither of them again until the sun was setting. Then St. Pierre came out—alone.

Even at that distance over the broad river he heard the booming voice of the chief of the Boulains. Life sprang up where there had been the drowse of inactivity aboard the raft. A dozen more of the great sweeps were swiftly manned by men who appeared suddenly from the shaded places of canvas shelters and striped tents. A murmur of voices rose over the water, and then the murmur was broken by howls and shouts as the rivermen ran to their places at the command of St. Pierre's voice, and as the sweeps began to flash in the setting sun, it gave way entirely to the evening chant of the Paddling Song.

DAVID gripped himself as he listened and watched the slowly drifting glory of the world that came down to the shores of the river. He could see St. Pierre clearly, for the bateau had worked its way nearer. He could see the bare heads and naked arms of the rivermen at the sweeps. The sweet breath of the forests filled his lungs as that picture lay before him, and there came into his soul a covetousness and a yearning where before there had been humiliation and the grim urge of duty. He could breathe the air of that world, he could look at its beauty, he could worship it—and yet he knew that he was not a part of it as those others were a part of it. He envied the men at the sweeps; he felt his heart swelling at the exultation and joy in their song. They were going home—home down the big rivers, home to the heart of God's Country, where wives and sweethearts and happiness were waiting for them, and their visions were his visions as he stared wide-eyed and motionless over the river. And yet he was irrevocably an alien. He was more than that—an enemy, a man-hound sent out on a trail to destroy, an agent of a powerful and merciless force that carried with it punishment and death.

The crew of the bateau had joined in the evening song of the rivermen on the raft, and over the ridges and hollows of the forest tops, red and green and gold in the last warm glory of the sun, echoed that chanting voice of men. David understood now what St. Pierre's command had been. The huge raft with its tented city of life was preparing to tie up for the night. A quarter of a mile ahead the river widened, so that on the far side was a low, clean shore toward which the efforts of the men at the sweeps were slowly edging the raft. York boats shot out on the shore side and dropped anchors that helped drag the big craft in. Two others tugged at tow-lines fastened to the shore-side bow, and within twenty minutes the first men were plunging up out of the water on the white strip of beach and were whipping the tie-lines about the nearest trees. David unconsciously was smiling in the thrill and triumph of these last moments, and not until they were over did he sense the fact that Bateese and his crew were bringing the bateau in to the opposite shore. Before the sun was quite down, both raft and house-boat were anchored for the night.

As the shadows of the distant forests deepened, Carrigan felt impending about him an oppression of emptiness and loneliness which he had not experienced before. He was disappointed that the bateau had not tied up with the raft. Already he could see men building fires. Spirals of smoke began to rise from the shore, and he knew that the riverman's happiest of all hours, supper time, was close at hand. He looked at his watch. It was after seven o'clock. Then he watched the fading away of the sun until only the red glow of it remained in the west, and against the still thicker shadows the fires of the rivermen threw up yellow flames. On his own side, Bateese and the bateau crew were preparing their meal. It was eight o'clock when a man he had not seen before brought in his supper. He ate, scarcely sensing the taste of his food, and half an hour later the man reappeared for the dishes.

It was not quite dark when he returned to his window, but the far shore was only an indistinct blur of gloom. The fires were brighter. One of them, built solely because of the rivermen's inherent love of light and cheer, threw the blaze of its flaming logs twenty feet into the air.

He wondered what Marie-Anne was doing in this hour. Last night they had been together. He had marveled at the witchery of the moonlight in her hair and eyes, he had told her of the beauty of it, she had smiled, she had laughed softly with him—for hours they had sat in the spell of the golden night and the glory of the river. And tonight—now—was she with St. Pierre, waiting as they had waited last night for the rising of the moon? Had she forgotten? *Could* she forget? Or was she, as he thought St. Pierre had painfully tried to make him believe, innocent of all the thoughts and desires that had come to him, as he sat worshiping her in their stolen hours? He could think of them only as stolen, for he did not believe Marie-Anne had revealed to her husband all she might have told him.

He was sure he would never see her again as he had seen her then, and something of bitterness rose in him as he thought of that. St. Pierre, could he have seen her face and eyes when he told her that her hair in the moonlight was lovelier than anything he had ever seen, would have throttled him with his naked hands in that meeting in the cabin. For St. Pierre's code would not have had her eyes droop under their long lashes or her cheeks flush so warmly at the words of another man—and he could not take vengeance on the woman herself. No, she had not told St. Pierre all she might have told! There were things which she must have kept to herself, which she dared not reveal even to this great-hearted man who was her husband. Shame, if nothing more, had kept her silent.

DID she feel that shame as he was feeling it? It was inconceivable to think otherwise. And for that reason, more than all others, he knew that she would not meet him face to face again—unless he forced that meeting. And there was little chance of that, for his pledge with St. Pierre had eliminated her from the aftermath of tomorrow's drama, his fight with Bateese. Only when St. Pierre might stand in a court of law would there be a possibility of her eyes meeting his own again, and then they would flame with the hatred that at another time had been in the eyes of Carmin Fanchet.

With the dull stab of a thing that of late had been growing inside him, he wondered what had happened to Carmin Fanchet in the years that had gone since he had brought about the hanging of her brother. Last night and the night before, strange dreams of her had come to him in restless slumber. It was disturbing to him that he should wake up in the middle of

JUST before they had started on that thrilling adventure in the forest that had ended in his carrying her in his arms, Marie-Anne had played for him. Now her fingers touched softly the same notes. A little humming trill came in her throat, and it seemed to David that she was deliberately recalling his thoughts to the things that had happened before the coming of St. Pierre

the night dreaming of her, when he had gone to his bed with a mind filled to overflowing with the sweet presence of Marie-Anne Boulain. And now his mind reached out poignantly into mysterious darkness and doubt, even as the darkness of night spread itself in a thickening canopy over the river.

Gray clouds had followed the sun of a faultless day, and the stars were veiled overhead. When David turned from the window, it was so dark in the cabin that he could not see. He did not light the lamps, but made his way to St. Pierre's couch and sat down in the silence and gloom.

Through the open windows came to him the cadence of the river and the forests. There was silence of human voice ashore, but under him he heard the lapping murmur of water as it rustled under the stern and side of the bateau, and from the deep timber came the never-ceasing whisper of the spruce and cedar tops, and the subdued voice of creatures whose hours of activity had come with the dying out of the sun.

For a long time he sat in this darkness. And then there came to him a sound that was different from the other sounds—a low monotone of voices, the dipping of a paddle—and a canoe passed close under his windows and up the shore. He paid small attention to it until, a little later, the canoe returned, and its occupants boarded the bateau. It would have roused little interest in him then had he not heard a voice that was thrillingly like the voice of a woman.

He drew his hunched shoulders erect and stared through the darkness toward the door. A moment more and there was no doubt. It was almost shock that sent the blood leaping suddenly through his veins. The inconceivable had happened. It was Marie-Anne out there, talking in a low voice to Bateese!

Then there came a heavy knock at his door, and he heard the door open. Through it he saw the grayer gloom of the outside night partly shut out a heavy shadow.

"M'sieu!" called the voice of Bateese.

"I am here," said David.

"You have not gone to bed, m'sieu?"

"No."

The heavy shadow seemed to fade away, and yet there still remained a shadow there. David's heart thumped as he noted the slenderness of it. For a space there was silence. And then,

"Will you light the lamps, M'sieu David?" a soft voice came to him. "I want to come in, and I am afraid of this terrible darkness!"

He rose to his feet, fumbling in his pocket for matches.

XVIII

HE did not turn toward Marie-Anne when he had lighted the first of the great brass lamps hanging at the side of the bateau. He went to the second, and struck another match, and flooded the cabin with light.

She still stood silhouetted against the darkness beyond the cabin door when he faced her. She was watching him, her eyes intent, her face a little pale, he thought. Then he smiled and nodded. He could not see a great change in her since this afternoon, except that there seemed to be a little more fire in the glow of her eyes. They were looking at him steadily as she smiled and nodded; wide, beautiful eyes in which there was surely no revelation of shame or regret, and no very clear evidence of unhappiness. David stared, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Why is it that you sit in darkness?" she asked, stepping within and closing the door. "Did you not expect me to return and apologize for leaving you so suddenly this afternoon? It was impolite. Afterward I was ashamed. But I was excited, M'sieu David. I—"

"Of course," he hurried to interrupt her. "I understand. St. Pierre is a lucky man. I congratulate you—as well as him. He is splendid, a man in whom you can place great faith and confidence."

"He scolded me for running away from you as I did, M'sieu David. He said I should have shown better courtesy than to leave like that one who was a guest in our—home. So I have returned, like a good child, to make amends."

"It was not necessary."

"But you were lonesome and in darkness!"

He nodded. "Yes."

"And besides," she added, so quietly and calmly that he was amazed, "you know my sleeping apartment is also on the bateau. And St. Pierre made me promise to say good night to you."

"It is an imposition," cried David, the blood rushing to his face. "You have given up all this to me! Why not let me go into that little room forward or sleep on the raft, and you and St. Pierre—"

"St. Pierre would not leave the raft," replied Marie-Anne, turning from him toward the table on which were the books and magazines and her work-basket. "And I like my little room forward."

"St. Pierre—"

He stopped himself. He could see a sudden color deepening in the cheek of St. Pierre's wife as she made pretense of looking for something in her basket. He felt that if he went on he would blunder, if he had not already blundered. He was uncomfortable, for he believed he had guessed the truth. It was not quite reasonable to expect that Marie-Anne would come to him like this on the first night of St. Pierre's homecoming. Something had happened over in the little cabin on the raft, he told himself. Perhaps there had been a quarrel—at least ironical implications on St. Pierre's part. And his sympathy was with St. Pierre.

He caught suddenly a little tremble at the corner of Marie-Anne's mouth as her face was turned partly from him, and he stepped to the opposite side of the table so he could look at her fairly. If there had been unpleasantness in the cabin on the raft, St. Pierre's wife in no way gave evidence of it. The color had deepened to almost a blush in her cheeks, but it was not on account of embarrassment, for one who is embarrassed is not usually amused, and as she looked up at him her eyes were filled with the flash of laughter which he had caught her lips struggling to restrain. Then, finding a bit of lace work with the needles meshed in it, she seated herself, and again he was looking down on the droop of her long lashes and the seductive glow of her lustrous hair. Yesterday, in a moment of irresistible impulse, he had told her how lovely it was as she had dressed it, a bewitching crown of interwoven coils, not drawn tightly, but crumpled and soft, as if the mass of tresses were openly rebelling at closer confinement. She had told him the effect was entirely accidental, largely due to carelessness and haste in dressing it. Accidental or otherwise, it was the same tonight, and in the heart of it were the drooping red petals of a flower she had gathered with him early that afternoon.

"St. Pierre brought me over," she said in a calmly matter-of-fact voice, as though she had expected David to know that from the beginning. "He is ashore talking over important matters with Bateese. I am sure he will drop in and say good night before he returns to the raft. He asked me to wait for him—here." She raised her eyes, so clear and untroubled, so quietly unembarrassed under his gaze, that he would have staked his life she had no suspicion of the confessions which St. Pierre had revealed to him.

"Do you care? Would you rather put out the lights and go to bed?"

He shook his head. "No. I am glad. I was beastly lonesome. I had an idea—"

He was on the point of blundering again when he caught himself. The effect of her so near him was more than ever disturbing, in spite of St. Pierre. Her eyes, clear and steady, yet soft as velvet when they looked at him, made his tongue and his thoughts dangerously uncertain.

"You had an idea, M'sieu David?"

"That you would have no desire to see me again after my talk with St. Pierre," he said. "Did he tell you about it?"

"He said you were very fine, M'sieu David—and that he liked you."

"And he told you it is determined that I shall fight Bateese in the morning?"

"Yes."

The one word (*Continued on page 102*)

The Week We Celebrate

WHEN you get your May number we want you to join us in celebrating the first GOOD HOUSEKEEPING week. The date is April 20 to 27. We'll tell you all about it in the next magazine, but we want you to know it is coming. For our part we are preparing an issue that we know you will be proud to show to a friend—just as we shall be proud to show it to you

The King Was in His Banking House

And one day the queen, seeing a job she could manage, went in, too. This article tells how she did it, because you may want to follow her

By Elizabeth O. Toombs

LAST May, the president of the biggest trust company in the world attended a dinner given by the president of a great national bank. The two men began to talk about women and banking. The host had just made one of his women employees the assistant secretary, thus giving her a place on his executive staff. "When are you going to follow suit? You can't ignore the women much longer."

The guest smiled and said: "So long as I am president, my bank will never have a woman officer. At least, that is how I see things today."

The first of August this trust company announced that one of its women employees had been appointed to its executive board with the title of assistant secretary and the privilege of sitting at a desk on the officers' platform. In three months that bank president had completely changed his mind and inaugurated a new policy for his institution. Asked why, he said:

"My eyes were opened to the value of women to a bank when our reports showed a constant increase in the number of women depositors and clients belonging to the high salaried class or to the ever-growing class of women in business for themselves. At the same time, I noticed that many of these clients evidently preferred to do business with some member of their own sex. I watched and saw them pass by the men in order to question some clerical assistant. Invariably these women assistants proved able to take complete charge of the client. Frequently the client left the bank without speaking to any man. I thought over this—to me—surprising condition and discovered something else. These employees had usually been with us for years, coming in as stenographers or clerks, and working up perhaps to private secretaries to department heads. They had absorbed a vast amount of information regarding banking, in many cases had taken night lectures on financial problems, or special courses on separate phases of banking. Because of this study and their experience, many of them were actually fitted to handle the business of the man over them. It seemed but fair, therefore, that they should have the name as well as the game, and so we have changed from the closed to the open shop for women."

As every one knows, times change. The modern business pace is swift, methods change overnight, the bank wanting to do business with Big Business must move with the procession. Inevitably, I almost said relentlessly, woman forced her way into the counting-house. The drudgery of the bank, the petty details of clerical and stenographic work, were given over to girls and women. No bank, however, gave field or open office positions to the invaders. In large institutions these employees were as carefully hidden away from public view as the members of a harem. Big bankers apparently believed that their clients would lose confidence in them if women were seen about the place.

But the king in his counting-house has been challenged. The queen has left her parlor and today appears in the handsome front offices, and her name is engraved on the heavy linen letter-heads along with that of the king. One bank after another is letting down the bars. Banks in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and even the conservative city of Richmond, Virginia, now point with satisfaction to women officers who manage the women's departments, go out after new business from men as well as women, pass on credits, and do the same routine banking business that the men officers do. Banking for

(*Continued on page 144*)

The Dwarfies

By Johnny Gruelle

"OH, look! Look!" a Dwarfie cried as he came up out of his little cave and saw Bobbie and Betty Robin sitting in front of their little house. "Spring is here! Spring is here." And in his happiness he kicked up his tiny Dwarfie heels and made so much noise that the other Dwarfes came running up from the caves and chinks beneath the stones and the trees where they made their homes.

"Now it will not be long until the Flower Fairies come!" Grampy Dwarfie said to Mrs. Minnie Mouse, who had brought Mickie and Maurice Mouse to see the excitement.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Mrs. Minnie Mouse replied. "Have you ever seen the Flower Fairies?" she asked as she turned to Mrs. Betsy Bunny.

"Yes, indeed, Minnie Mouse!" said Mrs. Betsy Bunny, "The Bunny family have often danced on moonlight nights with the Flower Fairies. Just you wait, Minnie Mouse, until you see them dance the fairy ring. The lovely little creatures all catch hands and swing around in a circle in the air. In the moonlight their hair shines with a soft light just like moonbeams!"

Just then a shout was heard from another part of the forest, "Here they are! The Flower Fairies are coming!"

"That's Wallie Woodchuck!" cried Mrs. Betsy Bunny, and she caught up her skirts and ran toward Woodchuck Hollow. The Dwarfies and all the other tiny woodland creatures followed as fast as they could, until they came to where the Flower Fairies were greeting their friends.

There were many tiny creatures too young to know the Flower Fairies, so the Dwarfies told them all about the work the Flower Fairies do.

"You know," one Dwarfie explained, "all the flowers of the forest drop tiny little seeds each fall, and the Flower Fairies cover the seeds with soft dirt and leaves. There the tiny seeds lie, in their little warm beds, all through the long winter. Then, in the spring, the Flower Fairies return and visit each little tiny seed and dress it in new clothes, so that soon, when it gets strong enough to raise its soft coverlet of dirt and leaves, the tiny seed peeps up above the earth and grows into a pretty flower!"

All the Dwarfies and the woods creatures hurried to meet the Flower Fairies

Grumpy Grundy changed the Flower Fairies into toadstools

All the Dwarfies and the tiny creatures of the forest were so happy with the Flower Fairies, and in every part of the forest they found the pretty little Flower Fairies singing sweet little crooning songs to the little seed babies.

You would not think that with so much happiness about, there could be a single creature in all the forest who was ill-tempered, would you? Why, even little Tommy Cricket is so happy he can almost always be heard playing lively little creaking tunes on his tiny fiddle. And the Dwarfies are so kindly it makes all the other creatures friendly.

But Grumpy Grundy was ill-tempered. She lived all alone down under a stone where the sun would not shine, and it was damp and dark even in her parlor. Grumpy Grundy did not wish pretty colored flowers to grow near her entrance way, so when a few of the Flower Fairies came one day, laughing and dancing, to take care of a few little seedlets a Dickie Bird had dropped there, and Grumpy Grundy heard their crooning song, as sweet as one could wish to hear, she climbed up the ladder and with her magic changed the Flower Fairies into hoppy-toadstools.

The Dwarfies were very sad, when they found out what Grumpy Grundy had done, and they told her that she should be ashamed of herself.

Just as some boys and girls who, when they have done wrong, will not own up to having misbehaved, Grumpy Grundy stayed down in her dark cave and chewed her fingernails (which is a very bad habit), and would not change the Flower Fairies back from hoppy-toadstools to fairies again.

"If you won't change them back again," Grampy Dwarfie shouted down into her cave, "we will send word to the Flower Princess!"

"Boo!" Grumpy Grundy shouted back at Grampy Dwarfie. "I don't care!"

So the Flower Princess came, and Grampy Dwarfie told her all about Grumpy Grundy.

"Grumpy Grundy used to be very nice when she first came to live in the forest," said Grampy Dwarfie, "but she quit washing her face long, long ago. And when she let her face get dirty, she grew ugly and unhappy, until finally she went to live in that dark cave and grew to dislike every one who was happy. She does not even like to hear music!"

The Flower Princess thought a moment, and then she said, "I am sorry I can not completely change Grumpy (*Continued on page 166*)

The Flower Princess came, and Grampy Dwarfie told her all about Grumpy Grundy

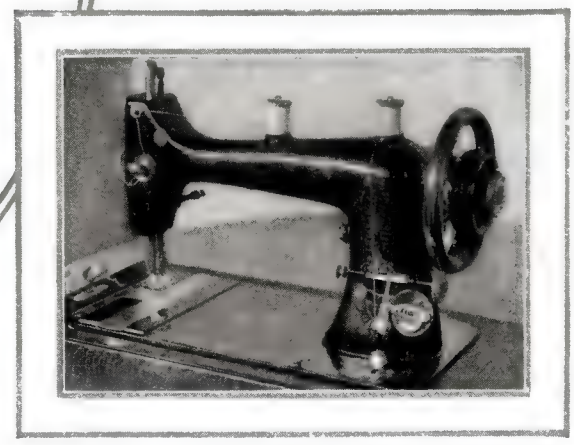
Accuracy

is our watchword in performing all the tests in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE. Our star is your protection and safeguard. This star buys for you only those appliances and labor-saving devices which have been tested and approved in our research laboratory. When you buy equipment that has been tested by us, the conscientious period of work before any appliance is approved removes all risk of a poor return from your purchase. We not only test new appliances, but invent new methods to determine their practical value. The results of this research are printed on these pages

Sewing by Electricity

By
Marion M. Mayer

Research Work Done in the Institute



HAS it ever occurred to you that until a comparatively few years ago the sewing machine was about the only piece of machinery used by a woman in the home? While, years ago, women did not find a need for labor-saving devices in general because of the ease of obtaining help, they did require a sewing machine, due to the fact that the ready-made garments purchased in those days were not so finished as they are today. So it was taken as a matter of course that every housekeeper had a sewing machine as part of her equipment, just as now we find vacuum cleaners and washing machines almost necessities.

The sewing machine was without a doubt a great time-saver, but now, with the introduction of the electric motor attached, it has gone a great stride ahead and has become a labor-saver as well.

The power-driven machine is similar to the treadle type, the only difference being in the method of operating. The power-driven machine has a small electric motor attached, which drives the fly wheel by means of friction, and a rheostat or foot control starts and stops the motor and controls its speed. In other words, to operate an electrically driven machine, you simply rest your foot on the rheostat, as illustrated in the lowest picture on the opposite page, pressing gently at first to start the machine and increasing the pressure as you wish to increase the speed.

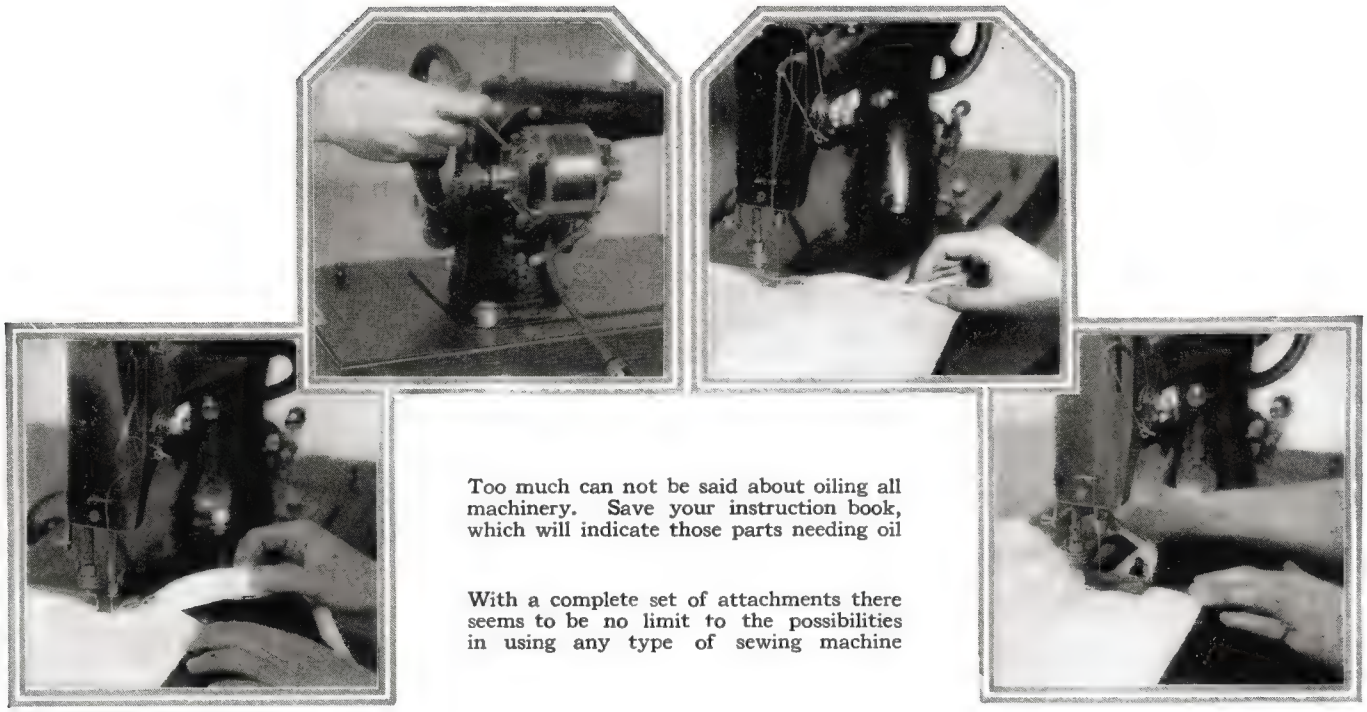
Electric machines are usually of the portable type, which means that they consist of just the head part minus the cabinet. This type of machine, to my mind, has many advantages, especially in smaller homes or apartments where space is at premium and an entire room can not be given to sewing. It takes very little storage space and can be kept in a closet when not in use. A machine of this size can be used in any place which may be convenient. It is preferable to have a sewing table for it, although any small, solid table will do just as well.

The covers of portable machines deserve a word. They should be provided with a good, positive latch to insure safety when transporting the machine from one room to another, for it is by means of the handle on the cover that the machine is carried, and if it is dropped, a weak latch might mean either injury to the machine, or injury to one's toes which might be under the machine.

In machines of the latest models the bobbin is automatically wound, and as a result the thread is more evenly distributed than is possible when guiding by hand. The illustration above shows a machine with an automatic bobbin winder, and an extra spool pin, which eliminates the necessity of unthreading the machine if it should become necessary to wind a bobbin while sewing.

In using a machine there are certain preliminaries which should be taken care of before starting to sew. Correct threading is necessary for good stitching, so be sure the machine is threaded as indicated by the directions accompanying it.

Be familiar with the tension adjustment. In most cases machines are sent out with the tension properly adjusted, but after a period of time some adjustment will be necessary. As I have shown in the central illustration on page 65, there are two places for adjusting the tension on machines having two threads. Usually you will find just a slight turning of the screw enough to produce an even tension on both threads so that they will be drawn



Too much can not be said about oiling all machinery. Save your instruction book, which will indicate those parts needing oil

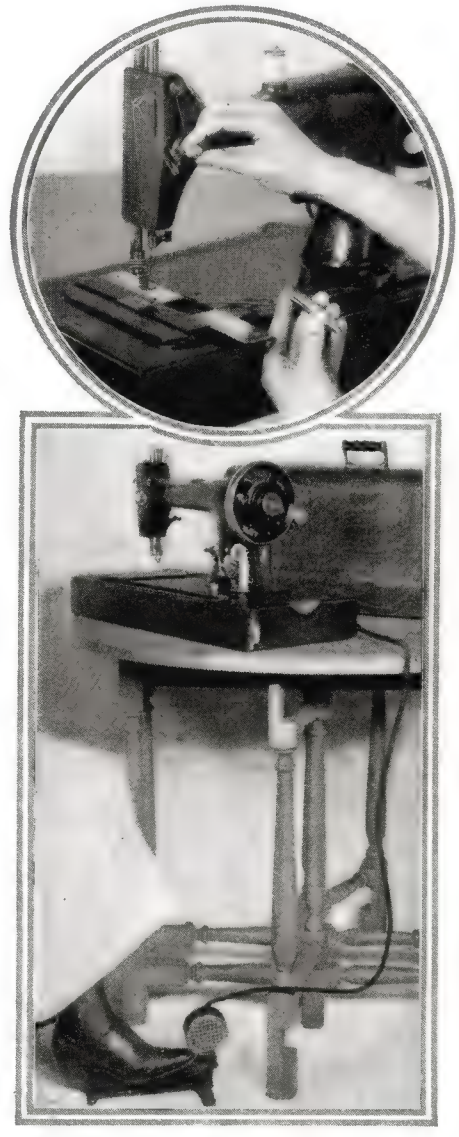
With a complete set of attachments there seems to be no limit to the possibilities in using any type of sewing machine

together and locked in the center of the material. When the top thread is taut and the bottom thread looped, it is an indication that the upper tension is too tight or the shuttle tension too loose, and vice versa.

Finally, the stitch should be set for the desired length, depending upon the kind of material. The thread should be of the proper size and the needle of the correct size and length. Most people work with too coarse a thread. Select a size of thread as nearly as possible like the threads of the material. The thread will dictate the size of the needle. Therefore, if the stitching is uneven or the material puckered, it is a direct indication that one or more of the preceding precautions have been overlooked.

It is a question of preference whether the double thread or the single thread type of sewing machine is selected. However, in the latter case quite different treatment must be given the machine. Instead of adjusting the tension, it must be left completely alone so far as adjustment is concerned. The thread used should be much finer than for the double stitch machine and, of course, the needle is correspondingly fine as well. In this type of machine it is especially important that the proper size of needle for the thread should be installed. The directions accompanying these machines show you how to fasten the thread so securely that it is not possible for it to ravel out.

With a complete set of attachments there seems to be no limit to the possibilities in a sewing machine. But, of course, skill will come only through practise. The results achieved with the attachments are a close second compared with the daintiness of hand sewing, and they are superior in strength. Spring is probably the season of the year when the most home sewing is done in preparation of the summer wardrobe. Why not this year get out your attachments which you may have forgotten you own, and see what delightful results you can obtain in trimmings with the tucker, ruffler, hemmer, binder, etc.? Yes, it is going to mean lots of practise before you master each attachment, but it is possible. Do not become discouraged, and I am sure you will consider your time well spent.



The central illustration indicates that the tension occasionally needs regulating

At the top of this page I have illustrated the use of three of the more usual attachments, namely: the binder, the hemmer, and the ruffler. These attachments are used in place of the presser foot, which must first be removed.

In caring for a machine the first and most important point is the oiling. Use a clear, thin oil on every part of the machine, not forgetting the motor. It does not seem possible that some women should neglect to use the oil can frequently on their machines after all that has been said about oiling machinery both in our pages and in the instruction books accompanying the machines, but we find from our correspondence with women that it is still a failing. In many cases they actually confess they did not know it had to be oiled. With the treadle or foot-driven machine a woman was fully aware when her machine needed oiling, because she found it heavy to operate. But with the motor-driven type the situation is somewhat different, because no effort is expended in operating the machine, and the necessity of oiling would therefore not be obvious.

In conclusion, I want to call your attention to the sitting position when sewing, because it is a most important point which is rarely emphasized. I think you will agree with me that almost every operation in the household is healthful except that of operating a sewing machine, because of the unconscious tendency to acquire a poor sitting posture and the attempt to sew in a poor light. Select a chair of the right height—a low rocker is usually most comfortable for hand sewing, but for machine sewing the height of the chair will depend upon the height of the machine—and sit with the hips firm against the back of the chair and the spine as straight as possible, rather than rounding the back and shoulders. You will find it the least tiring of any position.

At the left is an electric machine of the portable type with the rheostat and cover

It is here that Good Housekeeping Institute tests mechanically each vacuum cleaner

The Vacuum Cleaner Vote

554 Readers Report for You

FIVE hundred and fifty-four housekeepers have reported for the million other housekeepers who read GOOD HOUSEKEEPING their experience with vacuum cleaners. The answers are most interesting and most helpful; indeed, in some cases they even make it possible to help the sender herself directly by a letter of personal advice. But every reader of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING should benefit by this symposium of the answers. For while it is possible, through prolonged and careful tests, for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE to predicate for you what will be the approximate life and worth of a machine, so much depends upon the user that only by this careful tracing of machines in actual homes—as made possible by this and similar questionnaires—are we able to offer you our present high quality of service.

Five hundred and fifty-four women answered the questions, and five hundred and fifty-four women would not think of keeping house without their cleaner. So much was unanimous.

Good, bad, or indifferent as the answers read as to each particular cleaner, it yet was too useful a servant to be lightly discarded. One woman naively contradicted herself in an early statement that her cleaner did not really clean by saying she "used it every housecleaning time to get out the deep dirt, and it was the only thing that would take up the pine needles at Christmas time"—a fairly good tribute to the surface dirt and embedded dirt efficiency of that particular machine. And yet undoubtedly this housekeeper honestly believes her criticism just. But no vacuum cleaner is spectacular in the actual service of daily or weekly use. And a single cleaning must be protracted and laborsome indeed to accomplish actual cleaning. Like most things in life, it is the constant "keeping at it" that tells in the final outcome of success or failure.

Thus, when one purchaser, after a year's use of her machine, remarks, "I find the cleaner brush is less dirty now and easier to keep clean, now that my rugs are thoroughly clean," she has sent you all a bit of untold help. Do not expect one cleaning to clean rugs that have been untouched by a vacuum cleaner or cleaned only occasionally, for it can not be done without undue labor on the part of both machine and user. Instead, look for constantly lessened work in the strenuous "make-clean" periods; look for longer life to your rugs and cleaner and more sanitary floors for the children to romp over when your cleaner has been in daily or weekly use for six months or more.

Of these five hundred and fifty-four answers five letters indicated the use of machines untested or disapproved after test by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, and these letters, of course, are discounted in our report to you. It is enough to say that in every case of the disapproved machine there was utter dissatisfaction expressed with that machine. One hundred and seventy-seven letters indicated that some one of the approved motor-driven brush type machines was in use in their homes, while three hundred and seventy-two indicated that some one of the approved portable air type was in use. The balance of answers were scattering and covered long experience with the same machine (ten years or more) of the semi-portable and installed types. As is natural to expect, the machines of both types having the largest number of users were those machines upon which the manufacturers have devoted most effort towards publicity, distribution, and adequate servicing.

The average time of use, aside from the scattering few already mentioned, is comparatively short — three years. It indicates that the later models of the manufacturer are in the hands of these particular users. No other household machine has shown greater improvement in recent years in refinement of design that makes for convenience of use than the vacuum cleaner, so be sure to look into the merits of the newest machine of the make you have, provided it has proved a satisfactory cleaning servant, when you decide to reinvest.

This question of time, however, seemed to have a very important bearing upon the reported cleaning power of the machine, and therefore deserves more than this passing word. Thus I found that up to six months there was a unanimous vote of satisfactory cleaning power irrespective of the make of the machine, and upon both the surface lint and thread and the deeper embedded dirt. From that period on, however, the comment on this cleaning ability varied to some extent. Thus, "It does not clean so well as when new." The reason is not far to seek, because while this housekeeper uses the machine daily, she empties the bag only three times a week. No vacuum cleaner will give you its maximum efficiency unless the bag is emptied after each use. That is, if such use is a thorough, every-room-in-the-house variety. Moreover, this same user oils the machine only occasionally, at periods too far apart to be actually memorized. She has two very good reasons, then, for her machine's gradually lessening in its efficiency.

With every complaint of lack of cleaning efficiency I found it to be true that either the dust bag was neglected or the motor was not oiled. As one user expressed it: "I do not oil the motor as often as I

should. In fact, I wait until it will hardly run any longer."

But the different results obtained by the same make of machine have the most illuminating lesson for us in the bearing that care may have upon the machine and its use. Thus, of three identical machines, in the one case it is reported: "I empty the bag once a week or sometimes more often. I oil the motor once a week. It cleans satisfactorily except as in No. 7, that it takes up few threads and not all lint. It takes up embedded dirt, because I find sand, pebbles and sharp grit in the bag. This is a mining district, and my husband, a mining man, carries much of the mine dirt into the house." Another woman reports of this identical cleaner: "I use it daily. I empty it three times a week, and I oil it every three weeks. It could not do better work. I have a dog, and my vacuum cleaner therefore does double the amount of work." Here is another interesting vote on the same cleaner. "I use it daily. I empty the bag weekly. I oil the motor monthly. It removes surface dirt, lint, and threads fairly well." Her answer "yes" to the question, "Does it remove embedded dirt?" is qualified by "Not all." She further states that Ranger, Texas, is so very dusty and sandy that the cleaner does not take up all the grit under the carpets, but her last comment is the most illuminating of all. "This grit is under an old rug, one that was very dirty, and it is not under the new ones!"

The lesson from these three experiences, it seems to me, must be a lesson of intelligent use. Are you using your cleaner often enough for the particular cleaning problem that your locality brings you? Are you emptying the bag often enough to prevent any possibility of overworking the machine in the first place, and in the second place discharging dust through the dust bag. Finally, are you keeping the working parts of your machine in well-oiled condition? After all, a vacuum cleaner is no different from an automobile. The latter may come back from its servicing at the garage tuned up to take any hill on "high." It remains for the owner of that automobile to maintain it in its prime condition.

The special uses outlined in the P. S. of a Portland, Oregon, housekeeper have an interest. Thus: "I like the vacuum cleaner for removing fine glass from floors and rugs in case of accident —for we have small children. Also for spilled sugar, coffee, or dry matter on the kitchen linoleum. Also for rolls of dust collecting under beds when the windows are open and lint blowing. Also for dust on bare floors, waxed surfaces, around the edges of rugs. I have tried my cleaner on Navajos, Oriental rugs, Wilton, Wilton Velvet, and some American imitations of Orientals, and I find it satisfactory for all, though, of course, it cleans some more quickly than others, and the gardener frequently takes our rugs out on the grass for a special airing. Perhaps glass and kitchen crumbs are not good for the cleaner, but I think the loss is so small that it is more than compensated for in the good done."

Another unanimous answer covers the dusting. With one breath these housekeepers tell you it has lessened, sometimes practically removed, the annoying task of collecting the dry dust. A majority of the users dust before using the vacuum cleaner, with the idea that any dust that may be scattered will fall to the floor and can best be cared for by the vacuum cleaner. One woman gives you her method as follows: "I find it removes lint, thread, and dog hairs if operated wisely. Adjust to position for use on the rugs, and at the beginning of the return stroke tilt back a bit from the floor for just a second. Constant use keeps my rugs free from sand and grit. One cleaning does not do the work. Dusting is not so essential as it used to be under the older cleaning methods, and the rugs being clean through to the floor, the children can romp without raising any dust."

Most of these users have been comparatively free from the necessity of repairs. Only a handful, indeed, have needed any repairs at all. Where these are promptly made, complete satisfaction is expressed. A delay in servicing is more irritating than high charges. But in order to avoid delay there is a tendency on the part of housekeepers to let any clever mechanic mend the machine. This is as risky as to tinker with an automobile unless you know the automobile. Go as directly to the manufacturer through his properly accredited servicing dealer as it is possible for you to go.

This whole subject of mechanical care and repair of your vacuum cleaner is so important that I am asking the Consulting Engineer of Good Housekeeping Institute, Mr. G. W. Alder, to write you a special message covering this phase of the subject. In conclusion let me urge you, as these five hundred and fifty-four letters urge you, to adopt the vacuum cleaning method in your household, but to adopt it only with care for the machine and an intelligent use that will repay you in a wise investment, yielding the long period of service every well-made vacuum cleaner will give.

The Right Care for Your Cleaner

Regardless of the type or make of your vacuum cleaner, if you wish it to be long-lived and work at maximum efficiency, you must keep it clean and lubricate it properly. The cleaning efficiency of the straight air or so-called "vacuum" cleaner is absolutely dependent on the volume of air passing through it and on the velocity of this air. Anything that impedes the passage of the air will decrease the efficiency. For this reason it is essential that you remove threads and lint from the nozzle brush regularly, and above all, that you empty and clean the bag frequently and thoroughly. The bag is just as much a part of the air passage system as the floor nozzle or the fan chamber. In fact, every bit of air that goes into the nozzle must come out through the bag. The bag simply acts as a strainer or filter retaining the dust and dirt and permitting the air to pass through. Empty the bag each time you use the cleaner. Do not permit wads of dirt to accumulate and stop up the entrance to the bag. In addition to emptying the bag, it is necessary to clean it thoroughly by turning it inside out and brushing with a whisk broom or other suitable brush, which, of course, should be done outdoors. Cleaning the bag in this way frees the pores of the fabric of dust and dirt particles and permits a freer passage of the air. This cleaning is next in importance to emptying the bag and should not be neglected. The ability of the so-called "suction sweeper" with motor-driven brush to pick up dust and dirt is also dependent on the free passage of air through the bag, so that what has been said about cleaning the brush and the bag of the straight air ma-machine applies just as forcibly to the suction sweeper.

In many cleaners the motor makes about 10,000 revolutions per minute, and with the usual four-inch diameter fan, the fan tips move at a speed closely approaching two miles per minute. When you compare this speed with other speeds that you are familiar with, you will, no doubt, be astounded, but perhaps you will better realize why it is hard on the cleaner when you permit heavy, hard objects such as nails, tacks, etc., to get into the nozzle. Further, if hard, sharp particles are carried into the bag they will cut the fabric, and dust and dirt will leak through the small cuts.

Naturally everybody is familiar with the fact that if we rub two materials together hard enough and long enough, heat will be generated, and either or both of (*Continued on page 143*)

BULLETINS

HAVE you procured your copies of these Institute publications? They will help you in the purchase of labor-saving equipment and also teach you how to use it most efficiently. A copy of any one of them will be sent to you postpaid on receipt of the price in stamps.

The First Kitchen Outfitted	15c
Canning by Safe Methods	15c
Washing Without Boiling	15c
Fireless Cookery	10c
Cooking by Temperature	10c
Menu Building by Calories	6c

Quarterly Bulletins, descriptive of the appliances tested and approved each quarter:

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Complete set of 11 bulletins descriptive of devices approved from January 1918 to October 1920 83c

Cloth-Covered Spring-Back Binder for Your Bulletins $1.00

The Bitter Valley

By Mary Brecht Pulver

Illustrated by
Oscar F. Schmidt

IT WAS because of the violet that Jen went to the window when she did, just in time to hear the plash and suck of Doll's hoofs over the wet stones in the sharp-pitched lane, as she and Joe and the cart rattled down to the Mayfield Road. Joe never looked back. Just sat hunched forward with his shoulders sagging, his neck out-thrust, his eyes straight ahead—the way he did. Only turned his head once and that at the foot of the hill where he must have seen Abby Case coming on foot. He jerked his head and lifted his whip in curt salutation, but he didn't check the pace any. The yellow mud and melting snow on the wheels must have caught Abby's dress in a fine, annoying spatter. You could catch her gesture of impatience, her quick stop and downward, imprecating glance at Joe's heedless, impolite back before she turned and came on.

The significance of it came to Jen in a single shamed pang. If Joe wouldn't do like that! Let people know so plain when he was angered. If he had more courtesy, kindliness, for his own sake. The pang turned to a half-stifled sigh, and there being plenty of time to welcome Abby before she had toiled to the top of the lane, Jen attended to the violet. It was an absurd violet. Absurd to accord it such tender ministrance anyway. To set it, a lone, wizened, blanched specimen of its kind, in the tin cup with the bit of yellow-green lichen and the twig of wintergreen with last year's berries still clinging. But it was not an ordinary violet. Something very special. The first violet of spring. Jacky had found it down near the water-trough on the south bank near the place where the cresses grew, and although the valley before Jen's eyes still wore patches of rotting, lace-like snow, and the whole sky wore layers of blustery March blues and cold gray-purples, and though you knew by the canons of the past that there would quite likely be more snow, yet the veil before spring's face was growing thinner. You heard it in the running thaw coming down off the hills in little ecstatic gurgles. The frost was coming out of the ground; it lay melting in little pellucid rivulets in wheel-rut and gully. There were buds here and there on the shad-trees, and minute, fuzzy, gray bunches that curled and clung to the twigs of alder and willow. Where the sun shone, there was a sweet languor, a hint of perfume in the air, and on top of it all Jacky had brought in his spring bouquet.

SHE seemed to be going down a steep incline toward a dark vale that lay between great, bleak, high peaks. The whole path ahead lay in a thick obscurity of shadow, but a piercing wind came out of it, and a sense of horror crept on her. She wished to turn away, but some unseen force drove her on, and just at the dark opening between the rocks a woman met her—a woman of vague, indistinct shape, in soft, gray garments. Her face was veiled, but Jen realized it was a face that had known much suffering. "This is the bitter valley," she said. "Many women must walk it, but they come presently to the end if they carry this lamp."—So many women need it, the lamp that was put into Jen's hand at the opening of the valley. So many women find the dark valley when the sunlight of the love that was theirs goes out. To all of them, as to Jen, is given the answer. The valley presently comes to an end, if they will but carry the lamp. Mary Brecht Pulver has an inspired message for all who walk in loneliness

So Jen, with that little touch of tenderness and expectancy that spring wakens in every one, got the cup and set the violet here on the window-sill right where a broad lattice of sunlight crawled over the sill, right in the lee of her blue hyacinths. There was one she saw that was all ready to bud—a flash of bluish purple stealing out through the green.

"Spring's here," she said aloud, and something in the very sound of her words took part of her heartache away.

Spring was like that. It came down on the winter of your moods, of your life, your problems, your vexations, and took away the disappointments. It beckoned, it promised—yes, it fulfilled, even here on a hill-pitched little farm behind the world—perched on a slope, remote from men and their affairs. At least, remote from their attention. The world of men was not so far itself from the eye here, for Jen's vision could range far down over the shoulders of the hills over an interweaving of narrow roads, screened here and there by patches of bare trees, to the distant hamlet of Mayfield. Any clear day you could see the white finger of its church spire inviting the eye heavenward—sometimes, Jen had fancied in lonely moments, beckoning to herself. "Most's high up here as God must be," she had thought sometimes when her gaze had measured the intervening spaces of hill and valley lost under the austere seal of winter.

But today she did not think of the church, nor of the red brick high school where at rare intervals she and Joe drove to a lyceum or a lecture in summer, or of the general store, or of the stone mill with its picturesque old wheel, or of Mrs. Squire Peter's yellow mansion with a glass conservatory of queer flora, rubber plants and oleanders—exotic treasures beyond the capacity of a farm wife.

Not of these things she thought at all, for lifting her eyes from the little harbinger of spring she had placed in the sun, she saw something equally authentic. A bluebird was weaving in and out among the tall elms in the lane—a little, jewel-like fragment the color of her violet—of her budding hyacinth. "Blue," she said, "the color o' the spring"—and suddenly, with one of those apparently inconsequent changes of mood a lonely woman knows, Jen crumpled down against the window frame and began to cry softly. With little, shaken, miserable sobs she yielded herself to her unhappiness, reliving again the last ten minutes before Joe had gone away.

It was her thirty-fifth birthday today. It had been on the tip of her tongue to remind Joe, but she had not. Joe was not a man to be reminded lightly of forgotten things. And these last days Jen had hesitated more than ever. There was something, some tension between herself and Joe lately, that gave her a watchful, half-expectant sense of approaching calamity whose shapes he wilfully refused to recognize. It was this that kept her from uttering her reminder, that had added to her forlorn sense of her growing unimportance and futility.

Joe was going to town, he said. He would stay for a political meeting that afternoon, he announced. He had added with the curt, half-glancing-away manner he used so often lately, that he'd likely stay over for supper and the evening. There might be "something" down in the town. But he left the question of the "something" almost immediately—with almost suspicious haste, it occurred to Jen—and referred to the political meeting. He told her curtly there was some talk of his running for assessor. 'Twould be all right, too. Time enough they did something. The way he'd helped 'em last fall. Worked for old Reuben Hastings and Squire Peters' gang. He had blustered and sworn a little over it, clumping in and out of their bedroom.

He had been more particular in his

JEN turned her shadow-circled eyes out on the slope of March-rimed fields that had hemmed in her life so many years. And she told Joe then that she could not set him free. She had thought it all over and had changed her mind. Joe came up closer, lean, infuriate. "Changed your mind! S'posen I say it's too late. S'posen I say you got to—that I'll make you?"

dressing than she had seen him in some time. Bathing and shaving himself. Freshening up with a clean collar and his best tie. More like going down to an entertainment or on their infrequent trips to church. There had been a suggestion of bruskness, of impatience, anxiety to get away, more than was common in his manner toward her. She had held back her words, her suggestion. She had stood in the doorway, watching him silently. It must have oppressed him. He had jerked up his head impatiently at her.

"Well," he asked, "what's eatin' you, anyway? I got the butter an' eggs, all right—an' the us'l thousand an' one things to 'tend to. You got the whole darn list of stuff you always have for Snedeker to put up. Seems like a man can't stir a foot to town without he's loaded like a camel."

She had wanted to remind him he had done no erand in a fortnight, though he had gone frequently to town, but her sense of oppression, of tension, intervened.

"Joe," she had begun timidly— She wanted to say, "It's my birthday, Joe—and if I could fix it to go along with you—I haven't been down in two months—just something a little special." The words impetuously mounted to her lips, had nearly spoken themselves. But she said instead, "I was just wonderin' what like o' new spring hats Miss Davis'll have in."

"Spring hats!" Joe had burst out at her. "Who wants a spring hat in the middle o' the winter?"

"Winter's goin'," she said, "an' I've wore my old straw three years. It hasn't got a bit of style to it."

"Style to it." Joe had been almost facetious, good-humored in his rough irony. "An' who needs style up here on this hill? Not you. Why, you got about as much style to you as a lath of wood anyhow."

She had felt something queer and cool touch her heart—something almost tangible tighten and squeeze it. She had said nothing, but stepped aside to let Joe pass. After all, he was perhaps right. And thirty-five was getting along. An old woman with no need of things. Joe had gone blustering, pushing chairs aside through the room. He had forgotten his gibe a moment later—had boiled into an acute vexation as was his fashion at some trivial, obtruding incident. Had sworn at things in general.

It occurred to her that though she was growing old, Joe was not. Joe was only thirty-seven. A tall, lean, well-built man, with a tanned, lean, saturnine face, a well-shaped nose and chin, quick-glancing, choleric, gray eyes under thick, beautifully-drawn black brows. In spite of his thunder-clouds, Joe was good-looking in a sullen, black-browed way. Women always looked at Joe— This was the thought that stole lately like a swift-flitting shadow across Jen's mind, when she thought of Joe's going to town so much.

For Joe was not always temperish and irritable. She knew he had a quick, sharp laugh, a ready jest—though it was a broad one—for a person he liked. Mrs. Felton down at the tavern last year had teased him once in her hearing—a certain silly, young girl in the town, Jessy Cooper. Joe had been scornful about it, and Jen herself had laughed at the time, but when she remembered this today, the little shadow of a thought had for a moment burned into an agonizing prescience. Then Jen drove out the thought. She had asked Joe when he would be back.

"Didn't you hear me say I'd stay over? I'll be back when I'm back," he had answered curtly and a moment later had stamped over the little porch, had climbed up behind Doll—had driven off with a swirl and bang—had jerked by old Abby Case with an indifferent flirt of muddy wheel.

And now he was gone. And Jen was left to her sky pageant, her bleak trees, her distant, aloof village.

There was no living sign before her eyes—only the inconsequent flutter of a bluebird, a symbol of freshness, of happiness, that had unlocked an emotional floodgate for her—and the (*Continued on page 152*)

"Everybody knows Joe's carryin' on 'bout that new Miss Healy," said Abby. "It's a lie," said Jen coldly, a scarlet spot springing into each cheek

DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

Good Housekeeping Institute

Mildred Maddocks, Director

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to assist you with your cookery problems. Will you not make use of this tested service which the Department of Cookery gladly extends to you? In the well-equipped laboratory kitchen of Good Housekeeping Institute, at 105 West 39th Street, New York City, a staff of trained workers is busily testing, retesting, and standardizing recipes that they may be safe for your use. More than that, we are constantly performing research experiments and evolving new methods, that you may accomplish good cookery at a cost of less money, less time, or less labor. Use these pages freely. We have proved our results to be practical, workable, and helpful

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The Institute has tested and recommends this schedule plan for your daily housekeeping duties

Punching the Kitchen Time-Clock

By Hester Conklin and Pauline Partridge

WITH the present shortage of domestic labor and the increasingly high prices, many women recently drafted into housework find themselves punching the time-clock in the kitchen with the regularity of a worker in an office or factory. But the woman who works in the kitchen works alone. There is not the interest or the spur of association with other workers at the same task. The work in the other part of the house accumulates with alarming rapidity, and unswept rooms, cloudy windows, and dusty furniture assume an importance all out of proportion to their usefulness as mere adjuncts to a comfortable and well-run home. The result is a weariness of body, mind, and nerves, which is, to say the least, discouraging.

A little careful planning beforehand, and a system by which the work is carried out, will give leisure hours for rest or recreation. It is hard to make rules or even suggestions to cover individual cases, for each household has its own problems which must be thoughtfully worked out, but a few general hints may show in what direction the remedy lies.

The day, of course, begins with breakfast. Few families now serve much besides the usual fruit or cereal, hot bread or toast, and perhaps eggs or bacon. Much of the breakfast preparation can take place the night before without encroaching on the leisure of the evening to any great extent. Any of the cooked cereals may be prepared in the double-boiler either while getting dinner or directly after, and is the work of only a few moments. Have the water boiling in both containers, stir in the rolled oats, cream of wheat, barley, or other cereal into the upper container, place in the lower section, turn out the fire, and leave until morning. If the fire is lighted upon arising, the cereal will be well and thoroughly cooked by the time it is served. Coffee may be measured and placed in either coffee-pot or percolator; if the latter is used, the water may be put in the lower section.

Setting the table the night before will save time in the morning. Doilies are not only more appropriate for the breakfast hour, but more attractive as well, and with these the arrangement of the table takes a very short time. To make the toast and fry eggs or bacon can not possibly consume over a few minutes.

If the rising hour is seven o'clock, the time-clock may be punched in, then, at seven-thirty, and out by eight-thirty. It is well to vary housework as much as possible, for monotony seems to be the gravest charge on which it is arraigned, so when the breakfast work is over, beds should be made and dusting done, followed by the planning and ordering for the day. In the usual family, on an ordinary day, this should not take more than an hour and a quarter, so at the latest we again punch the time-clock at a quarter before ten. At this time the vegetables may be prepared for the evening dinner and the dessert made, and if the order has been

Thirty-Minute Dinner

Broiled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes
Peas Lettuce Salad
Orange Jelly with Whipped Cream

Forty-Five Minute Dinner

Pork Tenderloin in Brown Sauce
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Apple Sauce or Fried Apples
Green Pepper and Raisin Salad
French Dressing
Baked Rice Pudding

One-Hour Dinner

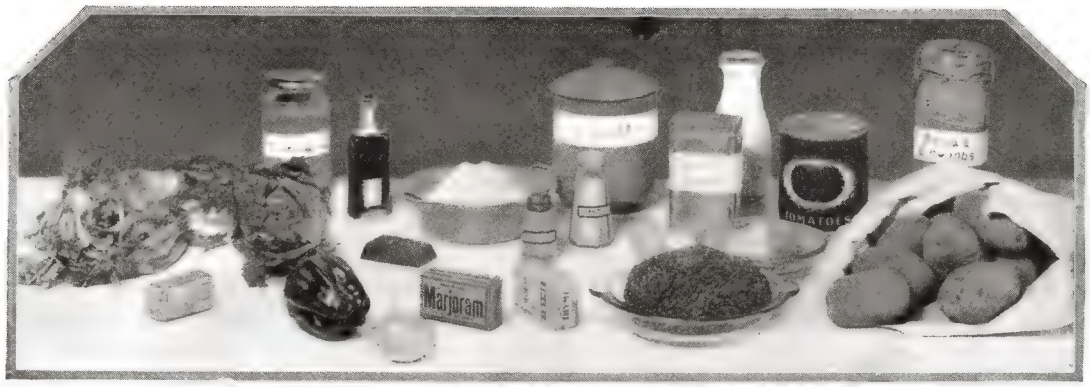
Beef Loaf with Brown Gravy
Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes
Celery and Cheese Salad
Cottage Pudding with Chocolate Sauce

Hour-and-a-Half Dinner

Veal Stew Steamed Rice
Tomato Salad with Mayonnaise
Pineapple Pie

Two-Hour Dinner

Fricassee of Chicken Steamed Dumplings
String-Beans Mashed Potatoes
Molded Spinach Salad French Dressing
Frozen Strawberry Mousse or Sherbet



Plan your menu well! Above are the necessary materials for preparing the one-hour dinner

Save time! Make the beef loaf, and wash the lettuce, celery, and potatoes in the morning

given to the vegetable man as soon as breakfast is over, it should not be necessary to order a day in advance. If, however, the vegetables are not obtainable until later in the day, the dessert can be made and the vegetables left until after luncheon.

Dinner should be planned with reference to the dish whose preparation takes the greatest length of time. When there are chops or a steak to be broiled, it is well to select vegetables that cook quickly on top of the stove and to prepare in the morning a dessert which may be served cold and a salad with a French dressing which may be mixed at the table if desired. If a roast is the main dish, then a scalloped vegetable, macaroni, spaghetti, or baked or browned potatoes may accompany it, and a hot pudding or a pie which can be baked at the same time may be served for dessert.

It is always well to consider, in the preparation of any meal, the length of time it takes to cook each dish, and plan a dinner of which all parts will reach completion at about the same time, thus avoiding the necessity for remaining indoors while one vegetable, or a stew, or a steamed dessert is on the stove. If anything of this kind is planned, serve it all on the same night and at a time when a rainy day or some other duty necessitates an afternoon at home. There is now half or three-quarters of an hour in which to read the morning paper, write a letter, finish that magazine begun the night before, or exchange a few words with the neighbor across the way before it is time to prepare luncheon.

This should be a simple but nourishing meal and may consist of a hot cream soup or chowder, which is easily and quickly made, a salad, and some stewed fruit for dessert; or if you wish, creamed fish, a hot bread which does not take over fifteen minutes in preparation, and a green salad with French dressing which contains a little cheese to give added nourishment. There may be meat left from dinner of the previous night, which can be converted into a soufflé or a scalloped dish, or simply sliced and served cold. Potato Salad with boiled dressing, which may be made in a large quantity as it will keep for some time, is a substantial addition, well liked and easily made. Hot cocoa is an excellent noontime beverage, nourishing and delicious. To make it perfectly digestible, let the cocoa cook in the double-boiler while the remainder of the luncheon is in preparation. None of these luncheons takes over a half-hour for preparation.

If the kitchen time-clock is punched in at eleven-thirty, luncheon should be ready to serve at noon, and even lingering a bit over the luncheon table, the dishes would probably be finished by one-fifteen o'clock. If the vegetables did not arrive in time to be prepared in the morning, this is the time to get them ready for dinner, and after the greater part of the day's work is done, a half-hour should be allowed for putting the kitchen in order.

The time-clock can be punched out by half-past two in the afternoon at the latest, with the dessert made and the vegetables ready to put on the stove to cook for dinner. Half an hour should be sufficient to complete the preparation of a dinner where the meat is broiled or fried. If a stew or roast has been allowed to cook for an hour in the morning, an hour of additional cooking will suffice, and if the remainder of the dinner has been selected with the meat as a measure of time, no greater allowance is necessary. The table may be laid while the dinner is cooking. If the dishes are washed in the morning instead of at night, as some housewives prefer, that would encroach upon the leisure hour in the morning but would leave the evening free.

Heavy cleaning and laundry work are generally done by outside help, so that it is not necessary to include them in planning the day. Even with considerable lengthening of the hours given here, the home worker will still find herself well inside the eight-hour schedule of the office, shop, or factory.

The menus which are included in this article may assist you in outlining a plan which will systematize and gradually reduce the hours the kitchen time-clock records.

Much can be done in the morning toward preparing any of these menus. With the Thirty-Minute Dinner the Orange Jelly can be made and molded, the potatoes pared and covered with cold water, the lettuce washed and put in a cheese-cloth bag, and the peas prepared, all being placed in the refrigerator.

With the Forty-five-Minute Dinner the apple sauce can be made, the potatoes carefully washed, the lettuce washed and put in a cheese-cloth bag, and the rice pudding prepared and poured into the pudding-dish, cooked rice being used as the basis. The Green Pepper and Raisin Salad, may also be made at this time, using the following recipe: Remove the stem ends and seeds from three medium-sized green peppers; chop the peppers fine but do not put through the food-chopper. Mix with three-fourths cupful of seedless raisins cut in half, and serve on lettuce with French Dressing.

With the One-Hour Dinner, the illustrations on this page suggest the way to save time in preparing it.

For the Hour-and-a-Half Dinner the desired vegetables for the veal stew, whether carrots, turnips, onions, peas, or lima beans, can be prepared in the morning. Make the mayonnaise, wash the lettuce, and place in the refrigerator. Make the pineapple pie. In cooking, the rice is steamed over the stew.

For the Two-Hour Dinner clean the chicken in the morning, likewise prepare the string-beans and pare the potatoes, covering both with cold water. Steam and mold the spinach, wash the lettuce.

The one-hour dinner ready to cook

Louisa's Bartlett Pear Salad is delicious when made with home-canned fruit

Dessert Salads

By Florence Spring

Tested in Good Housekeeping Institute

I HAVE always thought the fruit salad a particularly useful dish, for it not only gives one a change from the ordinary pudding or pie, but affords a distinctive dessert course. Dessert is surely the place for the fruit salad, which, with its accompaniments of browned crackers and cheese, may deliciously and substantially close any repast, whether simple or elaborate.

Prune Salad is both simple, nutritious, and delicious. Soak overnight, cook until tender, and pit one-half pound of large prunes, taking care not to break them. Fill the cavities with English walnuts, using one-fourth of a nut for each prune. Lay the desired number of prunes, either three or four, in nests of shredded lettuce or white lettuce leaves. Top with mayonnaise and serve very cold with browned crackers and cream cheese. This salad may be varied by filling the prunes with rolls of the cream or Neufchatel cheese instead of the nuts.

Jane's Orange Jelly Salad is particularly attractive. Prepare one quart of orange jelly, using one cupful of cold water, two cupfuls of hot water, one-half cupful of orange juice, the juice of one lemon, one-half cupful of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin. Fill a ring mold half full of this mixture and let stand in the refrigerator until it begins to thicken. Meanwhile, soften a small package of cream or Neufchatel cheese with a little cream or top milk and form into tiny balls. When the jelly in the mold has begun to set, arrange these balls of cheese at regular intervals in the mold. Add the rest of the gelatin mixture and set on the ice until perfectly stiff. When ready to use, unmold on a bed of lettuce. Fill the center and garnish the outside of the mold with white California cherries, the pits of which have been removed and replaced with filberts or hazel nuts. Dress with mayonnaise and serve at once, very cold, with browned crackers.

Jane's Orange Jelly Salad on crisp lettuce

Louisa's Bartlett Pear Salad. Either home-canned or commercially canned pears of the Bartlett variety should be used for this salad. If home-canned pears are used, it is well, when canning them for salads, to use less sugar than for pear sauce. Arrange the halved pears, rounded side up, on white lettuce leaves, using individual plates. Place a cube of tart jelly in the core cavity of each halved pear. Then "frost" each half with cream cheese which has been moistened with enough cream to enable it to be spread smoothly. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. If the knife used for spreading the "frosting" is occasionally dipped in boiling water, the process will be much simpler.

Cherry and Cheese Salad. For this use the large, black canned cherries. Remove the stones from the cherries and replace with the following mixture made into tiny balls: one small cream cheese, one-fourth cupful of cream or top milk, one-half cupful of walnuts chopped fine, one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of paprika. Chill the cherries thoroughly before filling, and serve on white lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise. Serve with buttered, hot, unsalted, whole wheat crackers.

White Cherry Salad. Use the large, canned California cherries and very white lettuce. Remove the cherry pits and replace with filberts or hazel nuts. Lay as many cherries as desired in nests of lettuce, top with mayonnaise dressing, and serve very cold. Be sure that your family or guests understand the substitution of the nuts for the stones, or you will very likely see them unostentatiously removed.

Concordia Pineapple Salad. Lay slices of canned Hawaiian pineapple on crisp lettuce on the required number of individual salad plates. Fill the cavity of each slice of pineapple with finely diced cucumber moistened with highly seasoned mayonnaise in the proportion of one cupful of diced cucumber to one-fourth cupful of mayonnaise. Cross two narrow strips of red or green sweet pepper over the center of each slice of pineapple. Serve with more mayonnaise dressing.

Margaret's Salad Mousse. Combine lightly one cupful of stiff mayonnaise and three cupfuls of stiffly whipped cream. Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and stir carefully. Add this to the mayonnaise together with one and one-half cupfuls of mixed fruit cut in dice; pineapple, oranges, pitted cherries, and strawberries suggest a possible combination. Pack the mixture solidly in a well-chilled mold which should be covered with buttered paper, buttered side up, and the cover to the mold. Bury the mold in cracked ice and salt, using one part of salt to four parts of ice, and allow to stand for four hours. Unmold on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise and browned crackers.

Harlequin Salad. Combine equal parts of apples, celery, and sweet peppers (red and green mixed) cut in the shape and size of matches. Toss in mayonnaise or boiled dressing at the last minute and heap on a bed of lettuce on a salad plate.

Vary Your Menu with Shrimps

By Mabel Jewett Crosby

Evolved in the Institute Laboratory Kitchen

IF the number of recipes using shrimps found in standard cook-books may be taken as a criterion, it would seem that they are not a very popular article of food. In spite of this supposition, great quantities of raw shrimps, or rather prawn, somewhat larger than shrimps but generally sold under the same name, have been coming from Florida all winter to be sold in the New York markets. These have been very reasonable in price and lend themselves to the making of many new and different combinations of which every housewife should be glad to take advantage. Shrimps have a marked delicacy of flavor which to some palates is superior even to lobster.

The body of the shrimp, with the exception of the meat of the tail, is thrown away as useless. This tail portion appears on the market in its raw state, a grayish white in color, or in a cooked state, when it has turned a pretty pink tint. For canning, this same portion is shelled and then canned in the usual way. Before the canning, however, it is not customary to remove the intestinal vein which runs the entire length of the tail portion. For that reason, it is important that this shall be done in the preparation of the shrimps for the table. It is a fact only too true that this often is not done, either through ignorance or because it means extra labor. The aversion which some people have to the eating of shrimps may have started from this very lack in preparation. It is reasonable to assume that this intestinal vein might contain products of a poisonous nature which in turn might be the cause of digestive disturbances.

If the recipe calls for raw or green shrimps, first remove the shell from the meat and then, with a sharp-pointed vegetable knife, remove the tiny dark vein down the center. If cooked shrimps are desired, wash the green shrimps well, then place them in boiling, salted water and boil twenty minutes. Remove the shell and viscera in the same manner as before. When fresh shrimps are not available, the canned ones serve the purpose admirably. Drain them from the liquor and remove the intestinal vein before they are used in the preparation of any dish.

In the recipes which follow, the use of shrimps has been adapted in combinations the general character of which may be familiar.

Shrimp Chowder

Try out in the kettle in which the chowder is to be made, one-fourth cupful of diced, fat salt pork. Remove the crispy bits and in the fat cook one large onion chopped. When the onion is yellow—be sure and do not let it burn—add one cupful of celery cut in half-inch pieces and one quart of boiling water. Cook fifteen minutes, then add one quart of diced potatoes, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, and one-half teaspoonful of celery salt. Let all come to a boil and add two cupfuls of raw shrimps shelled and prepared for cooking as directed above. Cook fifteen minutes longer and add one pint of milk. When this again comes to a boil, thicken slightly with one tablespoonful each of flour and butter cooked together. Pour into serving-dishes and sprinkle with paprika or finely minced parsley. Made in this way, this is intended as the main dish for any meal. For the soup course make it thinner.

Shrimp Stew

A milk stew made with oysters is a staple dish and one which is a favorite. A similar stew made with shrimps is likely to vie with the oyster variety for the highest position of favor.

Shell one and one-half pounds of raw shrimps, clean them well, and run cold water through them. Without draining too thoroughly, place them in the stew kettle together with one-third cupful of butter or margarin. Add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika, and one-half teaspoonful of celery salt. Simmer slowly for fifteen minutes, then add one quart of milk. Bring to a boil and thicken slightly with one tablespoonful each of butter or margarin and flour blended together. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and serve with toasted crackers.

Creamed Shrimps and Green Pepper

Shrimps are delicious in creamed combinations. Here is a new one which may be served either on crackers or toast or in timbale or puff paste cases.

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and add three tablespoonfuls of flour; cook until bubbling and add gradually two cupfuls of milk, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and thick. Season with one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Heat in this white sauce one-half cupful of chopped green pepper and one and one-half cupfuls of freshly cooked or canned shrimps which have been thoroughly cleaned and cut in halves. Serve as desired.

Fried Shrimps

Fried shrimps are a delicious novelty. Purchase the desired quantity of raw shrimps; wash, shell, and clean them thoroughly. Sprinkle them with salt, pepper, and lemon-juice. Let stand fifteen minutes, then dip into beaten egg to which two tablespoonfuls of water have been added, and next into fine, dried bread-crumbs. Fry for three minutes in deep fat heated to 360° F. Shrimps are very delicate in flavor and have not so large a water content as oysters, and consequently do not need so high a temperature for frying. Drain on crumpled paper and serve with Sauce Tartare, easily made by adding chopped pickles, olives, capers, and parsley to thick mayonnaise dressing.

A sharp-pointed knife will completely remove the viscera

The market affords us shrimps raw, cooked, or canned

The following ways of cooking shrimps make excellent luncheon dishes, or they may be served in smaller quantities or in individual ramekins for the entrée course at dinner.

Shrimp Fritters

Make a batter as follows: Beat

(*Continued on page 151*)

Simple spring flowers—tulips, crocuses, and daffodils—give this wedding table rare charm

Welcoming the Wedding Guests

By Gabrielle Rosière

Menus planned in conjunction with the Department of Cookery

THE charming naturalness of the smart wedding of today deceives by its very simplicity. Underlying all the apparent freedom from ceremony are careful planning and astute discrimination, which, eliminating all unnecessary items however attractive in themselves, leave an almost classic distinction.

When the hour of the wedding is decided upon, the next consideration is the type of hospitality to be offered to one's friends. During the winter months the greater number of weddings take place at four o'clock in the afternoon and are followed by a reception. An out-of-town wedding is frequently planned for noon and is followed by a wedding breakfast, which may be served to four or six guests at small tables or buffet as in the afternoon.

The buffet arrangement will be found most successful for a large number of guests, or for a smaller number where the service is limited, and makes for greater sociability than where the guests are seated and served more formally.

For decorations there are all the lovely spring flowers to refresh the eye after weary winter days, and Easter lilies mingling with violets and white lilacs amid the spring green are most charming. A spring wedding permits more color than the formal affairs of the midwinter season, and the feathery yellow mimosa, the trailing branches of forsythia, and the pastel tints of cherry and plum blossoms add a ravishing touch amid white flowers.

A wreath of delicately tinted tulips, separated by their smaller sister crocuses in lemon and violet growing from their grassy turf, surrounds the bowl of greenish mirroring water which graces the center of the table for the wedding buffet in the illustration. The white Wedgwood candle holders with golden yellow candles emerging from sheaves of daffodils and their green sword leaves tied with narrow white satin ribbon emphasize the loveliest time of the year.

The same gold and white is seen in the service, as only ivory china decorated with gold is used; even the bonbon dishes are gold decorated, and the only touch of gleaming silver is the necessary forks and those pieces required for serving the hot dishes and the salad.

Formerly only the snowiest of damask might grace the wedding table, but now nothing is considered too beautiful or too handsome for the bridal days. The buffet service belongs distinctly to the reception class of social affairs, and the beautiful filet lace cloth with filet-edged napkins adds much distinction to a beautiful picture.

April is likely to be a chilly month, so it is advisable to plan for at least one hot dish in the menu. This may be delicate, such as creamed sweetbreads or creamed shrimps, and the salad of delectable fruit type rather than the heavier viands of the winter. Whenever shell-fish is used, as lobster or shrimp, it is well to guard against the combination with rich ice-cream, especially if lemonade or any acid drink is served. The substitution of a refreshing sherbet will solve that difficulty.

Luncheon rolls already buttered should be served with the sandwiches, as there are some who do not care for the luscious mixtures between the thin slices, and especially at a wedding reception, where there are elderly relatives and friends to consider, one takes a little more thought of these niceties of hospitality.

The table in the photograph has been arranged for a service by four friends of two hot dishes and two salads with the necessary forks and plates at either side. The sandwiches, rolls, and napkins are placed within reach of the guests. The ices and cakes are either served from another table or served from the pantry and passed on silver trays. Where there are not many guests, only one hot dish and one salad may be served and the sherbet and coffee service replace the others. In this arrangement the cakes and bonbons are usually placed on the table. The adaptability of the buffet service is one of its charms, since it may be arranged to fit any occasion, any menu, and any number of guests.

MENUS

Creamed Sweetbreads
Nut-Bread Sandwiches Luncheon Rolls
Orange Jelly Salad
Tutti-Frutti Ice-Cream Small Cakes
Coffee Fruit Punch
Bonbons

Creamed Shrimps with Green Peppers
Brown Bread Sandwiches Rolls
Harlequin Salad
Pineapple Sherbet Small Cake
Coffee Orangeade
Bonbons

Typical Cookery from the Northwest

Washington and Oregon Favorites

All Recipes are Tested and Approved

THE state of Washington is known universally as "The Home of the Big Red Apple," and its slogan, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," has become a household prescription throughout the country. This recipe is used in making the thousands of pies served at the National Apple Show, which is held each year.

Washington Apple Pie

2054 Total Calories	*94 Protein Calories*
1½ cupfuls pastry flour	5 to 6 apples
⅓ cupful shortening	1 tablespoonful flour
½ teaspoonful salt	6 tablespoontuls sugar
½ teaspoonful baking-powder	¼ teaspoonful cinnamon
Water	1 tablespoonful butter

Sift together the pastry flour, salt, and baking-powder; add the shortening and chop lightly till well blended. Moisten to a dough with ice-water, adding it gradually and cutting it in with a knife. Divide in halves and place half on a floured board; roll out deftly and line a pie-pan. Thoroughly mix the one tablespoonful of flour with half the sugar and sprinkle evenly in the crust. Fill the pan with the apples cut in eighths. Mix the rest of the sugar with the cinnamon and sprinkle over all. Dot with bits of butter; add one tablespoonful of water. Wet the edges of the lower crust and cover with the top crust in which gashes have been cut. Press the edges down firmly, sprinkle with cold water, and bake forty minutes at 450° F.

Mrs. H. E. Firth, N. 1328 Belt St., Spokane, Wash.

Washington Apple Sauce Cake

4240 Total Calories	*153 Protein Calories*
1 cupful sugar	½ teaspoonful cloves
½ cupful unsalted shortening	2 cupfuls pastry flour
1¼ cupful unsweetened apple sauce	½ cupful seedless raisins
2 teaspoonfuls soda	½ cupful chopped walnuts
1¼ teaspoonfuls salt	¼ cupful butter
1 teaspoonful cinnamon	1 cupful powdered sugar
½ teaspoonful nutmeg	1 tablespoonful milk
	1 teaspoonful vanilla

Cream the shortening and sugar together, add the apple sauce into which the soda has been beaten. Then add the flour sifted with the salt and spices, reserving a little to dust over the raisins and nuts, which should be added last. Beat well together and turn into a well-greased and floured shallow cake-pan. Bake in a 375° F. oven for about forty minutes. Ice, when cold, with a butter frosting made by blending the remaining ingredients.

Mrs. R. Smith, Box 229, R. 1., Seattle, Wash.

Because hill upon hill, and field upon field, all over Oregon hold up their masses of beautiful prune blossoms and scatter tons upon tons of purple-skinned fruit, one can not be far amiss in saying that recipes using prunes are favorites in this state.

Prune Pudding

1891 Total Calories	*97 Protein Calories*
2 cupfuls dried prunes	1 tablespoonful water
⅓ cupful sugar	1 cupful prune juice
2 egg-yolks	½ teaspoonful vanilla
2 tablespoonfuls corn-starch	½ teaspoonful cinnamon
	2 egg-whites
1 tablespoonful sugar	

Wash the prunes. Soak overnight in cold water, then cook in the same water until tender. Slip out the stones, cut the prunes in quarters and measure the prune juice. Add to the prunes one-half cupful of sugar, the egg-yolks mixed with the prune juice and corn-starch, the flavoring, and the cinnamon. Cook for ten minutes, stirring often. Pour the mixture into a greased pudding-dish and spread over the top the beaten egg-whites mixed with one tablespoonful of sugar. Bake for fifteen minutes at 300° F., folding the egg-whites into the pudding as they brown. Serve cold with whipped cream or a pudding sauce.

Mrs. Ida R. Scofield, 1085 N. Church St., Salem, Ore.

Boiled Oregon Prune Cake

2811 Total Calories	*145 Protein Calories*
1½ cupfuls dried prunes	1 teaspoonful soda
⅓ cupful melted shortening	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
¾ cupful sugar	½ teaspoonful nutmeg
1 egg yolk	1¼ cupfuls pastry flour
½ cupful prune juice	½ teaspoonful salt
	1 teaspoonful vanilla
	1 egg white

Wash the prunes. Soak overnight in cold water, pit, and cut to raisin size. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Cream together the sugar and melted shortening. Add the egg-yolk, slightly beaten. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the mixture alternately with the prune juice. Then add the prune pulp, vanilla, and last the egg-white beaten stiff. pour into a greased and floured loaf-pan, and bake at 325° F. for one and one-quarter hours.

Mrs. M. O. Buren, 745 Court St., Salem, Ore.

This is a great salmon district, too. The "Sockeye" salmon of Puget Sound and the "Chinook" salmon of Columbia River are used largely in the salmon packing industry.

SPRING DIETARY

Plenty of the following foods served in the daily dietary will obviate the necessity of the all-too-prevalent "spring tonic."

Canned vegetables and fruits:
As purees, in salads, creamed, etc.

Fresh green vegetables as they appear in market:
Spinach, dandelions, lettuce, romaine, watercress.
Served as greens, in salads, soufflèd, soups or in combination dishes.

Fresh fruits:
Rhubarb, strawberries, pineapple, oranges, grapefruit.
Raw or cooked.

Salad dressings:
Preferably simple olive or vegetable oil variety.

Milk:
In generous quantities served plain, in soups or combinations. Supplement these with plenty of water and coarse breads to aid in waste elimination.

Baked Salmon

5205 Total Calories	*1787 Protein Calories*
A 6-pound salmon	3 tablespoonfuls chopped onion
3 cupfuls stale bread-crumbs	2 teaspoonfuls minced parsley
⅓ cupful melted butter or margarin	Hot water
Salt	Milk or water
¼ teaspoonful pepper	Quartered lemons
½ cupful chopped celery	Parsley

Clean and wash the salmon carefully. Rub salt over and inside the fish. Combine the bread-crumbs, butter, one teaspoonful of salt, the pepper, onion, parsley, and celery. Add hot water to moisten the stuffing well, about one cupful. Stuff the salmon; place in a baking-pan, the bottom of which has been covered with milk or water. Bake in a hot oven about one and one-quarter hours, basting every fifteen minutes; renew the liquor in the pan frequently. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

Mrs. J. E. Sinclair, Rosebud Creek, Alberta, Can.

Washington Salmon Supreme

2010 Total Calories	*444 Protein Calories*
2 cupfuls freshly cooked or canned salmon	4 eggs
4 tablespoonfuls melted butter or margarin	½ cupful cracker-crumbs
1½ teaspoonfuls salt	2 cupfuls cooked peas
⅛ teaspoonful pepper	1 cupful milk
1 tablespoonful minced parsley	½ cupful salmon liquor
3 tablespoonfuls chopped celery	1 tablespoonful corn-starch
	1 tablespoonful butter
	½ teaspoonful salt
	⅛ teaspoonful pepper
	1 tablespoonful catchup

Measure, and drain the salmon, reserving the liquor. Remove the skin and bones and chop fine. Add the melted butter, salt, pepper, parsley, and celery. Beat the eggs well, combine with the cracker crumbs, and add to the first mixture. Mix well, pack into a buttered mold, and steam one hour. Turn out on a hot platter, garnish with the peas heated and seasoned to taste, and serve with the following sauce: Scald the milk, combine the corn-starch and salmon liquor, and add gradually to the milk, stirring constantly. Then add the butter, salt, and pepper and cook three minutes. Just before serving add the tomato catchup a little at a time.

Mrs. H. C. Teel, 706 First Ave., Aberdeen, Wash.

Since the loganberry is an Oregon product, Loganberry Cake is especially popular in this part of the country.

Loganberry Cake

3010 Total Calories	*172 Protein Calories*
½ cupful shortening	1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cupful sugar	½ teaspoonful salt
2 eggs	1 teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful cloves	1 cupful canned or fresh cooked loganberries
2 cupfuls pastry flour	

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the eggs lightly beaten, reserving one egg-white for the icing. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the mixture. Last add the loganberries and whatever juice collects in the cup when measuring them. Pour into a greased and floured loaf-pan and bake at 325° F. for one and one-quarter hours. Frost with boiled icing, using almond extract for flavoring.

Mrs. Ida R. Fargo, 1085 N. Church St., Salem, Ore.

We'll romp and we'll roam,
For dinner at home
Is ready to serve any minute
We'll eat it with zest
Because it's the best
With Campbell's good soup to begin it

A healthy race

★

Good soup appetizes and nourishes, promotes normal digestion and builds a sound, robust body. Children brought up to eat soup grow sturdy and vigorous, with a zest for activity and out of doors.

Campbell's Tomato Soup brings to your table the delightful essence of vine-ripened tomatoes—a select variety gathered when red-ripe and blended in Campbell's famous kitchens with pure granulated sugar, creamery butter and careful seasoning.

The addition of milk or cream makes a Cream of Tomato even more delicious and nourishing and exactly the proper thing for luncheon or dinner.

Order by the dozen and keep a supply on hand.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

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FASHIONED HOSE

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To be sure of the perfected Knit-in shape, look for the name "Burson" on the label of each pair.

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SEASONABLE DISCOVERIES

Good Housekeeping Institute

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Don't Hoard—Being of a nervous temperament, and always feeling that I had more things to do than my time allowed, and never resting in consequence, I called a halt, one day, and took an inventory of all that was actually needful to do and of all that could be left undone. To my surprise I found that the secret of my nervous, restless hours of work was hoarding. It was not the every-day tasks that fall to the lot of every housekeeper that kept me chained to my house, but the fingers of things hoarded that beckoned to me each and every time I tried to rest. I was a *hoarder*, and after much thought I found that fully one-half of what I planned to do each day I never did, and also, that that one-half was not really necessary. So I started in to rout out and clear away with a vengeance. I gave away clothes that were hung and folded to be made over in a future that never arrived, and decided to be satisfied with fewer clothes, knowing that I would be better dressed with less, well made. I sold and gave away chairs that stood by, a constant reproach to me because they sagged and creaked when in use. I knew I could repair them, but never could find the time. These articles had stood as ornaments only for a long time, and in consequence I knew they could be done without. I emptied my stocking bag of those that had done good service and required too much time and patience to darn, and by so doing made my charwoman happy. I sold magazines and papers that took up room and collected dust. I threw away empty bottles and those half full of medicine of long standing. I made my closets neater by burning empty boxes, and sent my piece bag to an old ladies' home, and when I had finished, I stood as one shorn. I hardly knew myself, for it had required much courage to do this violence to my feelings. I came from a family of hoarders who, like myself, fairly groaned beneath the weight of trash they kept. Now I plan my work and can see its finish. I also plan a couple of hours for leisure, and I have grown into a quiet, placid woman. Do try it! *M. D., Pa.*

Press Your Clothes Before Storing Away—The tailor tells me that one of the greatest advantages of pressing is that it kills any hidden moth eggs. Clothes are safe if carefully put away after being well pressed. *E. W. E., Pa.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—This discovery contains a helpful bit of advice for all, and you need to try it but once to realize its worth.

For the Pantry Shelves—To prevent the bottoms of my tin bread box, flour, sugar, and tea canisters from rusting, I have pasted pieces of oilcloth on the bottom of them. I find that they slide on and off the shelves much more easily than formerly, and leave the shelf covering spotless. A discarded kitchen table covering may be used, if new oilcloth is not to be had. *Mrs. T. M. M., N. J.*

Bind Your Magazines—With spring cleaning time at hand there is always the problem of condensing the pile of magazines which have accumulated during the year. I have solved the problem with my GOOD HOUSEKEEPING magazines in this way. I remove all the pages which include cookery and household helps and have these pages bound together at the printer's. This material is then in permanent readable form and requires much less space for storing.

Mrs. T. E. J., Kan.

New Dyeing Wrinkles—In dyeing materials, clothes, etc., at home, I have found that to procure a lovely dark green, blue, or brown I need only add one package of black dye to one package of the color desired. The result is a beautiful rich shade, especially with blue or brown. *Mrs. E. T. M., N. J.*

To Find the Beam—"Oh, dear!" sighed Rose, "here I have battered the wall all up with this nail—made a dozen unsightly holes trying to strike a beam, for that picture is heavy and must have a strong support." Now if Rose had only run her gaze along the mop board and noticed where it was nailed, she could easily have driven her nail in line with that and struck the beam or studding the first time. Also, Rose should have dipped the nail in hot water before pounding it into the wall; then there would have been no chipping away or cracking of the plaster.

Mrs. I. M. K., Mo.

To Clean Photographs—Soiled photographs can readily be cleaned by moistening a soft cloth with warm water and a little ammonia. The cloth should be wrung out and the picture lightly wiped with it, after which the picture should be dried immediately with a soft, dry cloth. *V. E., Ariz.*

To Remove Lint from Clothing—A sponge is the best brush to remove lint from clothing, especially the smooth fabrics like broadcloth which seem to hold lint and threads as if glued. Use a dry sponge, of course. It is light and takes up little room if carried in a bag. *C. B., Vt.*

To Dust the Sedan—Try using a long-handled oiled mop for cleaning your car. In this way you can clean the entire car, including the top, without getting dirty, and in five minutes or less your car is polished as good as new. *Mrs. A. W. K., Wash.*

When Auto Riding—When we wish to accommodate one more in our seven-passenger car, I place a smooth board three and one-half feet long and one foot wide across the two folding seats, and there is room for three to sit very comfortably. I keep the board in front of the two folded seats, ready for immediate use. *Mrs. H. W. S., S. D.*

★Westinghouse

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The greatest degree of economy and usefulness from electric appliances is obtained in the home that is completely equipped with convenient outlets in walls and baseboards.

Thanks to Your Suggestions!

Constructive suggestions from women helped Westinghouse make an iron which really will do fine work better and flat work more quickly, week after week after week, without failing.

The most remarkable thing about it is the simplicity with which these results were obtained.

First, the iron was so designed that the properly distributed heat is concentrated in the large flat base, where it belongs. Then this base was made one-tenth larger so that work might be done more rapidly. And finally, the bottom edge is beveled all the way around, so as to make it easier to do work on delicate or intricate patterns.

When you examine this iron, note its perfect balance. Hold it and see how comfortable the grip is. Observe its beauty of form and line and finish.

Iron with it! After all, that's the real test. Most electrical dealers sell the Westinghouse Iron.

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you would enjoy your food better, would you not, madam?

If you knew that *everything* that came to your table—sugar, flour, coffee, rice, fruit, vegetables, etc., had been carefully packed for its journey from point of production to your home in

NICE CLEAN **Wooden Barrels**

"A Wall of Wood Around Your Food"

and thus *insured* against *any form of contamination,* en route, you would feel better, *and safer,* wouldn't you?

This "Pure" Food (PACKAGE) movement deserves the serious consideration of the women of the country—THE FOOD BUYERS OF THE HOME. Through their influence it will be brought before the various—and always influential—Women's Clubs, and with such backing, will shortly come National Insistence on "NICE CLEAN WOODEN BARRELS."

Why don't you be the first to bring it before your club?

Send for our FREE BOOK "Some Light in Dark Corners" and learn some amazing facts about food. Address

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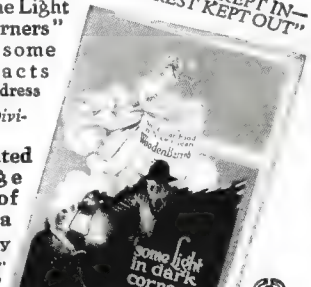

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DR. WILEY'S *Question - Box*

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelop accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptional advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

You Can Not Always Tell

Can you send me information regarding the length of time required for the digestion and absorption of well-cooked oatmeal? Is there a bulletin published which gives the time required for the digestion of foods in general?

A. N., Oklahoma

I have seen statements in print giving the time of so-called "digestion" of various food products. On examining these tables I find that the time given is only that which measures the stay of the food in the stomach. There is by far more difference in the stomachs of people in this respect than there is in the food, and hence, to have accurate results, you would have to describe the digestive apparatus and activity of each individual. Methods of studying the time of digestion which relate only to time of the retention of food in the stomach are very imperfect. Some kinds of foods are not digested in the stomach at all; for instance, sugars and starches. No kind of food is completely digested in the stomach. Stomach digestion seems designed solely for liquefying nitrogenous food. The process of digestion is completed in the small intestine, through which the food passes at a more or less rapid rate after leaving the stomach. The whole process of digestion requires several hours, and it may be as much as twenty-four hours, in some cases, before the last of the digested foods is absorbed into the blood. Even the nitrogenous foods which are liquefied in the stomach must still be reduced to far more simple chemical compounds before they can be taken into the blood and built into the new tissues of the body.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets bearing on health and hygiene: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," and "Reducing and Increasing the Weight." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps apiece. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

Don't Try to Force Children to Eat

My baby is 18 months old, and eggs seem to nauseate him. What will take the place of them and still give a varied diet? *H. W., Massachusetts*

A great many children and also grown people are very sensitive to egg. It is a great mistake to try to force them to eat egg or egg products. Anyway, eggs are not a natural food for infants and young children. They are entirely too nitrogenous, and babies and very young children as a rule would be better off without eggs. If you give your child plenty of milk, and proper cereals made of whole-ground, unbolted grains, together with some scraped fruits two or three times a week and a little spinach thoroughly cooked and passed through a colander, he will need very little egg or meat. The only animal food which children should have—at least up to the age of three years or more—is milk and its products. I do not believe in giving young children candy, sugar, cake, tea, coffee, cocoa, or chocolate. I realize that there are many physicians and dieticians who disagree with me on this point. They have as much right to their opinions as I have to mine. The welfare of the child is far greater than any one's personal opinion, and I thoroughly believe that the kind of diet which I urge for children is the most nutritious and most wholesome. By all means do not try to force your child to eat things which he dislikes. Only in the case of milk, which some children do not like, is it advisable to camouflage the product and use milk instead of water in preparing the cereals and bread. Heating and baking the milk usually make it safe in so far as the child is concerned.

I Am Sorry You Asked Me

My uncle has four children. Three of them have enlarged tonsils and adenoids; still he does not seem to worry over it. He is not an ignorant man by any means. He also will not allow his children to be vaccinated. They live in the country where they are not required to be. What do you think of it? *H. W., Massachusetts*

I do not like to express my real opinion of your uncle. To put it mildly, he is not keeping abreast of the progress of the times; he is standing in the way of the welfare of his own children; and he is inviting that most loathsome of all diseases, smallpox. I have a profound sympathy for people who honestly and conscientiously have such views. Theoretically, the parent has the right to say what shall be done to his own children. This is especially true as long as he keeps them at home. Yet it is too bad that he will allow his children to suffer with adenoids and diseased tonsils. When he sends them to school or out in the world anywhere to mingle with other children, he not only exposes them to the dangers of a repulsive disease which often disfigures the face and frequently kills, but he also threatens the health of other people's children. It is difficult to reason with people of this kind. They shut their eyes to the plain truth; they are a menace to society.

The Wonders of Crystal Making

What is it that causes home-made sirup to turn to sugar, and is there anything that can be put in it to prevent this? *J. E. O'N., Missouri*

Home-made sirup does not turn to sugar. The sugar is there already. It simply crystallizes according to that wonderful natural power which builds such beautiful crystals out of many substances. In boiling sugar saps to the consistency of a sirup you can restrict the crystallizing power by adding a little vinegar or tartaric acid. Under the influence of heat, these bodies convert crystallizable sugar—that is, common sugar—into two other forms of sugar, which crystallize with greater difficulty. This conversion does not interfere with the sweet taste. It even activates it, to a certain extent. Tartaric acid is a natural constituent of grapes, and a little vinegar is not unwholesome. Both the tartaric acid and the vinegar are burned in the body during the processes of digestion, forming water and carbon dioxid. The best sirups, especially for children, are those made from the natural sap of the sugar cane, the sorghum, and the maple. These contain all the minerals natural to these juices, together with the organic acids with which they are combined. They make a far more wholesome product than that secured by dissolving pure sugar.

★

TRY SNOWDRIFT. If you don't like it your grocer will give you back your money. If you don't like the cake or anything else in which you use Snowdrift your grocer is authorized to refund you not only the money you paid for Snowdrift, but also the cost of the eggs, sugar, flour and other materials you used in making the cake, or pie or biscuit or whatever it may be.

We *really guarantee* your satisfaction with Snowdrift.

Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen has written a new cook book, using Snowdrift in all her recipes. We should be glad to send you a copy, with our compliments, on request. *Please address—*

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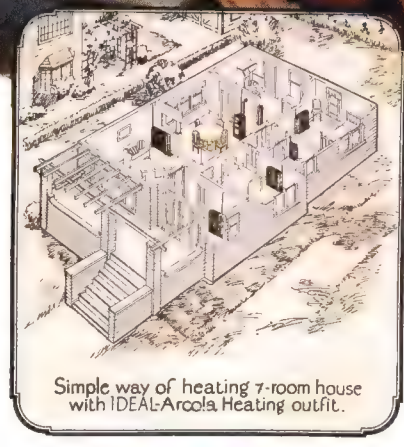
April 1921 Good Housekeeping



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A Warm-all-over Home

THE Change of Seasons passes unnoticed in the home that is fortunate enough to enjoy the advantages of "IDEAL-ARCOLA Hot Water Warmth." The raw, damp days of Spring cease to be disagreeable. Indoor life has a new charm.

Just now—but a little warmth is required to remove the chill from the home, and this cannot be accomplished more economically or faithfully than with the IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit.

The IDEAL-ARCOLA is placed in any room with a chimney connection and circulates hot water through small pipes to AMERICAN Radiators, evenly warming *all* rooms with *one* fire. Thousands of families now enjoy this economical luxury.

Every small home should have an IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit—it is a profitable investment returning generous dividends in fuel saving, comfort and protection of the family's health.

Many an owner now uses less coal to heat his entire home, than was formerly required to heat one or two rooms the old way. Burns any local fuel—outlasts the building.

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Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

On receipt of 10 cents postage, complete instructions for a Children's Party, including a verse for the invitations, games, decorations, and suggestions for making caps, sashes, neckties, and bouquets of rose-colored crêpe paper, will be sent. Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th St., New York City

Looking Through Rose-Colored Glasses Party For Little Children

By ELAINE, Entertainment Editor

EVERY little boy and girl should know the story of the rose-colored glasses. Like all tales that are both romantic and true, it begins with "once upon a time," and ends with the expected "happy ever after."

Once upon a time, it was the fashion to wear spectacles for decoration instead of to help one to see better. The glasses were made of different colors, to match the color of a lady's gown, or her stockings, or her feather fan. And when gentlemen wore them, the glasses were selected of any color that took their fancy—blue, green, red, yellow, or rose color, or perhaps the more fastidiously dressed gentlemen of the time selected them to match their apparel.

Soon a strange thing began to be noticed by every one. Those who happened to choose rose-colored glasses were always smiling and happy, while those who chose blue glasses grew morose and melancholy. Finally, the unhappy effects of wearing blue glasses became so marked that an investigation was made.

Rosy and Rapturous or Morose and Melancholy

And every, single, solitary person who looked through blue glasses said all the world looked so dark and sad life did not seem worth the living. While all those who looked through rose-colored glasses said all the world seemed rosy and gay.

Yet, hard as it is to believe, many persons still clung to the blue glasses, still wore them constantly, and went about feeling blue and unhappy all the time.

Of course all this happened many, many years ago, and now no one wears colored glasses, except after a very careful examination of their eyes by an optician, and then only for special reasons. Sometimes dark-colored glasses are worn to protect the eyes from sunshine that is too bright, or to protect eyes that are not strong. Particularly in a coral island such as Bermuda, which lies off the coast of America, tourists who are there only for a short time often wear colored glasses, brown or blue, to protect their eyes from the white gleam of the streets and the houses.

Quaint Old Sayings That Persist Until Today

But though no one would ever think of wearing colored glasses for decoration now, the old saying still persists that "to those who look through blue glasses all the world is blue," and that "to those who look through rose-colored glasses all the world is rosy." And this has come to mean that each one of us will see what we look for; if we go around thinking the worst instead of the best, expecting trouble instead of good fortune, all the world will look just as sad and blue to us as though we were actually wearing blue glasses.

And the old saying also means that if we go about smiling, thinking the best instead of the worst, expecting good fortune instead of trouble, all the world will look just as pretty as though we were actually wearing the rose-colored glasses.

SPECIAL PARTIES

On receipt of 10 cents postage, complete instructions will be sent for a Hearts Aflame Party and an Irish Party. Address Elaine, Entertainment Editor

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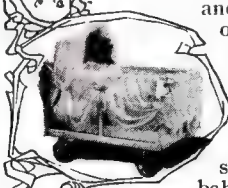
KIDDIE-KOOP
ROCHESTER

Nursery Necessity
Birth Thru Crib Years

Utility—constant day and night service, all seasons, indoors and out, upstairs and down—is the first great value of the Kiddie-Koop.

Next is Economy—of cost, and space, in use of only one article in place of three.

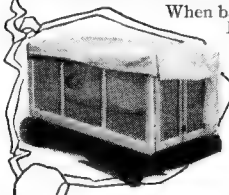


Lastly is Conservation—of health, happiness and strength for both baby and mother.

Bassinet, Crib and Play-Pen Combined

For the price of a good crib alone

Kiddie-Koop, with simple and quick adjustment of spring and mattress to any one of three positions (top, mid, bottom) provides manifold conveniences for the safe and easier care of baby.



When baby is wee—a dainty Bassinet (top position); trimmed or untrimmed, as you wish. Or, with drop-side down (adjustment to mid position) for a bath-and-dressing table, and nighttime bed-side convenience.

As baby grows Kiddie-Koop becomes a safe crib (now at bottom position), or roomy play-pen—protecting him asleep or at play from getting away, from falls, draughts, wind, sun, animals and picked-up play thing.

Gleaming white. Safety screened sides. Woven wire spring. Sanitary mattress. Wheels thru all doors. Folds instantly enclosing spring, mattress and bed clothes to put away or carry. Nickel-plated hardware. Swivel or stationary wheels.

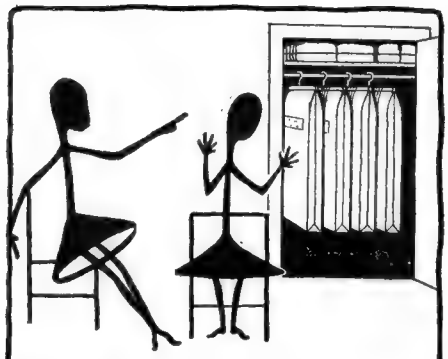
Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute; endorsed by 100,000 doctors, nurses and mothers as "greatest nursery utility and economy."

But know the complete story. Write today for booklet "How to Secure Every-Minute Use of Your Kiddie-Koop" and name of nearest dealer.

E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co.
430 Central Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

For Canada—Lea-Trimble Mfg. Co., Toronto

To be sure of advantages exclusively in the Kiddie-Koop identify it by its name—appearing on the crib's side as it does on the top of this advertisement. Clip the name for comparison.



"Don't you care about your clothes?"

"Thousands of dollars for clothes and not one cent for protection. I would not *think* of letting my family's clothes go, Summer or Winter without putting them away in —

★ WHITE TAR GARMENT BAGS

"You just hang them inside the bags, each on its own hanger — three garments to a bag. It's no more trouble than hanging them on closet hooks. Then you turn down the top and seal with the patented White Tar clasps. Your clothes are absolutely *safe* against moths, dust, dampness, germs and mice. And when you take them out again they're fresh, unwrinkled — ready to wear."

3 Garments to a bag

"You get the bags at department stores and drug stores. And these are so much better than any others I have tried, you must be *sure* to ask for the genuine White Tar Bags *by name*."

6 Sizes

From 75c to $2.30

A bag for every style and size of garment from muffs to motor coats.

Other White Tar Products

White Tar Moth Balls and White Tar Naphthalene Flakes
White Tar Paper —Tar or Cedarized for packing trunks, lining drawers, wrapping blankets, etc.

Write for booklet

The White Tar Company

Fifty-six Vesey Street, New York

Of organdy with Val lace this blouse is rose, Copenhagen, orchid, maize, or gray; 32 to 44, $18.85

Entirely hand-made, this white batiste waist trims itself with Valenciennes. In sizes 32 to 44, $12.75

For the spring suit the attractive white batiste waist above, entirely handmade, is edged with real filet; 32 to 44, $5 only

The Paris Openings

(*Continued from page 45*)

found, the upper part being of a different color from the skirt. In these frocks as in the tailored suits, the skirts are narrow with an uneven line at the hem, and few, if any, circular skirts are shown. A feature of this collection is the straight frock with the waist loose in the back, pouched slightly, tightened along the lower edge which is sometimes pulled down over the hips and sometimes attached to the skirt which falls in loose panels and often over a front of another material. In the evening gowns wide swathing hip effects with falling ends are a pretty feature. With this type of frock few trains are shown.

Renée Shows Straight Loose Coats

Straight loose coats of satin or crêpe de Chine, sometimes collared with fur, over one-piece frocks of the same material are shown by this talented dressmaker. These frocks are girdled with braided cords at the hips, or wide draped girdles, with the ends falling at the sides, swathe the hips. The waist sections, as a rule, are rather straight, and the skirts short and here and there are many loose panels and some embroidery.

Maison Jenny Shows Slightly Wider Skirts

Jenny, a dressmaker who has long been a favorite with the American public, is showing this season slightly wider skirts, which more often than not have an irregular hem. As a rule the frocks show straight loose waists with very wide sleeves, the armhole extending from the shoulder-line to within about four inches of the waist-line, giving a very broad, loose sleeve. This is a model which is well developed in Georgette or crêpe de Chine. Many straight, loose, transparent panels of lace or embroidered mousseline are used over frocks of brocade or crêpe de Chine. In tailleurs the skirts, as a rule, are straight, varied by oddly arranged panels; the jackets are also straight and loose, a few being fitted to the waist-line with a scanty flare over the hips. A distinctly new innovation, which Jenny is making, is the use of lace collars on jackets and frocks, and she is also using embroidery, steel-blue beads, or metal threads on dark blue crêpe de Chine. A novelty in trimming is the use of narrow fringe and lace on the wide Georgette sleeves. This house, in common with some of the other houses, shows several frocks with the upper part of white and the lower black.

Poiret Makes Full Skirts

The familiar full skirts to the ankle or below which Poiret has been showing this winter, are also shown at his opening. These are topped by close waists, and sometimes by short boléros above wide girdles. He shows but few Directoire coats, and but one Directoire frock; the skirt is striped in black with lighter colors strewn with small flowers. A Directoire model in foulard shows the high waist-line across the front and somewhat lower in the back. Other models show the panniers at the hips with waists showing bell sleeves. Embroidered gold frocks showing the Spanish influence are shown for evening wear.

Short, Slender Frocks Chez Chanel

Chanel this season features tailored and one-piece frocks of crêpe de Chine and black wool crêpon. These models show shallow square necks and elbow sleeves. Many of the frocks

Smell the real naptha!

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naptha ***stay in*** till the good golden bar is all used up. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

Soap: Soak: Rinse

The Fels-Naptha way is so ***easy!*** Only an occasional light rub. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha ***soaks*** the dirt loose.

Fels-Naptha removes spots

from rugs, carpets and draperies. The naptha dissolves grease, loosens dirt, and restores perfect cleanliness.

Brightens woodwork instantly

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha ***makes the dirt let go*** and brings back the bright fresh clean appearance to painted surfaces. Fels-Naptha is an invaluable help in cleaning house.

© 1921, Fels & Co.
Philadelphia

Cleans enamel wonderfully!

Bathtub, washstand, sink, and all enameled surfaces glisten instantly. Fels-Naptha easily removes the dirt and restores the enamel to snowy-whiteness without injury to the fine surface. Always keep a good golden bar in the bathroom

Ideal for washing-machines

Fels-Naptha makes the washer do even better work. The naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds quickly flush away all the dirt.

Fluffy blankets and woolens

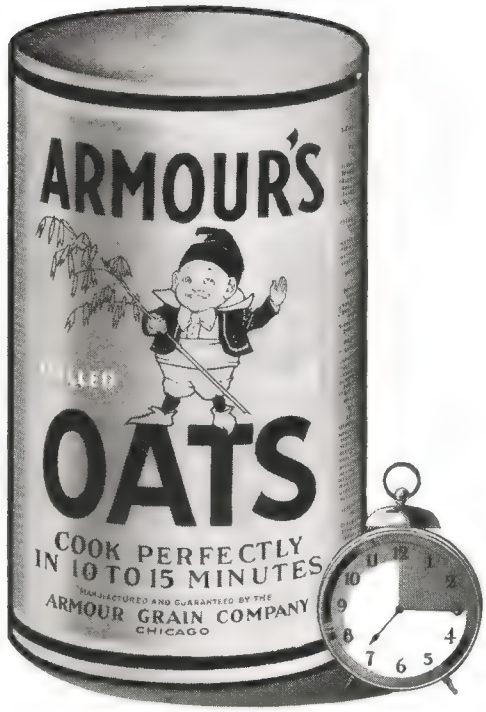
Shave flakes of Fels-Naptha directly into lukewarm water. Souse blankets or woolens. The naptha loosens the dirt. After thorough rinsing woolens are spotlessly clean and fluffy.

Really clean to put away!

Clothes are thoroughly deodorized when washed with Fels-Naptha. Only that delightful clean-clothes smell is there. Get the ***real*** naptha soap—Fels-Naptha. Your money back if not satisfied. Order it of your grocer today.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

"Some little cook!"



"But, dear," she smilingly replies, "the cook can't take all the credit. I've learned that it takes something more than skill to cook oats that taste as good as those do. You've got to have the right kind to begin with.

"I buy only Armour's Oats. They cook so quickly, without any fuss or bother, and the delicious natural flavor of the oats is not lost by long cooking. I put them on the stove at the same time I do the coffee. They're both done at the same time. I never could do that before I started to buy Armour's."

★ You can duplicate this happy wife's experience. Make your husband smile. Serve him

ARMOUR'S OATS

Cook Perfectly in 10 to 15 minutes

Manufactured by

Armour Grain Company, Chicago

Makers of Armour's Guaranteed Cereals—Oats, Corn Flakes, Pancake Flour, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles

The Paris Openings

are made with narrow skirts worn under jumper waists, finished with shaped ruffles at the hips or scalloped on the lower edge. A narrow girdle confines the waist. Frocks of large-patterned foulard are worn under straight cloaks lined with the same foulard. Wool Jersey frocks with narrow skirts under loose smocks drawn on over the head are another favored model of this house. With these, scarfs of silk Jersey are worn. This house has always been famous for frocks of a simple, straight type and excels in the making of them. Some sports coats are lined with slynx.

Beer Gives Length to Skirts by Panels

Beer's frocks are short, but greater length is given by panels dropping below the edge of the skirt. Some afternoon and evening gowns reach to the instep—they are the exception. Beer also shows some very wide box coats with a deep tuck on the sides from the shoulder to the hem. Another feature is the high-collared blouse of plain foulard with squares cut out replaced by Georgette.

Lelong Frocks are Short-Sleeved or Sleeveless

Simple short-sleeved, or sleeveless frocks with straight back panels tightened at the hips and broadened into fulness at the sides opening widely in the front over a narrow underskirt, is a feature of this house. Sometimes the skirt is slashed just back of the hips forming back and side panels falling free over narrow underskirt. Lelong is making skirts a bit longer. The jackets of this house are easy, half length girdled affairs plaited below the waist. Some of them show a high collar. In this collection there is shown much gray silk lace, gray sequins and silver cloth for evening frocks.

Molyneux' Collection

Molyneux shows for the evening many short, sleeveless, low-necked pailletted sheath frocks with narrow trains, as well as many short, slender lace frocks girdled at the hips, and open-fronted lace tunics over narrow satin underslips. The girdles, as a rule, are placed at the top of the hips, although sometimes at the waist-line. In the tailored models straight, loose, long-sleeved half-length jackets are shown over one-piece frocks. There are but few circular skirts, but here and there flounces or overskirts falling from the hips are to be noticed. In colors, much blue, green and gray are used and in trimming large flowers are in evidence.

Martial et Armand's Directoire in Jackets

This house which is noted for its tailormades, is showing the slender silhouette. The skirts are still slender and the sleeves are either short or long. As in the other collections the half length jackets over one piece frocks are shown extensively. In the dresses themselves drapery is noticed and the use of the low girdle. These frocks follow the popular trend in being made of crêpe Morocain, sometimes embroidered, and sometimes plain.

To sum up the various houses, it would seem that the silhouette is slender, that skirts are still moderately short with an uneven line at the hem, frequently given by panels, or drapery and girdles. The waist remaining plain and simple in both afternoon and evening frocks. The evening frocks are sleeveless, the afternoon frocks may have short sleeves or long sleeves according to the material, etc. The colors used for the evening and for trimming are black, brick red, orange, green and for the street a new brown called antelope, as well as beige and gray which will both be worn extensively. Materials are serge and gabardine for the street, crêpe de Chine, all crêpe materials, Georgette, and organdy for afternoon frocks, while evening frocks are very frequently of the brighter hued velvets. Some embroidery, and some metal ribbons are to be found throughout the fashions.

★ HEINZ Apple Butter

REMEMBER, when you were a youngster, how good it tasted—that good old apple butter? Always on the table at meal time! Always a jar on the pantry shelf for between meals! You just heaped it on slices of bread—and loved it! And remember all the good things Mother made with it—those goody-tarts, and cake and jelly roll fillings—the delicious omelettes—the dainty desserts with whipped cream on top? The real liking for good apple butter will live forever—and Heinz Apple Butter is always good. Made in the spotless Heinz kitchens where only the best materials are used, Heinz Apple Butter is good and pure—as you may well know.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

The "Iron Foods" Like Raisins

Bring Youthful Looks

—According to Authorities

HERE are luscious raisin foods that help promote youthful looks by keeping the cheeks rosy.

Raisins are rich in iron, which is necessary to keep the blood supplied with red corpuscles. Your daily food must not fail to furnish this tiny bit of iron. Raisins are one of the richest of foods in the assimilable kind.

Thus a few raisins every day will meet the vital need.

Learn what raisins add to boiled rice, bread pudding and other puddings and desserts.

Serve them with the children's oatmeal, and in cakes, cookies, rolls, cornbread, et cetera.

Serve stewed *raisins* with stewed prunes.

Note the new zest in these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Who's Had Biscuits Like Them?

1 cup SUN-MAID Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hand, until one inch thick then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

★SUN-MAID RAISINS

SUN-MAID RAISINS, which every grocer sells, are made from California's finest table grapes.

You may never taste these grapes because their fragile, juicy, thin-skinned delicacy prevents long-distance shipping.

But you can have them in the form of luscious, tender, meaty raisins.

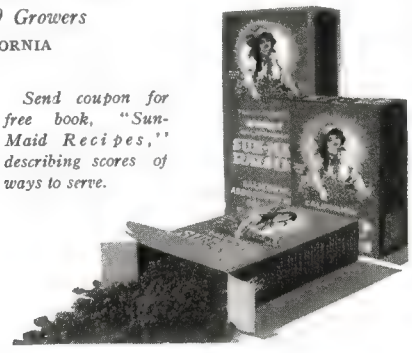
THREE VARIETIES: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*).

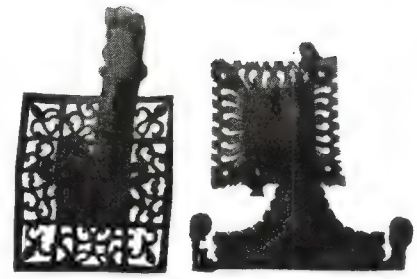
CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

California Associated Raisin Co.,
Dept. 8 , Fresno, Cal.
Please send me, without charge, copy of "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Send coupon for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to serve.





Old Spanish wrought-iron locks of the Renaissance period, typifying fretted and engraved decoration

Furnishings and Decorations

(*Continued from page 33*)

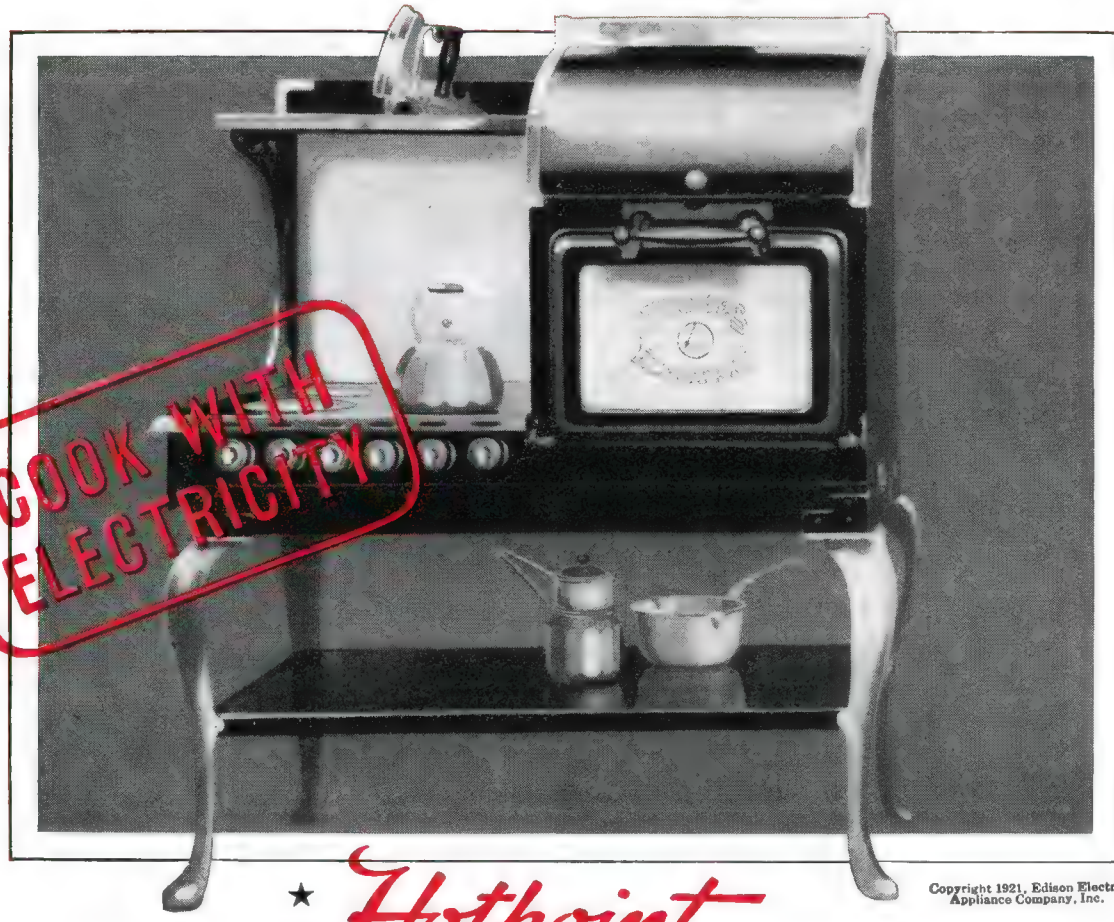
very simply done with anything, especially in the case of house hardware. And one of the easiest and most effective ways is to be perfectly honest and direct.

The first step toward this honesty and directness is to let the hardware show. Hinges, handles, knobs, knockers, locks, keyplates, and other like fittings have an honest, useful service to render, and there is no reason to be ashamed of or to avoid their visible presence. As a matter of fact, they give a legitimate and welcome opportunity for the exercise of agreeable design. The best designs in house hardware were produced in the periods when it was the universal custom to have all the hardware fully exposed to view. There was some stimulus for the designer and the craftsman to do their best.

Then came a time when it was the fashion to conceal as much of the hardware as possible, and naturally the art of hardware design languished. Now, fortunately, the manufacturers of house hardware are again heeding the call for acceptable design and are producing work of distinct interest, intended to be seen, and in a variety of styles so that the requirements of almost any form of architectural expression may be conveniently met. Below and at the top of page 88 may be seen a variety of modern hinges, pulls, knobs, and latches which compare favorably in design and workmanship with those produced two centuries ago.

What has just been stated in a general and theoretical way can best be illustrated by considering one or two concrete examples. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when hinges were fully visible, the Colonial smiths wrought them in many patterns which were both substantial and replete with interest in design. Two sets of these appear at the bottom of page 88, and it can readily be seen what a valuable decorative factor these staunch and simply designed wrought-iron hinges proved. Taking a leaf from the experience of the past, hardware manufacturers today are

Old early nineteenth-century brass knockers and below them a modern pair of common door stock butts



Copyright 1921, Edison Electric Appliance Company, Inc.

★ Hotpoint HUGHES

EVERY time you drain the water from a kettle of cooked vegetables you are losing a large part of the natural flavor and nutriment of your food.

Every time you roast a piece of meat in the ordinary range oven you are losing, through evaporation, juices which carry away flavor, nourishment and actual poundage.

Vegetables cooked on the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range are steam-cooked—not water-cooked. This method retains flavor and nourishing values and keeps the food from being water-soaked.

Meat roasted or broiled in the Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range is not subject to the shrinkage and drying-out process which the ordinary range oven imposes.

Thus, cooking on the Hotpoint-Hughes not only makes food more delicious, more savory and more digestible, but it results in an actual food-saving as well.

And it is the clean way to cook: no soot, no fumes, no greasy odors. Experts of leading cooking schools also endorse electric cookery for the saving of time, and the uniformly good results which it makes possible.

More women cook on Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Ranges than on any other electric range. There is a "Hotpoint" dealer in your town who will be glad to show you the size and style of Hotpoint-Hughes Electric Range suited to your family.

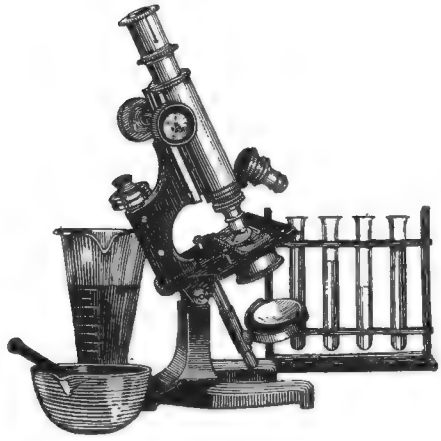
QUALITY MARK

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE COMPANY, Inc., CHICAGO

NEW YORK ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA SALT LAKE CITY ATLANTA

Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Foreign Dept.: 120 Broadway, New York

Service Stations in All Principal Cities



For want of one vital element— *your body begins to "burn itself up"*

New knowledge of an important lack in many of our everyday foods

SCIENCE has made the startling discovery that if we do not get a proper supply of energy from our food, the body begins to feed on itself—to burn itself up. We now know that the lack of one vital element in food, called *vitamine*, keeps us from getting this needed energy.

Which of our common everyday foods has it? Which lack it?

Around this tremendously interesting subject hundreds of actual feeding experiments were made. Scientists eagerly watched the seeming magic change from an almost dying condition to one of health and vigor as one animal after another was given the precious vitamine. When the vitamine was taken away they lost appetite and became actually starved.

In many of these experiments yeast was used as the richest known source of this life-giving vitamine. A number of foods, notably leafy vegetables, contain this vitamine. But it is of the greatest human significance to know that from many of our foods it has been removed by the process of manufacture or preparation.

That is why thousands of men and women today are adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular meals. They find it gives them a vigor and energy they never had before.

Yeast is assimilated in the body like any other food, and like any other food it must be taken over a period of time to be effective.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast before or between meals, from 1 to 3 cakes a day. Spread it on toast or crackers, dissolve it in milk or fruit-juices, or eat it plain. If you are troubled with gas dissolve yeast first in boiling water.

Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast, and get it fresh daily. Write for the free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. D-24, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

★

A food with health-building properties

In scientific tests of the therapeutic value of Fleischmann's Yeast in treating pimples, boils and constipation the doctors say: "In many of these cases which came under our observation, the yeast treatment caused an improvement in the general physical condition of the patient quite unassociated with the improvement of the symptoms associated with the particular disease in question."

To build up and maintain health, keeping the body resistant to disease, eat 1 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—a part of your regular diet.

Shown above, thumb latch and pull of bronze or brass. Knobs of cut glass and hinge of brass or silver finish

Furnishings and Decorations

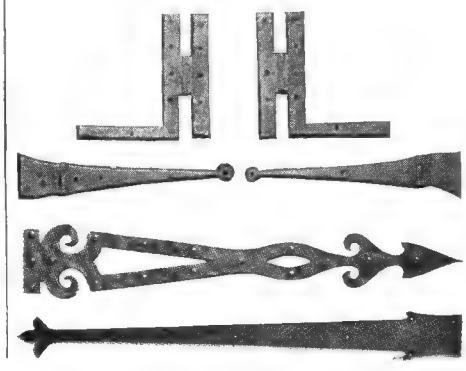
reproducing many of these patterns, as well as some others of similar character. The two strap hinges of wrought iron illustrated at the bottom of this page are of modern origin, yet in spirit and feeling they belong to a bygone century.

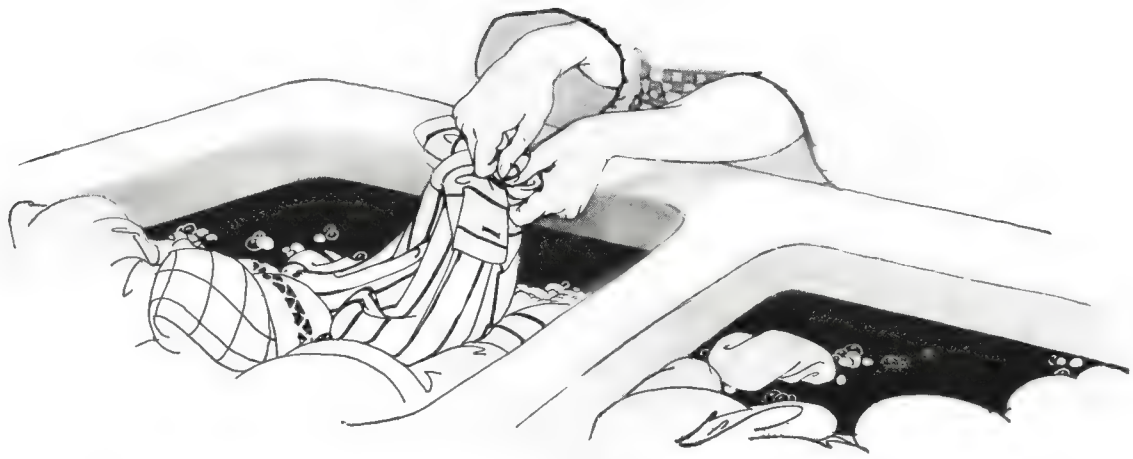
Again, to point the truth that good and interesting design need not involve appreciable expense, while nevertheless imparting much individuality and decorative interest, let us note several other specific illustrations. The lower illustrations in the group at the bottom of page 86 show a pair of common stock butt hinges, of the sort that can be purchased at any iron-monger's shop for a few cents. A metal craftsman, with hammer and punch, in a few minutes wrought on one of them a graceful little strapwork scroll, leaving a slight burr at the edge of the lines. This operation cost next to nothing, but it transformed an ugly, commonplace article into a thing of beauty without at all affecting its usefulness, and besides created real additional value.

In the same way a common brass box lock, of good workmanship, but of inconsiderable price, was turned over to an engraver with equally interesting results. The engraver's charges were little and out of all proportion to the value of the distinction he had created in an object that had no special interest of form to begin with, and beforehand certainly yielded no delight to the eye save the sense of an agreeable metal surface.

These two instances show how much a little well-applied design counts in giving real interest to objects of no great value in themselves, of indifferent form, and of commonplace material; objects that are daily bought and sold by

Antique "HL" and "rat-tail" hinge plates and two modern hinge plates, one Romanesque and one Colonial in spirit





The most ground-in dirt comes out with only a slight rubbing between your hands

THE cuffs and neck bands of men's soft shirts—grimy places on the knees of little play suits—these dirty spots you've always rubbed for hours on the washboard to get clean, now need only a little light rubbing between your hands.

You just soak the dirt out with Rinso, the new form of soap in fine granules.

Just put to soak this way

Rinso is not a washing powder and is not used like a washing powder. *Dissolve half a package of Rinso in just enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Add two quarts of boiling water. When the froth subsides there is a clear amber liquid, which, poured into your tubful of water, makes rich suds.*

In these cleansing suds you soak the clothes overnight. Next morning give them a thorough rinsing, and they are clean, without any hard rubbing—without boiling.

Washed this safe way your clothes actually last twice as long as when you rubbed them thin on a metal washboard or used harsh cleansing agents to cut the dirt.

Start using Rinso next week. See how just a little sousing up and down, and a light rubbing in your hands, make even the most ground-in dirt disappear.

Where water is hard

Where water is hard use a softener and proceed as directed on the package.

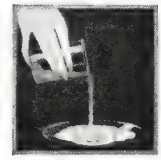
Get Rinso from your grocer or department store. One package will do your week's washing. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

If you use a washing machine

Soak the clothes overnight in the usual Rinso way. The cleansing suds loosen every bit of dirt. In the morning operate the machine a few minutes and the clothes are perfectly clean—even the most soiled spots.

Rinso is not a "washing powder"

The fine granules of Rinso look much like a "washing powder," but make this test: Use a heaping teaspoon each of Rinso and washing powder to a glass of boiling water. After a few hours see what happens.



"WASHING POWDER"
—high in harsh chemicals
—low in soap
it pours out

RINSO
—absolutely harmless
—so rich in soap
it "jells"

Rinso

Made by the makers of Lux for the family washing

MacDowell Composing his "Woodland Sketches

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

BLESSED are those woodlands of New Hampshire where Edward MacDowell met the wild rose; where his spirit discoursed with the departed Indian; where his soul "overflowed with tenderness and caprice." Blessed, too, is the old Steinway in the log cabin where he lived—for was it not the Voice which uttered first his fine romantic melodies? And is it not fitting that the Instrument of the Immortals should have been *his* instrument—just as it was Richard Wagner's and Franz Liszt's three score years ago—just as it is Paderewski's and Hofmann's and Rachmaninoff's today?

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 East Fourteenth Street, New York City

the gross. We also see that it is not the material nor the amount of elaborate workmanship, but rather the thought expended and the character of the design that constitute real value. One might add that these butt hinges and this lock point the moral: "Don't fear cheap prices, but shun cheap looks."

So far we have seen the value of good design in itself, and also that the lasting satisfaction of good design can be compassed in sundry ways that need not necessarily involve the outlay of much money. Good design is a prime essential of which nothing can take the place, and any attempt to make costly material or overly elaborate workmanship serve in lieu of it can result only in odious and futile vulgarity. The old Greeks succeeded in making humble, homely things objects of grace and beauty by very simple means, and we can do the same by bestowing upon them a little thought and discriminating choice.

It now remains to indicate the manner of using design; in other words, to discuss suitability and the principle of choice. Intimately associated with suitability are the subjects of scale or comparative size, and of color and material. In fact, they are all three contributory elements to suitability and can not be left out of the discussion. A piece of hardware can be chosen to good purpose only when we know the exact character of the object to which it is to be attached. To judge of its suitability we must keep in mind the material of which the background is made; the color and quality of its surface; the size of the object and the scale of paneling and moldings, all of which go to make up the ensemble of which the hardware is to form a part. To choose hardware without doing this would be just as foolish and unsatisfactory as it would be to attempt to select a hat for a person you had never seen.

Observe Correct Scale

For the sake of driving home the canons of choice just laid down, let us suppose a few extreme and striking examples which may serve as object lessons in what *not* to do. For instance, a large, bulky lock or great, massive hinges attached to a small door would be incongruous. Hardware of bold contour and ponderous detail would be manifestly inappropriate on a door, no matter what its size, if the paneling was of conspicuously restrained scale and all the moldings of extreme refinement and flat profile. So also would be delicate, painted porcelain knobs or cut-glass knobs on a robust, oaken door; while elaborate Louis Quinze fixtures of bronze, or fretted and cusped medieval strap hinges of iron would be little short of monstrous on a simply paneled, white-painted eighteenth century door.

Leaving all exaggerations out of account, it does not need much reflection or study to see that each kind of background has its own hardware affinities, one or more in number. A heavy oaken door, by its scale, its color, and the quality of its texture affords a kindly background for wrought-iron hardware of more or less robust design. A painted and paneled door, with refined moldings, is by its nature a good foil for either brass or black iron of modest pattern; and so it goes. These natural affinities, when once we have given them a little careful consideration, prove not hampering restrictions, but rather finger-posts to guide us in our choice and stimulate ingenious combination.

The materials of which house hardware may be made provide a considerable range of selection. Those most commonly employed are brass, bronze, and iron, but these are susceptible of so many combinations and each may be treated in such a variety of ways that the possibilities of results attainable are multiplied many fold. Iron may be wrought or cast, and it may be either painted or baked black, or else burnished so that it has much the ap-

Northfield Bed Davenports

Every one carries the Northfield trade-mark

The Super-Davenport

A NORTHFIELD endows your living room with unsuspected capacity. Its graceful symmetry imparts dignity and refinement to its surroundings. Revel in the easy slope of that soft, deep seat—in height just-so, with gently yielding spring edge all around. No need to hide its back, for over-all it is finished with equal care.

And when night falls, as with a wand, transform it instantly into a wide, white bed that invites repose.

A dealer near you sells Northfields, including fibre-reed, period and over-stuffed suites. Write for booklet that will assist your selection.

The Northfield Company

Makers of Good Furniture

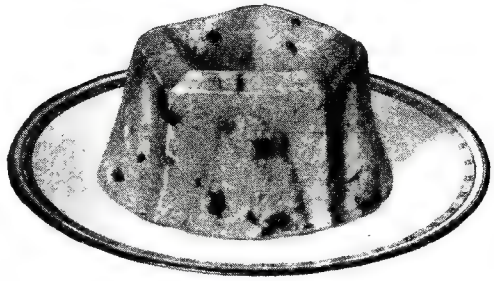
Martin Blvd. and 18th Ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Most Delicious Dishes from Just Plain Rice

HOW many of us appreciate the possibilities of rice—one of the most wholesome foods that grows? I have found so many exquisite d shes can be made of rice and meat or fish, or rice and fruit, that it seems to me it should have a much more frequent place in our daily fare.

Here, for instance, are two very simple but very delightful dishes in which rice is given an entirely new charm with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.



RICE PEACH CHARLOTTE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup canned peaches, apricots or pineapple pressed through sieve
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Whites of 2 eggs
4 cupfuls of cooked rice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add the sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or other fruit juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff and beat together thoroughly. Line the sides of a buttered mold with the rice, pressing it in tightly. Pour the gelatine mixture slowly into the center. When firm, turn on platter and serve with cream, whipped or plain, or a marshmallow or peach sauce.

Left over coffee, combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, makes delicious Coffee Jelly, Coffee Spanish Cream or Mocha Sponge, recipes for which are found in my booklets.

SALMON RICE LOAF

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful cold water
1 can of salmon
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful cooked rice
½ teaspoonful pepper
¾ cupful milk
1 tablespoonful melted butter

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner. (Any other fish or meat may be used in place of salmon.)

Knox Sparkling Gelatine, being transparent, colorless and unflavored, may be used with all foods, fish and meat, as well as fruit and vegetables.

MY RECIPE BOOKS—FREE

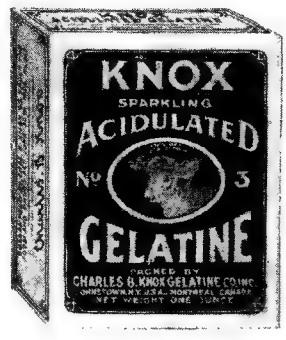
If you would like other new ideas for serving rice, fresh fruits or meats, send for my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," which contain many helpful suggestions. Just enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine —think of KNOX"

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

★KNOX GELATINE

140 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.



Furnishings and Decorations

pearance of old silver. For knobs, porcelain or glass, cut or pressed, may be mounted in metal. Bronze and brass may be employed in a variety of forms. A word of advice, however, should be given about brass hardware. It can be had either lacquered or unlacquered. The unlacquered is preferable if one really has any pride in the hardware. Lacquering is merely a shift to dodge the responsibility of cleaning, but the lacquered surface is always hard and unsympathetic and of an unpleasing color. Unlacquered brass, even when not cleaned, has dignity of color and individuality and acquires a pleasant patine. When polished it has a soft texture and sheen that are most gratifying, and a crisp, living color that a lacquered surface can never have.

Shams are always despicable. Allusion has been made to the sham of lacquer. Something should be added about the sham of a certain item of hardware that has not even the labor-saving excuse to justify it—the strap hinge, or rather the strap *part* of what was once upon a time a strap hinge, affixed merely for appearance' sake to the *outer* face of a door that swings *inward* on butt hinges. Whenever the door is opened, the odious deception is patent. If you wish to have strap hinges by all means have them. They are most desirable. But have *real* ones, and set them where they really do the work they are supposed to do. This principle is worth applying to all hardware.

The execution of special designs and special decoration for house hardware may be indulged in, if one chooses, but it is not at all necessary for the securing of satisfactory results. There is such a plentiful assortment of really good designs amongst stock patterns that one may do very well from that base of supply by keeping in mind a few of the principles herein set forth. Whatever study is devoted to the subject of house hardware will prove a source of enduring fascination.

The Successful Small House

(*Continued from page 35*)

room, and by choosing only those which are in correct scale with its dimensions. These exacting conditions were most happily fullfilled in the small house illustrated on pages 34 and 35, and a description of the means employed should be of interest to every housewife with a similar problem to be solved.

This charming house stands not far from the dividing line that separates the summer colony of Manchester-by-the-Sea from its neighbor, Magnolia. It is known as Fox Hill Lodge from the fact that in the early days, before the country was thickly settled, it was a favorite hunting ground for Sir Reynard and his clan.

The exterior is of stucco with black-painted trim, with outward-swinging casement windows and a small and simple porch. A Dutch door gives entrance to a narrow hall decorated in cool, receding colors. The gray walls are divided into panels outlined with pale green moldings, and painted consoles in the same delicate finish have been built in to hold wrought-iron vases of unusual shape. The heavy iron locks and hinges, the lighting fixtures, and the painted, rush-bottomed chairs add a reminiscent touch, and the picture is completed by hangings of printed linen in gray, green, and yellow, and a green rug bordered with black.

The living-room opening from the hallway at the right has yellow paneled walls which furnish a sunny background for the color scheme of lavender and green. The furniture is painted green with a tiny stripe of lavender, and its colors are repeated in the rug. This is a room of interesting details. Take, as an

Easy to Get—Easy to Use

Money saved is money earned—but a small amount invested in a Gainaday is not only saved, but it promptly starts earning *more* for you.

Make the Gainaday Electric Washer-Wringer a real part of your program for home-economy. Just figure the savings! Besides paying for itself in a year, it will save you $3 or $4 each washday, for years to come. And be sure to get the *Gainaday*. There is no other electric washer-wringer like it—none with its record of performance and improvement.

The manufacturer, the Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co., has been under the same management for twenty-eight years, and is backed by resources totaling nearly $4,000,000. These are records that bespeak stability for Gainaday Service. As a prospective purchaser of an electric washer it is a type of protection you should seek.

Start lightening your burden of washday—there is a dealer near you, proud of his Gainaday Franchise, who will be glad to serve you.

Send for our interesting pictorial circular, "Clean Clothes a'Plenty," free on request. Write us today.

PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY CO., *Manufacturers*
3010 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

There is now a Gainaday Ironer, too. Foot-controlled, operated while sitting comfortably. Direct gear-driven—no belts or pulleys to slip or break.

Gainaday Advantages

Handy Switch Button	Automatic Friction Drive
Any position Wringer	Steel Frame
Copper Tub	Powerful Motor
Revolving Zinc Cylinder	Complete Guarantee

~~WASHDAY~~ ~~IRONINGDAY~~ GAINADAY
Two Days' Work in One

★ Gainaday Washer Wringer

In using advertisements see page 4

Kodak as you go.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

The Successful Small House

instance, the hangings. The undercurtains, which are of black and white with a small figure, finished with fringe, form an interesting background for the rose and black chintz drapery which falls over them. Here, as in every room of the house, one notices the absence of shades; their function is performed by drawcurtains. The slip-covers are of the same material as the overhangings. Beneath one group of casements stands a small sofa, and across another is drawn a table with a cover of old filet lace. But it is most of all the fireplace, and the armchairs drawn up on either side of the hearth with the bookcase close at hand, that suggest comfort and ease on cold stormy nights when the north wind rattles the windows and trumpets down the chimney.

The morning-room tempts one to linger and study the unusual blending of lavender and soft blue. The walls are painted lavender and paneled with blue-painted molding. The furniture is decorated to match, while the hangings and upholstery of chintz show a lavender ground with black stripes, in which birds and flowers are predominant. It is a fascinating tone of lavender with just a hint of mauve, and bits of blue are used in the foreground as contrast. The rug was made to order in large squares of soft lavender and blue, and serves to emphasize the unusual color combination. The fine restraint manifested in the simplicity of treatment and the absence of superfluous ornament produces a restful effect, and one of surprising spaciousness.

The quaint and cheerful dining-room overlooks the water. In contrast with the cool green walls are gaily painted Windsor chairs in canary yellow with black stripings. The hangings are smartly striped in green and yellow, and these colors are repeated in the rug. The focal point of interest, however, is the fascinating little fireplace, painted a dead black, with a hanging crane and built-in settle.

A Cheerful Sun-Room

But if the other rooms are delightful, one simply revels in the sun-room with its cheerful yellow walls which fairly radiate sunshine. The furniture is appropriately painted yellow with green lines, and both colors are repeated in the rug. Summer and winter alike, this room is the favorite center of the family life.

On the second floor a pale yellow wall-paper with a wide, delicately figured gray stripe covers the walls of the principal bedroom. This provides the right background for the plain gray-painted furniture, the color of which is repeated in the molding and baseboards. Here, again, a black painted fireplace forms an effective foil to the hangings of cream linen edged with fringe, and the rug of plain yellow.

Faithful adherence to the two principles stated at the beginning is responsible for the vivacious charm of these little rooms and the surprising feeling of space which they inspire. The decorative element is supplied by the colors of the walls, furniture, and hangings, rather than by pictures and bric-à-brac, and these colors are cool and receding for the most part, with just enough soft, creamy yellow added to prevent coldness. The furniture includes only essentials, placed with careful regard to convenience and light, and discriminatingly chosen with respect to scale, so that nowhere is there to be found an over-large piece to call attention by its bulk to the limited dimensions of the room. Except in the dining-room, the center of each floor has purposely been left clear.

What the owner of Fox Hill Lodge has accomplished is equally within the power of every householder, for the effects achieved have nothing to do with cost, but depend for their success upon an intelligent choice of color combinations, rigid elimination of superfluities, and right relations between the dimensions of the room and the size and proportions of its furnishings.

HEBE

NET CONTENTS 1 LB. AVOIRDUPOIS
HEBE
A COMPOUND OF EVAPORATED SKIMMED MILK AND VEGETABLE FAT
CONTAINS 7.8% VEGETABLE FAT
25.5% TOTAL SOLIDS
THE HEBE COMPANY
OFFICES: CHICAGO-SEATTLE, U.S.A.

Rich, smooth and delicious sauces made with this wonderful, economical cooking aid

MAKE your sauce with HEBE whenever you serve creamed meats, fish, chicken, eggs, patties, vegetables, etc. The richness, smoothness and fine flavor will delight the most particular housewife.

HEBE helps to cut down table costs and one of the good things about it is the fact that you can use it in almost anything you cook or bake. Get a can of HEBE from your grocer today and try it.

There is no other food product like HEBE. It is pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat. Its purity is sealed in the can and it stays sweet in a cool place several days after opening, because it is sterilized.

Use HEBE *for*

Corn Muffins
Chicken a la King
Curried Eggs
Eggs Goldenrod
Creamed Dried Beef
Russian Salad Dressing
Banana Fritters
Chocolate and Cocoa

Serve HEBE *with Tea and Coffee, too*

The HEBE recipe booklet contains many suggestions for serving delicious, well-balanced meals at less cost. Send for it. Address 3605 Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

THE HEBE COMPANY
Chicago Seattle

In using advertisements see page 4

HOLMES & EDWARDS
SILVERWARE

Two qualities

Super-Plate, protected against wear

Silver-Inlaid, solid silver where it wears

The House of Holmes and Edwards, makers of unusual silverware, announces to the women of America its new pattern

THE HOSTESS

At all better dealers in Silverware

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor
Manufactured in Canada by
STANDARD SILVER CO. of TORONTO, Ltd.

SEND FOR BOOKLET AND NAME OF DEALER

(c) H & E 1921

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

"Country Cousin" or Sister?

(Continued from page 41)

they had never dreamed, return to the city in poverty.

Perhaps it was these disillusioned pilgrims of back-to-the-farm that turned the tide of public thinking in the opposite direction. At any rate, it was not long before we country folk began to hear that there was something wrong with country life. Again we were interviewed by reporters, but we seemed as disappointing as pessimists as we had been before as optimists. In spite of them we kept insisting upon our country pleasures and independence and health.

"But you have no bathtubs," they cried. "Why, in the city no one would live without a bathtub!"

We had some doubts about that, for we had seen pictures of city tenements in which the shining bathtub did not figure, but the interviewer had laid aside his notebook, so it would have done no good to mention them. We even explained that with the average country house built as it was, the entire profits from the farm for several years would often not suffice to install running water completely as the city people have it, but again he did not listen. He went back and spread the word abroad that we country folks were degenerate and lacking in refinement—all because we did not arise and howl in a chorus, at his suggestion, for white bathtubs.

But the latest thing is "the poor farm woman." What a view we are getting of her lack of conveniences, her wearing, physical tasks and her supposed deadness of intellect! The clear implication is that we farm women are all fools for staying in the country under present conditions. Now we may be fools indeed, but we are enough like ordinary human beings to dislike being told about it.

THE fact that some of these stories of "the poor country woman" are based on reports from country women themselves proves nothing, either. Did you ever know a class of women—or of men—who did not consider themselves worked to death? One would think that the city women, from whose shoulders so many burdens have been lifted by electricity and running water, would be happy and singing all the day long. But are they? No, when I meet them, I am appalled by their tales of woe—of the incompetent servants, the poor quality of what one buys nowadays, the uncertainty of getting workmen for necessary jobs about the house, and the high cost of living. If I ask even the "idle rich," I hear much the same story of the hard conditions of their lives. The office man, the retail grocer, the banker, would each make me think that his particular class was bearing all the burdens of society. Why, then, should not I, a country woman, have my turn in telling my troubles to the world?

But life has its compensations, and things seem to balance up fairly well. We are all trying our best to escape what we consider the great curse of work, yet not one of us is escaping, or ever will escape entirely. If we escape work with our hands, we merely work our brains the harder. If we escape expending our physical energy over a task, it usually takes toll from our nervous energy. This explains why the city woman is often overworked even though most of the physical burdens have been lifted from her shoulders.

I noticed an instance of this on my last visit to the city. One day a small load of short wood for the furnace was dumped in the alley behind the house, and no workman could be found to carry it in. As the maid was on a vacation, my hostess spent most of the morning telephoning to the different agencies that supply workers. Some of them promised to send a man at once, but he did not arrive, and after waiting a while she had to call again. In the meantime she entertained me with the

Campfire Marshmallow Salad

1 box CAMPFIRE Marshmallows
4 slices canned pineapple
2 large oranges
½ cup walnut meats
Few grains salt
Lettuce
Salad dressing

Cut Campfire Marshmallows in thin strips. Drain pineapple and cut in small cubes. Pare oranges, remove sections free from membrane and cut in pieces. Cut walnut meats in pieces. Mix ingredients, arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise or cream salad dressing.

Try It!

SIMPLY add Campfire Marshmallows to your favorite fruit salad; or use this recipe prepared by Alice Bradley, famous cooking authority. Then ask members of the family which way they like fruit salad best — with or without marshmallows.

Make the test with Campfire Marshmallows. They are specially prepared for culinary use and are preferred by good cooks everywhere for their delicious flavor and fine texture; and also for their economy. The Campfire package contains *six* ounces.

Alice Bradley has prepared a complete set of Campfire recipes. It contains many absolutely new recipes and offers a pleasing variety. Write for the Campfire Recipe Book. It's free. Address our Cookery Department.

★ **The Campfire Co.**
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Campfire Marshmallows

Soft warm tones transform your walls

The charm of a room lies in the simplicity of the effect rather than in decoration that is too ornate. This is especially true of wall finishes. Their color tones should blend in restful harmony. With Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish the most artistic effects can be achieved.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish is a "flat" oil finish paint in appropriate shades and tints for wall decoration. It saves the surface of walls and ceilings with a sanitary non-porous coat easy to keep clean. No-Lustre Finish fittingly bears the Acme Quality label—the mark of perfect paints and varnishes for every surface.

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used fo. each surface, get our two booklets "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us.

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LINCOLN
FORT WORTH
PORTLAND
PITTSBURGH
SALT LAKE CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

"Country Cousin" or Sister?

story of the horrible conditions labor was imposing upon the helpless people of the city. In the afternoon she missed an important engagement because the man had not come, and the telephoning was repeated. As it grew dark her worry increased, for the automobiles must go to the garages, and the pile of wood in the alley was a public nuisance. Yet she could find no one to bring it in. She appeared at breakfast the next morning worn and hollow-eyed.

"For besides the danger," she said, "some one might have stolen the wood—and it is *so* dear!"

At last, in the middle of the forenoon, a workman appeared and carried in the wood.

Now, all this trouble had been caused by a pile of wood of perhaps a dozen armloads. Under my own living conditions I should have put on a big apron to protect my dress, and brought in the wood myself—well within an hour. I have often carried in as much and stoked it into my kitchen stove, in addition to my regular day's work. Usually I am not supposed to carry in wood on the farm, as the men of the family are very considerate, but sometimes the wood-box is inconsiderate enough to run empty in the midst of my baking or ironing, and I have to bring in a few loads to finish the work. And yet I do not feel particularly abused. Really I am not half so put upon as the city woman was with her reckless waste of nervous energy in getting the task done. And yet she probably pities me as "a poor country woman."

Yet I have a great admiration for the city woman. When my friend and I are out together, I marvel at her quick replies to the passing remark—my own clever replies usually occur to me after I have reached home. Her calmness and poise as she makes her way among the automobiles in the street almost awes me, for I am as skittish as a country-bred horse when I set out from one curb to the other. I admire her nimbleness of mind upon the issues of the day, and the newest in art, music, and literature. But most of all I envy her unerring taste in hats and shoes and gloves—while I, bewildered by the plethora of things in the shops, can only plead ignorance and beg her to go shopping with me. I envy, too, her quick adjustments to new ideas. When she learns of a new labor-saving convenience, she does not have to struggle with qualms of fear about its success or its economy. No, she gives it a keen glance or two, adapts herself to the new idea, and is enjoying its benefits long before I am through with the first struggle with my conscience.

THEN what do I ask of life, you say? Would I rather be a city woman with her defects or a country woman with mine? No, I want neither. Or rather, a little of both. Why should we country women miss these things that the city women have as a matter of course? Why should not the city woman share our deeper knowledge of life? In other words, why should we not between us overcome the old antagonism of City *vs.* Country and both of us grow richer in the process?

I do not pretend to know how this can be done fully, but at least I can give a few of the ideas we country women have upon the subject. In the first place, if we farm women are to have that leisure from physical tasks for developing our minds as we wish, we must somehow have more money. Household conveniences cost money, and moreover—though the average person does not seem to have found this out—they cost considerably more money in the country than in the city. This does not mean necessarily that the consumer will pay more for our products, but that the best and most economical means must be employed in transferring our products to the consumer. What we are trying to do with all our cooperative marketing schemes is to make our life richer by going to the city buyer direct without the loss of roundabout methods. We

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!
Fuller
Duster
Look for the Trade Mark on the Handle

Why Not Pick Up The Dust?

DUST should be gathered up—not scattered around. That's the reason for this soft, fluffy, dust-absorbing Fuller Duster. It collects the dust from all kinds of places and surfaces; the long soft-spun strands actually pick it up. The long handle makes it easy to use without stooping. Washed and wrung, it dries out like new—retaining the dust-holding chemical treatment.

Like the other forty-four equally useful Fuller Brushes, it is absolutely guaranteed. All are of sanitary open construction—twisted in wire. Every one is specially designed for its work.

At your home the 69 uses of these Fuller Brushes are explained by our representatives, who are trained in household efficiency. They bring to you the Fuller Service of practical labor-saving ideas. If one has not called lately, write us.

★ The Fuller Brush Company
Hartford, Connecticut
The Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Branch Offices in over 100 cities—consult telephone directory

FULLER BRUSHES
69 USES HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

ARMCO
TRADE MARK

INGOT IRON
Resists Rust

Look for this blue and gold label on Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Stoves, Enameled Table tops, and other household utilities.

There is a Type of Store Where Armco Products Are Sold

The man or woman who buys a refrigerator, a stove, or a washing machine made with "Armco" Ingot Iron, is of a certain type.

The manufacturer who puts "Armco" Ingot Iron in his product must make a worthy article—must be a certain type of man—or he would use ordinary metal.

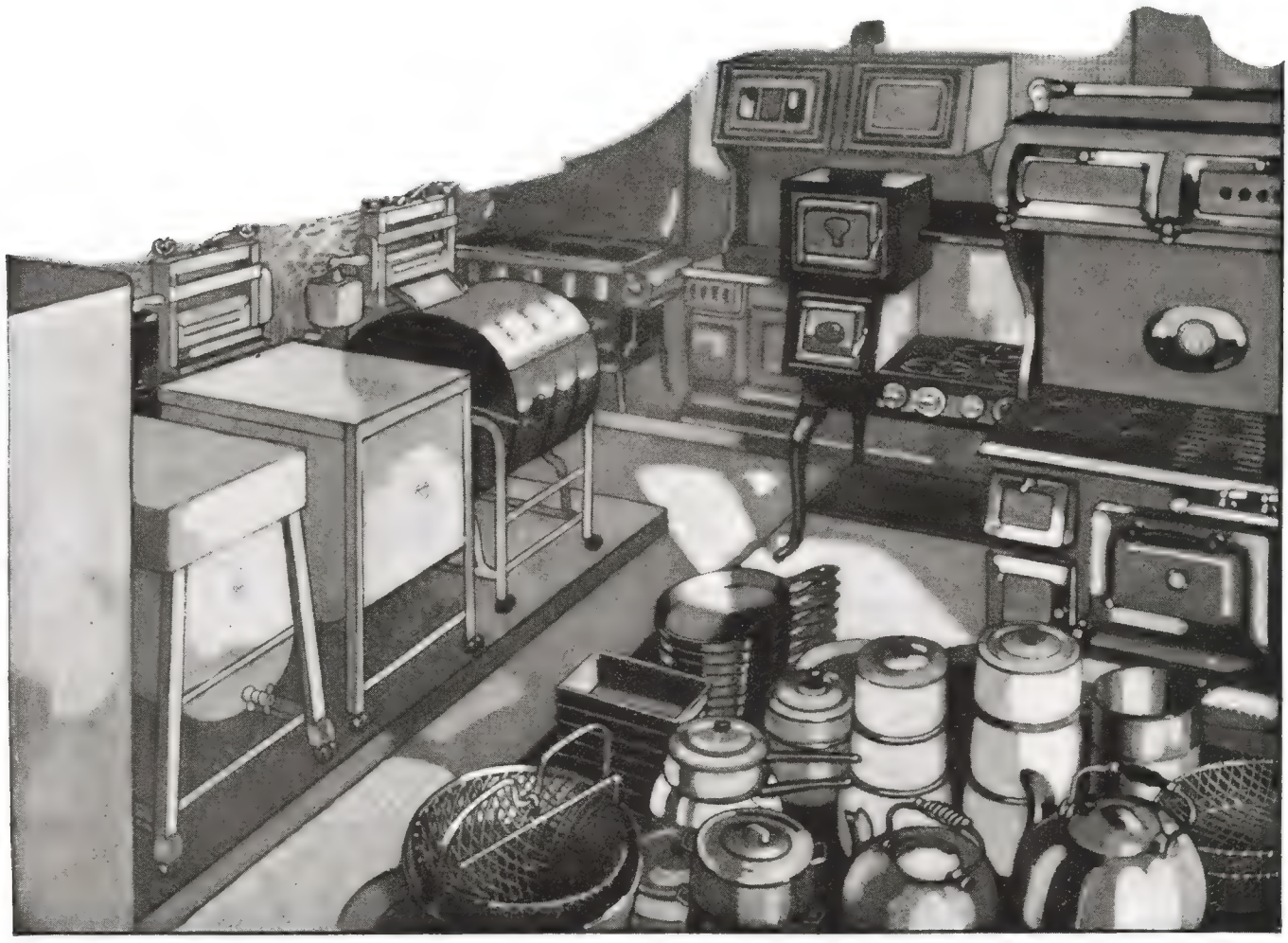
Even the merchant, the dealer who sells Armco products, can be classified generally by that very fact, for we know of no poor article made from this iron.

Therefore, the blue and gold Armco triangle carries with it an assurance of quality, of solid worth, wherever it is found.

During the week of March 21-28, dealers are planning to make special displays of "Armco" Ingot Iron products.

"Armco" Ingot Iron is used and featured in such nationally advertised products as "Federal Washers," "Sanico Ranges," "Leonard Cleanable Refrigerators," "Buck's Stoves and Ranges," "Eden Washing Machines," "Globe Stoves and Ranges," and "Brascolites."

The American Rolling Mill Company, Box 328, Middletown, O.



Cantilever Stores

Akron—Graner-Powers, 71 S. Main St.
Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
Asheville—Anthony Bros.
Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—Wm. Hahn & Co.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Birmingham—Louis Saks Clo. Co.
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
Buffalo—639 Main St.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Charleston—J. F. Condon & Sons.
Chicago—30 E. Randolph St.
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—Graner-Powers Co.
Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb's
Columbus, O.—The Union
Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son
Des Moines—W. L. White Co.
Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Av.
Elizabeth—Gigl's, 1053 Elizabeth Av.
Elmira— C. W. O'Shea
El Paso—Popular D. G. Co.
Erie—Weschler Co.
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Harrisburg—Orner's Boot Shop
Hartford—86 Pratt St.
Houston—W. C. Munn Co. [Co.
Huntington, W.Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Store Co.
Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Macon—The Dannenberg Co.
Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—21 Eighth St. South
Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.
Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store
Morristown—G. W. Melick
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—Hahne & Co.
New Haven—Edw. Malley Co.
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co.
New York—22 W. 39th St.
Omaha—308 So. 18th St.
Philadelphia—1300 Walnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—McIlhenny, Inc.
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—S. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—S. Sycle, 11 W. Broad
Rochester—48 East Ave.
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—Patton & Hall
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Stamford—L. Spelke & Son
Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.
Tacoma—Rhodes Bros.
Tampa—Glenn's, 507 Franklin St.
Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung
Toledo—Lasalle & Koch Co.
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
Vancouver—Hudson Bay Co.
Walla Walla—Gardner & Co.
Washington—Wm. Hahn & Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yakima—Kohls Shoe Co.
Yonkers—Louis Klein, 22 Main St.
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Is it worth while?

WHEN you find that you tire easily, when happiness fails through headache, backache, nervousness—then ask yourself: "Is it worth while to wear harmful shoes?"

Physicians assert that the bad effects of wrongly shaped shoes are far-reaching. The unnatural posture induced by high heels throws the internal organs out of position. Resulting troubles often necessitate operations.

The woman who would be at her best and brightest will wear Cantilever Shoes. Their flexible arches, which conform to the natural action of the foot and allow the muscles free play, enable you to walk or stand correctly, with minimum fatigue, and eliminate all danger of weak or fallen arches.

They stimulate—not retard—the circulation which brings to the cheeks a bewitching glow. They do not abuse the nerves which run from the feet up through the body even to the eyes. Knowing that your physical perfection starts with your feet, you can take satisfaction in the thought that your Cantilever Shoes conduce to your health and charm, your youthfulness and joy in living.

Good taste distinguishes every detail of Cantilever Shoes. They exemplify the fact that women and their shoes can be at once sensible and stylish.

If no dealer listed at the left is near you, the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 2 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., will mail you the Cantilever Shoe Booklet and the address of a nearby dealer.

Cantilever Shoe *for Men & Women*

"Country Cousin" or Sister?

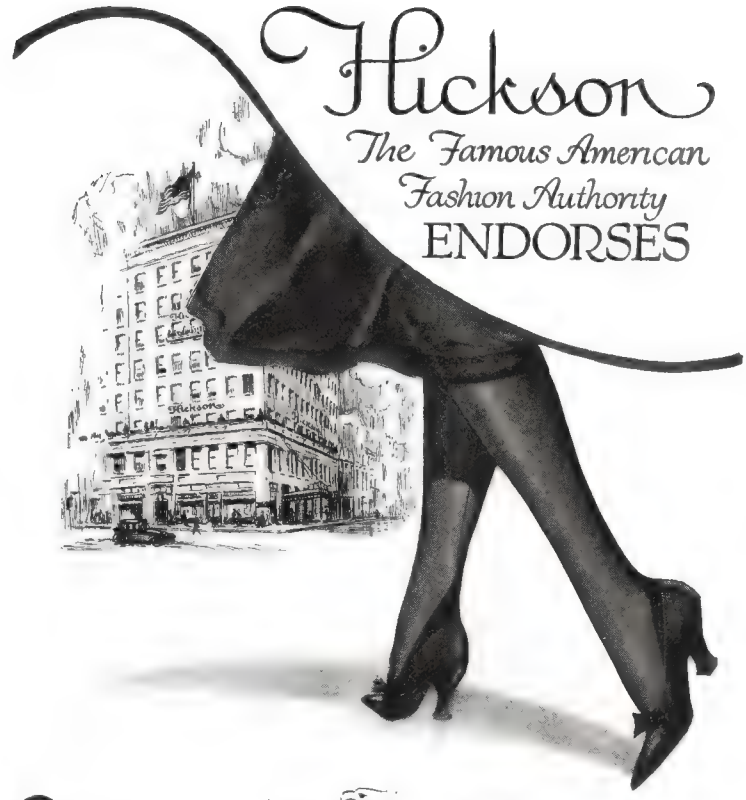
meet many discouragements, but if the city people are understanding and helpful, we shall work it out sooner or later. There is much that the city women can do to better our condition in this way.

Another thing the city woman—under usual conditions—can do is to become a producer herself in a garden of her own, even though it is but a row or two between the clotheslines in the backyard. She will not only cut the high cost of her living, but will add to her appreciation of life, for it is both a duty and a privilege to dig in the soil. Once she grows even a few things by work with her own hands, she will not easily forget that all mankind still draws its nourishment from the breast of Mother Earth, a fact many of the nations were near forgetting before the Great War awakened them. This first-hand knowledge is so essential to the understanding of our country life issues that we country folk can well endure the loss her collective gardening may bring us financially to gain her real interest in our production problems.

Then there was once a good old rule that the city relatives spent a month in the country in summer and the country relatives paid back the visit in full in the winter. And if the bargain is adhered to strictly on both sides there is no better way to bring town and country together. A city woman who helps us with the work for a month will never again be guilty of saying that the farmer's food doesn't cost him anything. She can also make arrangements for a part of her winter supplies to come direct from the farm she visits. And the country woman, in trying to solve some of the city problems, will no doubt find that they are actually more difficult than they seemed at long range. She can do her shopping for clothing and house furnishings in the city stores. In the end both ought to be the better for such an exchange of experiences.

ANOTHER thing we must do is to learn more about each other from our reading. The magazines coming to the country homes with their tales of city life and their pictures of city clothes and city homes are a great blessing, for what we country women desire most of all is to dress and speak and act so that no one will mark us as country born. We love silk stockings quite as much as city women do, and are just as fond of the hang of a skirt or the tilt of a hat brim. We love to feel that our clothes, though simple, are "right," and properly worn. Then we enjoy knowing about the new books and pictures, the prominent people of the city, and the newest star in the movies—and all these things the magazines bring to us every month.

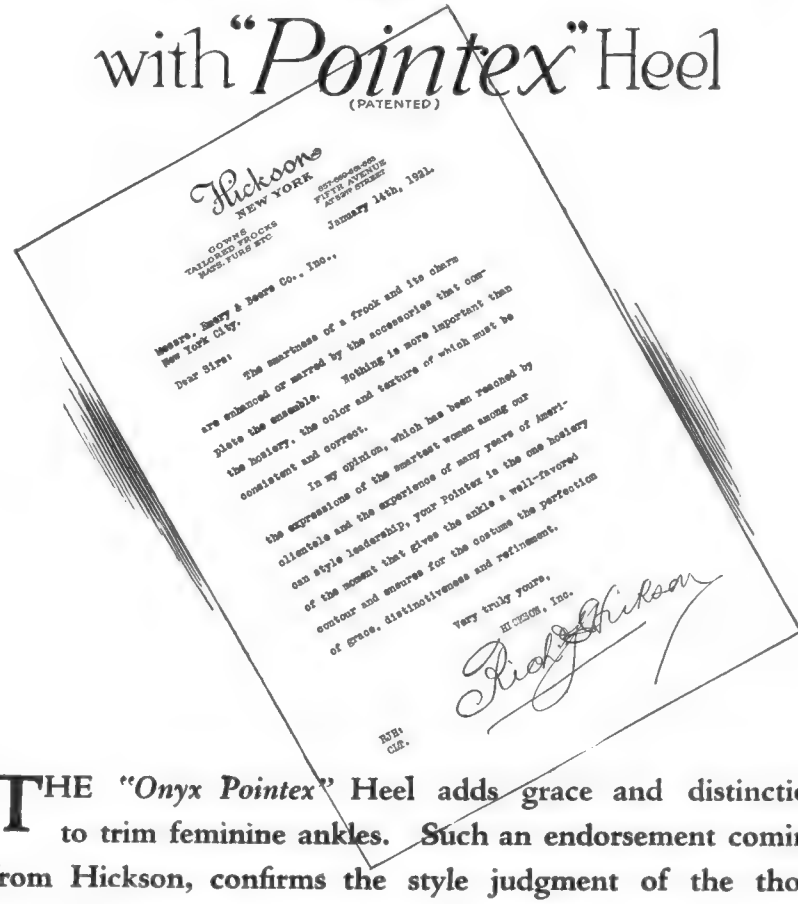
But what do the magazines tell the city women of us? Do they enlarge her sympathy for us and her knowledge of what country life really is? Very little, I am afraid. Even when a rural subject like "the poor farm woman" is chosen, it is the city-minded and not the country-minded writer who speaks. It may be good for us to "see ourselves as others see us," but what of the city woman who needs to see us as we see ourselves? Why should all the articles of notable women feature the city workers, when the rural districts have their women working in the church, the community centers, the Grange, and other country organizations? We country women think that when we really accomplish such work we should be asked for our photographs for publication, too. Yes, indeed, we are quite human—even as regards our vanity. And then, too, we think that if our pictures were thus presented—showing us clear-eyed and clear-skinned and hopeful-looking as we are—with the story of the work we have accomplished for our neighbors and our families, no reader could ever again think of us as mere country folk of no intellect or as "poor farm women."



"Onyx" Hosiery

with "Pointex" Heel

(PATENTED)


Hickson
NEW YORK
GOWNS
TAILORED FROCKS
MANT. FURS ETC
ESTABLISHED
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 56TH STREET
January 14th, 1921.
Messrs. Emery & Beers Co., Inc.,
New York City.
Dear Sirs:
The smartness of a frock and its charm
are enhanced or marred by the accessories that com-
plete the ensemble. Nothing is more important than
the hosiery, the color and texture of which must be
consistent and correct.
In my opinion, which has been reached by
the expressions of the smartest women among our
clientele and the experience of many years of fash-
ion style leadership, your Pointex is the one hosiery
of the moment that gives the ankle a well-favored
contour and ensures for the costume the perfection
of grace, distinctiveness and refinement.
Very truly yours,
HICKSON, Inc.
RHH
CLR.

THE *"Onyx Pointex"* Heel adds grace and distinction to trim feminine ankles. Such an endorsement coming from Hickson, confirms the style judgment of the thousands of women who have always preferred *"Onyx Pointex."*

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.

Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors—New York

"THAT WELL-DRESSED LOOK"

Not Fair Weather Friends

That's one of the things you learn about Wooltex Tailor-mades or Knockabouts after you've worn them for a while. They are *not* "fair weather" friends.

After many drenchings in unexpected showers, after constant wear in town or in the country, you find your coat or suit has lost none of its trimness.

You are assured that the lines are really tailored in, not pressed in, that the hem will not pucker nor the sleeves lose their snug, smooth fit.

You've any number of styles to choose from—suits and coats for town wear, motor wear, afternoon and dressy occasions! The fabrics vary from the finest serge to Irish and Scotch homespuns which fairly breathe of the great outdoors.

The merchant who carries Wooltex Tailor-mades and Wooltex Knockabouts in your vicinity has a copy of "The Tailored Woman" magazine for you. If you do not know which store handles Wooltex, write us for the name and the magazine.

Wooltex

Tailor-mades *and* Knockabouts

Insist upon the above Wooltex signature as your guide to "That Enduring Well-Dressed Look". Wooltex Tailor-mades, $48, $55, $68, $85. Wooltex Knockabouts, $25, $38, $45

THE H. BLACK COMPANY Cleveland and New York

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The Flaming Forest

(*Continued from page 60*)

was spoken with a quiet lack of excitement, even of interest. It seemed to belie some of the things St. Pierre had told him, and he could scarcely believe, looking at her now, that she had entreated her husband to prevent the encounter, or that she had betrayed any unusual emotion in the matter at all.

"I was afraid you would object," he could not keep from saying. "It does not seem nice to pull off such a thing as that, when there is a lady about—"

"Or *ladies*." She caught him up quickly, and he saw a sudden little tightening of her pretty mouth as she turned her eyes to the bit of lace work again. "But I do not object, because what St. Pierre says is right—must be right."

And the softness, he thought, went altogether out of the curve of her lips for an instant. In a flash their momentary betrayal of vexation was gone, and St. Pierre's wife had replaced the work-basket on the table and was on her feet, smiling at him. There was something of wild daring in her eyes, something that made him think of the glory of adventure he had seen flaming in her face the night they had run the rapids of the Holy Ghost.

"Tomorrow will be very unpleasant, M'sieu David," she cried softly. "Bateese will beat you—terribly. Tonight we must think of things more agreeable."

HE had never seen her more radiant than when she turned toward the piano. What the deuce did it mean? Had St. Pierre been making a fool of him? She actually appeared unable to restrain her elation at the thought that Bateese would surely beat him up! He stood without moving and made no effort to answer her. Just before they had started on that thrilling adventure into the forest, which had ended with his carrying her in his arms, she had gone to the piano and had played for him. Now her fingers touched softly the same notes. A little humming trill came in her throat, and it seemed to David that she was deliberately recalling his thoughts to the things that had happened before the coming of St. Pierre. He had not lighted the lamp over the piano, and for a flash her dark eyes smiled at him out of the half shadow. After a moment she began to sing.

Her voice was low and without effort, untrained, and subdued as if conscious and afraid of its limitations, yet so exquisitely sweet that to David it was a new and still more wonderful revelation of St. Pierre's wife. He drew nearer, until he stood close at her side, the dark luster of her hair almost touching his arm, her partly upturned face a bewitching profile in the shadows.

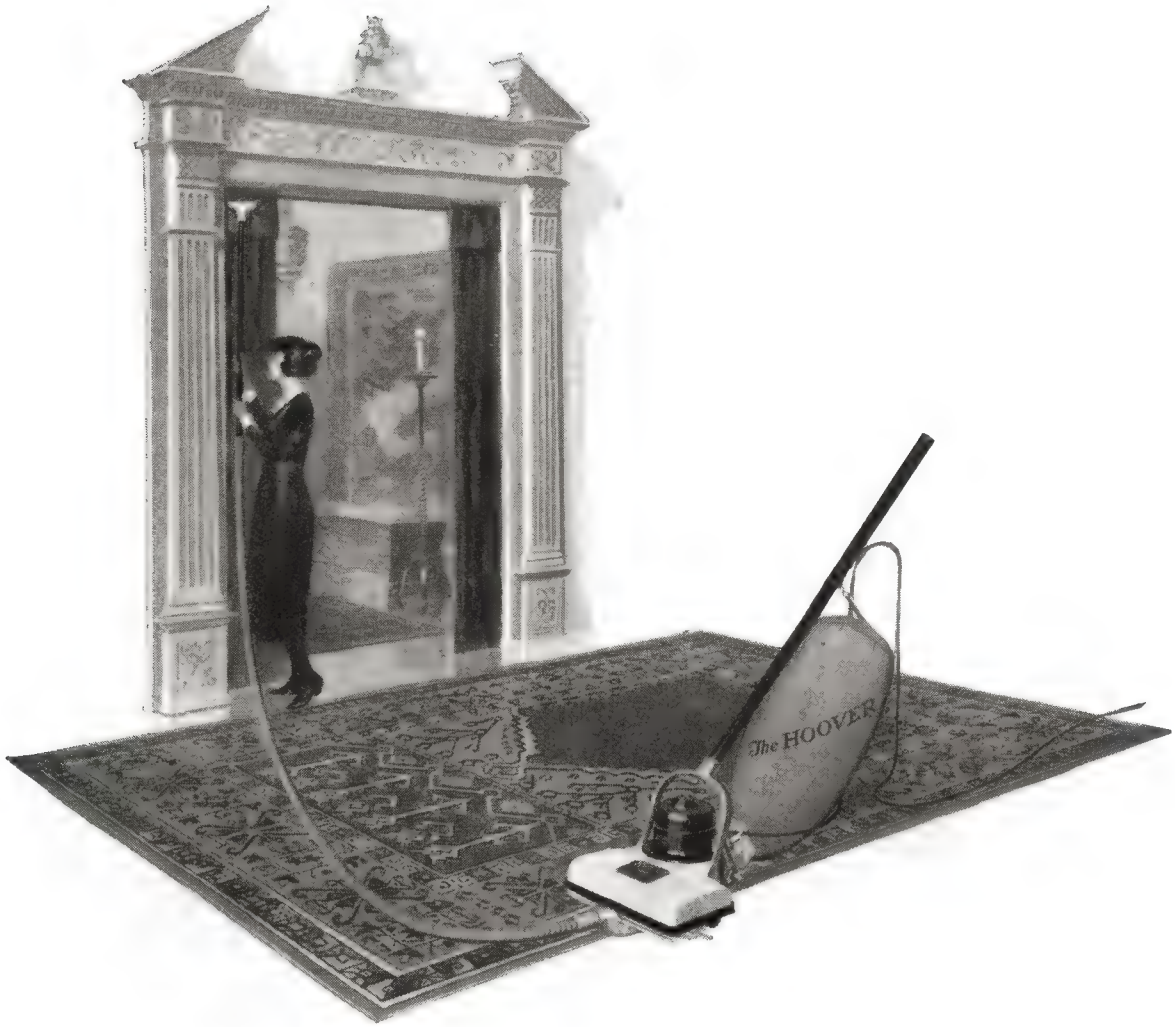
Her voice grew lower, almost a whisper in its melody, as if meant for him alone. Many times he had heard the Canadian Boat Song, but never as its words came now from the lips of Marie-Ann Boulain.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

She paused. And David, staring down at her shining head, did not speak. Her fingers trembled over the keys, he could see dimly the shadow of her long lashes, and the spirit-like scent of crushed violet rose to him from the soft lace about her throat, and her hair.

"It is your music," he whispered. "I have never heard the Boat Song like that!"

He tried to drag his eyes from her face and hair, sensing that he was a near-criminal, fighting a mighty impulse. The notes under her fingers changed, and again—by chance or design—she was stabbing at him, bringing him face to face with the weakness of his flesh, the iniquity of his desire to reach out his arms and fold her in them. Yet she did not look up,



From the deep folds and softly cushioned surfaces of even the finest upholstery, all lint and dust may speedily be suctioned away by the air attachments of The Hoover. But for the vastly more difficult task of cleaning rugs, so as to prolong their life, The Hoover brings into play all three of its forces. Gently it beats out all nap-cutting, embedded grit. Briskly it sweeps up all clinging litter, erects matted nap and freshens colors. Vigorously it cleans by air. Only The Hoover discharges all these duties. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
Also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

L'Aiglon DRESSES

This Spring buy good dresses. Your clothes will wear longer and you'll enjoy the satisfaction of always being well dressed.

L'Aiglon dresses, while of the finest materials, exquisite workmanship and in newest styles, are not highest in price.

The L'Aiglon label, insuring highest quality, is featured by better stores carrying L'Aiglon Dresses, Maids' and Nurses' Uniforms and Bathrobes.

On request we'll mail the new L'Aiglon Style Book, showing fashion plates of advance styles for the season, detailing cut and finish

L'Aiglon STYLE WITH COMFORT TRADE MARK BIBERMAN MAKE

BIBERMAN BROTHERS, Inc., 15th and Wallace Sts., Philadelphia

Manufacturers of L'Aiglon Wash Dresses, Maids' and Nurses' Uniforms, Bathrobes

THE DRESSES SHOWN ABOVE ARE:—

"Aurora" Model—Gingham in blue, pink or black check. Organdie vest, collar and cuffs. Sizes 16, 18, 20. 36 to 46. Price $5.50.

"Jonquil" Model—Good grade gingham. Panel effect front; organdie collar and cuffs. Semi-fitting. Black, blue, pink or green. Sizes 36 to 46. Price $5.00.

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"Mayflower" Model—A one-piece dress with overblouse connecting with the sash. Pique collar and cuffs. Red and navy, blue and tan, pink and green. Sizes 16, 18, 20. 36 to 46. Price $4.50.

Should your merchant not be able to show you the dresses you desire, send us his name and address. Give name of dresses, colors and sizes, enclose money order covering price, and we will see you are supplied. Prices mentioned are current except in Canada and the Far West

she did not see him, as she began to sing "Ave Maria."

With the reverence of a prayer the holy words came from her lips, slowly, softly, trembling with a pathos and sweetness that told David they came not alone from the lips, but from the very soul of St. Pierre's wife.

"Oh, Mother, hear me where thou art,
And guard and guide my aching heart, my aching heart!"

The last words drifted away into a whisper, and David was glad that he was not looking into the face of St. Pierre's wife, for there must have been something there now which it would have been sacrilege for him to stare at, as he was staring at her hair.

No sound of opening door had come from behind them. Yet St. Pierre had opened it and stood there, watching them with a curious humor in eyes that seemed still to hold a glitter of the fire that had leaped from the half-breed's flaming birch logs. His voice was a shock to Carrigan.

"*Peste,* but you are a gloomy pair!" he boomed. "Why no light over there in the corner, and why sing that death-song to chase away the devil when there is no devil near?"

Guilt was in David's heart, but there was no sting of venom in St. Pierre's words, and he was laughing at them now, as though what he saw were a pretty joke and amused him.

"Late hours and shady bowers! I say it should be a love song or something livelier," he cried, closing the door behind him and coming toward them.

"Has she not the sweetest voice in the world, m'sieu? Did you ever hear a sweeter or as sweet? I say it is enough to get down into the soul of a man, unless he is already half dead! That voice— "

He caught Marie-Anne's eyes. Her cheeks were flaming. Her look, for an instant, flashed lightning as she halted him.

"*Ma foi,* I speak it from the heart," he persisted, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Am I not right, M'sieu Carrigan? Did you ever hear a sweeter voice?"

"It is wonderful," agreed David, wondering if he was hazarding too much.

"Good! It fills me with happiness to know I am right. And now, *cherie,* good-night! I must return to the raft."

A shadow of vexation crossed Marie-Anne's face. "You seem in great haste."

"Plagues and pests! You are right, Pretty Voice! I am most anxious to get back to my troubles there, and you—"

"Will also bid M'sieu Carrigan good-night," she quickly interrupted him. "You will at least see me to my room, St. Pierre, and safely put away for the night."

She held out her hand to David. There was not a tremor in it as it lay for an instant soft and warm in his own. She made no effort to withdraw it quickly, nor did her eyes hide their softness as they looked into his own.

Mutely David stood as they went out. He heard St. Pierre's loud voice rumbling about the darkness of the night. He heard them pass along the side of the bateau forward, and half a minute later he knew that St. Pierre was getting into his canoe. The dip of a paddle came to him.

For a space there was silence, and then, from far out in the black shadow of the river, rolled back the great voice of St. Pierre Boulain singing the wild river chant, "*En Roulant ma Boule.*"

At the open window he listened. It seemed to him that from far over the river, where the giant raft lay, there came a faint answer to the words of the song.

XIX

WITH the slow approach of the storm which was advancing over the wilderness, Carrigan felt more poignantly the growing unrest that was in him. He heard the last

Serve Dromedary Dates

A SALAD more tempting or more easily made can not be imagined. Just Dromedary Dates with oranges and lettuce. A pleasing combination that can be served at all seasons.

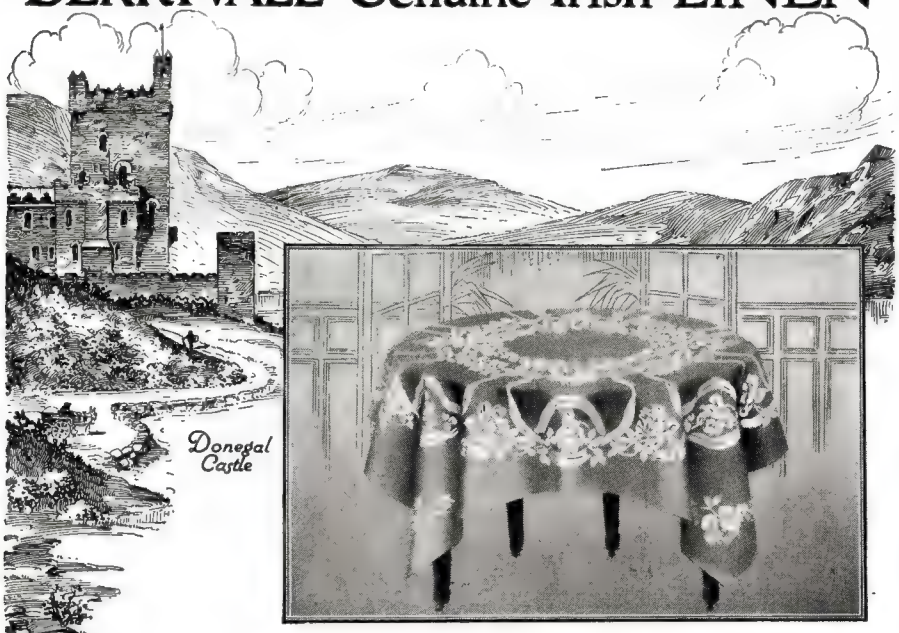
Moist, luscious, golden Dromedary Dates—nature's confection from the Garden of Eden—are especially selected from the season's choicest crop. Healthful and easy to digest, they are especially good for children. Rich in natural sugar, they are most valuable for giving fuel and energy to the body (a fact worth your consideration).

Serve Dromedary Dates at meals and between meals—just as they come from the package; or in interesting combinations with other foods—stuffed, in desserts, breads, muffins, and cereals. Our **Free Booklet** tells many alluring ways to serve Dromedary Dates. Send for it today.

★ The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. A 375 Washington Street, New York

THE one-humped Dromedary is often the swiftest means of crossing the Far East desert. Their drivers and guides depend chiefly upon dates for their sustenance. The best of this luscious, nourishing food is brought fresh to your table in each package of Dromedary Dates.

DERRYVALE Genuine Irish LINEN



Linen that is both Beautiful and Economical

Many women choose Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen because its lustrous beauty, silky finish and rich design make it a source of pride to those who delight in home appointments of distinctive beauty.

Durability
Other women prefer it because it is so skilfully woven of choicest long fibre flax, that it launders like new and outwears ordinary linen many times over.

Complete Design
Some find it most interesting because each Table Cloth is a complete design yet costs no more than linen cut by the yard.

Guarantee
Still others consider first the guarantee of quality which reads:

We guarantee the purity and durability of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen. If any piece is unsatisfactory, return it to your dealer and have it replaced.

Whether it is one or all of these distinct advantages that will dictate *your* choice of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen you may be sure that

"If It's DERRYVALE, It's IRISH LINEN"

In most cities there is one good store where you will find complete assortments of Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen.

Damask Table Cloths with Napkins to match in beautiful round designs.

Towels with hemstitched edges in plain or figured huck.

Hand Printed Centerpieces and **Scarfs** of rich and exclusive designs, printed on natural linen in beautifully delicate tints and colorings—proof against tubbing and fading.

Art Linen in white and natural in various widths and qualities that is worthy of the time spent in embroidery and crochet.

Stamped Linen ready for embroidery and crochet in exclusive designs on various articles in white and natural.

If you are interested in Linen for embroidery purposes we will send you samples. Catalog of tablecloths mailed on request.

You can obtain the book, "How to Set the Table for Every Occasion," from your Derryvale dealer or we will send it to you prepaid on receipt of 50c. check, postoffice or express money order.

Derryvale Linen Co., Inc.
20 East 22nd St., New York City.
Mills—Belfast, Ireland

© 1921-D.L.C.

A Typical Scene in the Irish Linen Country

The Flaming Forest

of St. Pierre's voice, and after that the fires on the distant shore died out slowly, giving way to utter blackness. Faintly there came to him the far-away rumbling of thunder. The air grew heavy and thick, and there was no sound of night-bird over the breast of the river, and out of the thick cedar and spruce and balsam there came no cry or whisper of the nocturnal life waiting in silence for the storm to break. In that stillness David put out the lights in the cabin and sat close to the window in darkness.

He was more than sleepless. Every nerve in his body demanded action, and his brain was fired by strange thoughts until their vividness seemed to bring him face to face with a reality that set his blood stirring with an irresistible thrill. He believed he had made a discovery, that St. Pierre had betrayed himself. What he had visioned, the conclusion he had arrived at, seemed inconceivable, yet what his own eyes had seen and his ears had heard pointed to the truth of it all. The least he could say was that St. Pierre's love for Marie-Anne Boulain was a strange sort of love. His attitude toward her seemed more like that of a man in the presence of a child of whom he was fond in a fatherly sort of way. Not for an instant had there been in it a betrayal of the lover, a suggestion of the husband who might be made jealous by another man.

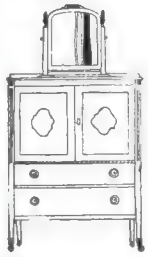
SITTING in darkness thickening with the nearer approach of storm, David recalled the stab of pain mingled with humiliation that had come into the eyes of St. Pierre's wife when she had stood facing her husband. He heard again, with a new understanding, the low note of pathos in her voice as in song she had called upon the Mother of Christ to hear her—and help her. He had not guessed at the tragedy of it then. Now he knew, and he thought of her lying awake in the gloom beyond the bulkhead, her eyes wet with tears. And St. Pierre had gone back to his raft, singing in the night! Where before there had been sympathy for him, there rose a sincere revulsion. There had been a reason for St. Pierre's masterly possession of himself, and it had not been, as he had thought, because of his bigness of soul. It was because he had not cared. He was a splendid hypocrite, playing his game well at the beginning, but betraying the lie at the end. He did not love Marie-Anne as he, Dave Carrigan, loved her. He had spoken of her as a child, and he had treated her as a child, and was serenely dispassionate in the face of a situation which would have roused the spirit in most men. And suddenly, recalling that thrilling hour in the white strip of sand and all that had happened since, it flashed upon David that St. Pierre was using his wife as the vital moving force in a game of his own—that under the masquerade of his apparent faith and bigness of character he was sacrificing her to achieve a certain mysterious something in the scheme of his own affairs.

Yet he could not forget the infinite faith Marie-Anne Boulain had expressed in her husband. There had been no hypocrisy in her waiting and her watching for him, or in her belief that he would straighten out the tangles of the dilemma in which she had become involved. Nor had there been make-believe in the manner she had left him that day in her eagerness to go to St. Pierre. Adding these facts as he had added the others, he fancied he saw the truth staring at him out of the darkness of his cabin room. Marie-Anne loved her husband. And St. Pierre was merely the possessor, careless and indifferent, almost brutally dispassionate in his consideration of her.

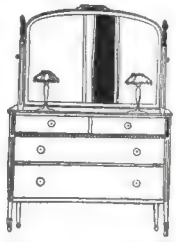
A heavy crash of thunder brought Carrigan back to a realization of the impending storm. He rose to his feet in the chaotic gloom, facing the bulkhead beyond which he was certain St. Pierre's wife lay wide awake. He tried to laugh. It was inexcusable, he told himself, to let his thoughts become involved in the

As Featured in Window Displays and Advertisements by Leading Retailers During April

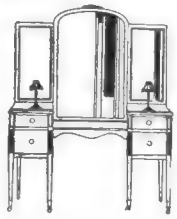
Bed—In twin or fullsize—either straight end or round end design. Panels in fiddleback and blisterfigured mahogany.



Chifforobe—Top, 39 x 23 in.; 60 in. high. Paneled doors enclose three mahogany sliding trays. Loose swinging mirror.

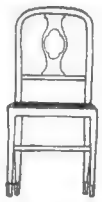


Bureau—Top, 50 x 23 in. Mirror, 40 x 28 in. Drawer fronts in fiddleback and blister mahogany. Posts fluted. Spade toes.



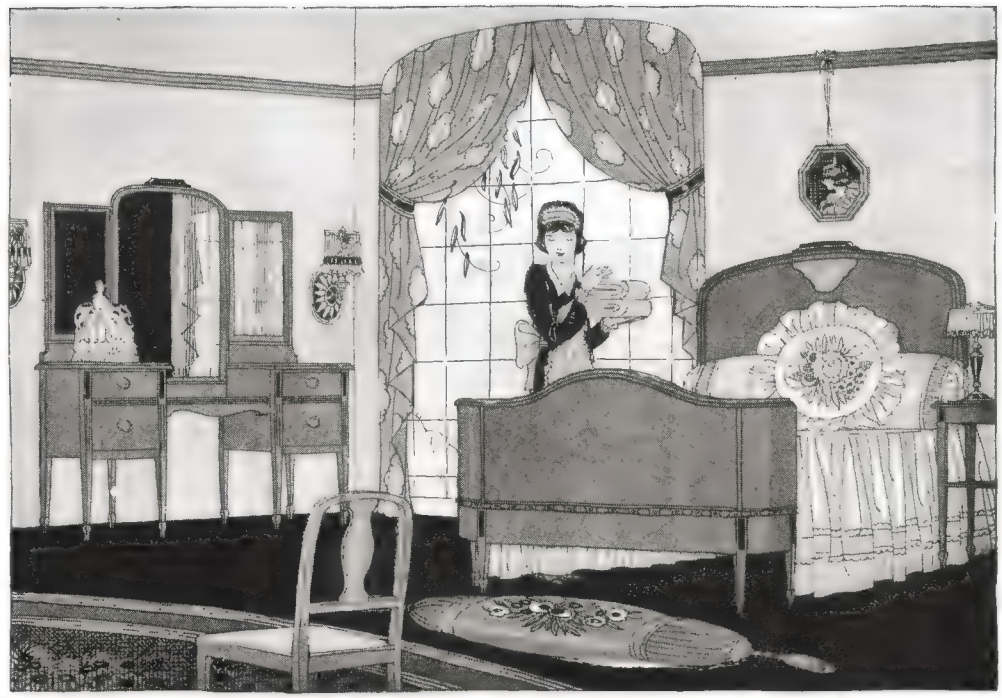
Toilet Table—Center mirror, 20x32 in. Two swinging mirrors. Drawers in fiddleback and blister mahogany. With Dressing Bench.

Writing Desk—Convenient size, 34 x 20 in. Drawer and two ebonized wood decks with lids.



Chair—Fiddleback mahogany panel. Removable upholstered seats. Rocker to harmonize.

Water Stand—Simple and practical; top, 17 in. wide. Book shelf below.



A Super-Value in this BERKEY & GAY *Chamber Suite*

Specially Priced *for* April

As a national demonstration of Berkey & Gay quality, we are presenting during April a **superlative value** in this featured Chamber Suite.

For sixty years those who love distinction, artistic charm and superior workmanship have sought and found these qualities in Berkey & Gay Furniture. A visit to the leading furniture dealer of your city during April will give you ample proof that furniture of such high character can yet be purchased at moderate cost.

Berkey & Gay Furniture

Genuineness—good taste—honest utility—these are the essentials always found in Berkey & Gay Furniture. They are truly typified in this featured Chamber Suite.

Though inspired by the feeling of the English designers of the late 18th century, it is typically American in conception. Grace and simplicity give it enduring merit. Berkey & Gay workmanship guarantees life-long serviceability.

Mahogany Throughout

Rare charm is expressed in the woods used in this Chamber Suite. "Fiddleback" mahogany (often used in old violin backs) in conjunction with "blister figured" mahogany of a darker tone, embellished with touches of ebony, form an exquisite color combination.

Construction

Each piece of wood has been individually handled, placed, clamped or screwed by hand into its proper position. The artful skill of Berkey & Gay workmen has been applied to every detail—and it is the sum of these details that mal s Berkey & Gay Furniture what it is—a perfect whole.

Pieces May Be Bought Separately

While twelve pieces comprise this Chamber Suite, they may be bought *en suite* or individually. Merchants handling Berkey & Gay Furniture have arranged for special price-offerings on this Chamber Suite during the month of April. We advise an early visit.

A Brochure, illustrating and describing this Chamber Suite and other Berkey & Gay Furniture, together with name of nearest dealer, sent on request.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
452 Monroe Street Grand Rapids, Michigan

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

This shop mark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after.

Ask to Be Shown This Chamber Suite at Your Leading Furniture Store

Ivory Pyralin

A WOMAN'S toilet articles are her intimate companions. They must stand the test of daily use, year after year. They must have that simple beauty which never wearies. Their usefulness must be never-failing. Perhaps these are the reasons why Ivory Pyralin is a favorite with so many thousands of women.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Sales Department: Pyralin Division
Wilmington, Delaware

DU PONT

Genuine Pyralin can be identified by the name stamped on every piece.

THE beautiful La Belle Pattern with its exclusive feature, the transverse handle, is illustrated. Made in Shell Pyralin and Amber Pyralin as well as Ivory Pyralin—decorated in colors if preferred. It is sold, at the leading stores the country over, in complete sets or single pieces. As all Pyralin patterns are standard, articles may be matched at any time.

family affairs of St. Pierre and Marie-Anne. That was not his business. Marie-Anne, in the final analysis, did not appear to be especially abused, and her mind was not a child's mind. Probably she would not thank him for his interest in the matter. She would tell him, like any other woman with pride, that it was none of his business and that he was presuming upon forbidden ground.

He went to the window. There was scarcely a breath of air, and unfastening the screen, he thrust out his head and shoulders into the night. It was so black that he could not see the shadow of the water almost within reach of his hands, but through the chaos of gloom that lay between him and the opposite shore he made out a single point of yellow light. He was positive the light was in the cabin on the raft. And St. Pierre was probably in that cabin.

A huge drop of rain splashed on his hand, and behind him he heard sweeping over the forest tops the quickening march of the deluge. There was no crash of thunder or flash of lightning when it broke. Straight down, in an inundation, it came out of a sky thick enough to slit with a knife. Carrigan drew in his head and shoulders and sniffed the sweet freshness of it. He tried again to make out the light on the raft, but it was obliterated.

MECHANICALLY he began taking off his clothes, and in a few moments he stood again at the window, naked. Thunder and lightning had caught up with the rain, and in the flashes of fire Carrigan's ghost-white face stared in the direction of the raft. In his veins was at work an insistent and impelling desire. Over there was St. Pierre, he was undoubtedly in the cabin, and something might happen if he, Dave Carrigan, took advantage of storm and gloom to go to the raft.

It was almost a presentiment that drew his bare head and shoulders out through the window, and every hunting instinct in him urged him to the adventure. The stygian darkness was torn again by a flash of fire. In it he saw the river and the vivid silhouette of the distant shore. It would not be a difficult swim, and it would be good training for tomorrow.

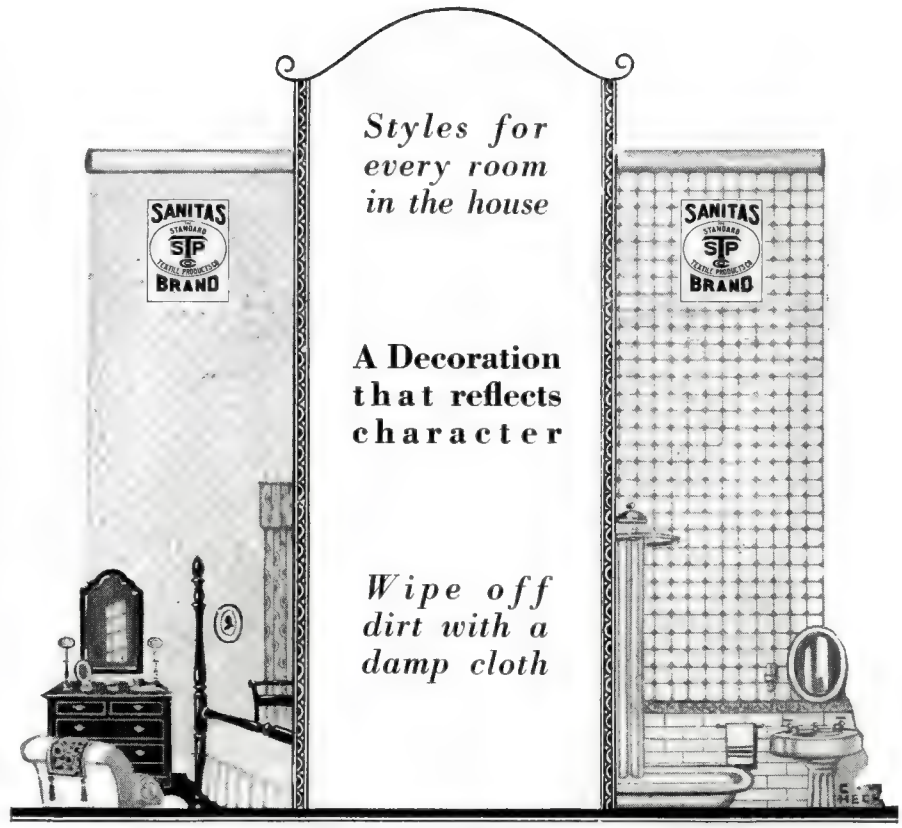
Like a badger worming his way out of a hole a bit too small for him, Carrigan drew himself through the window. A lightning flash caught him at the edge of the bateau, and he slunk back quickly against the cabin, with the thought that other eyes might be staring out into that same darkness. In the pitch gloom that followed he lowered himself quietly into the river, thrust himself under water, and struck out for the opposite shore.

When he came to the surface again it was in the glare of another lightning flash. He flung the water from his face, chose a point several hundred yards above the raft, and with quick, powerful strokes set out in its direction. For ten minutes he quartered the current without raising his head. Then he paused, floating unresistingly with the slow sweep of the river, and waited for another illumination. When it came, he made out the tented raft scarcely a hundred yards away and a little below him. In the next darkness he found the edge of it and dragged himself up on the mass of timbers.

The thunder had been rolling steadily westward, and David crouched low, hoping for one more flash to illumine the raft. It came at last from a mass of inky cloud far to the west, so indistinct that it made only dim shadows out of the tents and shelters, but it was sufficient to give him direction. Before its faint glare died out, he saw the deeper shadow of the cabin forward.

For many minutes he lay where he had dragged himself, without making a movement in its direction. Nowhere about him could he see a sign of light, nor could he hear any sound of life. St. Pierre's people were evidently deep in slumber.

Carrigan had no very definite idea of the



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THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
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Silks That Outlast Styles

WELL dressed women in every fashion period of the past two generations have worn Belding's Silks. Mothers have handed down to their daughters the tradition of Belding's *enduring* beauty.

And in your own wardrobe—styles change with the seasons but the Belding's Silk in last year's gown will clean and "make-over" perfectly for another term of service.

Our name on the selvage shows you the genuine Belding's—when you see it you are *sure* of quality.

Belding's

Enduring Silks · Fabrics · Spool Silk

Nancette

Satin Crêpe . Satin Negligée . Satin Circé . Satin Duchesse
Baskette . Taffeta . Chiffon de Chine . Crêpe de Chine

BELDING BROTHERS & CO.

The Flaming Forest

next step in his adventure. He had swam from the bateau largely under impulse, with no preconceived scheme of action, urged chiefly by the hope that he would find St. Pierre in the cabin and that something might come of it. As for knocking at the door and rousing the chief of the Boulains from sleep—he had at the present moment no very good excuse for that. No sooner had the thought and its objection come to him than a broad shaft of light shot with startling suddenness athwart the blackness of the raft, darkened in another instant by an obscuring shadow. Swift as the light itself David's eyes turned to the source of the unexpected illumination. The door of St. Pierre's cabin was wide open. The interior was flooded with lampglow, and in the doorway stood St. Pierre himself.

The chief of the Boulains seemed to be measuring the weather possibilities of the night. His subdued voice reached David, chuckling with satisfaction, as he spoke to some one who was behind him in the cabin.

"Pitch and brimstone, but it's black!" he cried. "You could carve it with a knife and stand it on end, *amante*. But it's going west. In a few hours the stars will be out."

HE drew back into the cabin, and the door closed. David held his breath in amazement, staring at the blackness where a moment before the light had been. Who was it St. Pierre had called sweetheart? *Amante!* He could not have been mistaken. The word had come to him clearly, and there was but one guess to make. Marie-Anne was not on the bateau. She had played him for a fool, had completely hoodwinked him in her plot with St. Pierre. They were cleverer than he had supposed, and in darkness she had rejoined her husband on the raft! But why that senseless play of falsehood? What could be their object in wanting him to believe she was still aboard the bateau?

He stood up on his feet and mopped the warm rain from his face, while the gloom hid the grim smile that came slowly to his lips. Close upon the thrill of his astonishment he felt a new stir in his blood which added impetus to his determination and his action. He was not disgusted with himself, nor was he embittered by what he had thought of a moment ago as the lying hypocrisy of his captors. To be beaten in his game of man-hunting was sometimes to be expected, and Carrigan always gave proper credit to the winners. It was also "good medicine" to know that Marie-Anne, instead of being an unhappy and neglected wife, had blinded him with an exquisitely clever simulation. Just why she had done it, and why St. Pierre had played his masquerade, it was his duty now to find out.

An hour ago he would have cut off a hand before spying upon St. Pierre's wife or eavesdropping under her window. Now he felt no uneasiness of conscience as he approached the cabin, for Marie-Anne herself had destroyed all reason for any delicate discrimination on his part.

The rain had almost stopped, and in one of the near tents he heard a sleepy voice. But he had no fear of chance discovery. The night would remain dark for a long time, and in his bare feet he made no sound the sharpest ears of a dog ten feet away might have heard. Close to the cabin door, yet in such a way that the sudden opening of it would not reveal him, he paused and listened.

Distinctly he heard St. Pierre's voice, but not the words. A moment later came the soft, joyous laughter of a woman, and for an instant a hand seemed to grip David's heart, filling it with pain. There was no unhappiness in that laughter. It seemed, instead, to tremble in an exultation of gladness.

Suddenly St. Pierre came nearer the door, and his voice was more distinct. "*Ma bien-aimée*, I tell you it is the greatest joke of my life," he heard him say. "We are safe. If it should come to the worst, we can settle the

ALMOST as universal as the wedding fete itself is the exquisite legend that ordains the use of orange blossoms at the celebration of the marriage vows. The ancient Mandarins of China, the swarthy lovers of the Nile, the fiery Saracens, most of the temperamental Latin races—all knew and cherished the fragrant white flower of the orange and with them garlanded their brides of centuries ago.

Back of the Traub Orange Blossom Ring is all this wealth of tender sentiment and legend—the romance and the age-old customs of many lands and people. These have been collected in a fascinating brochure, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", which will be sent to you upon request.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
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In keeping with the undaunted spirit of Chicago, the Fourth Presbyterian Church rose from the ashes of the great fire more beautiful than ever. Today it stands, a landmark of the rapidly changing North Side, but still famous for the smartness of the weddings celebrated at its altar.

THE ROYAL cleans linoleum, hardwood floors; it even cleans concrete!

In all this talk about electric cleaners, you seldom hear of *complete* cleaning service—the cellar-to-attic kind of cleaning.

The Royal Electric Cleaner is designed for just that sort of service. Because the

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actually is a *complete* cleaner, it is effective and thorough not only upon rugs and carpets of any texture, but upon linoleum, bare floors, even concrete, and for a great variety of fabric, upholstery and nook-and-cranny cleaning.

Buy your Royal Electric Cleaner as an *investment*. Used sensibly it will last many years, and the cost is trifling compared to its time-saving, health-saving, strength-saving service.

THE P. A. GEIER COMPANY
Cleveland

MAY we send you our interesting and valuable booklet of cleaning facts?

Cleans By Air-Alone!

The Flaming Forest

matter in another way. I can not but sing and laugh, even in the face of it all. And she, in that very innocence which amuses me so, has no suspicion—"

He turned, and vainly David keyed his ears to catch the final words. The voices in the cabin grew lower. Twice he heard the soft laughter of the woman. St. Pierre's voice, when he spoke, was unintelligible.

The thought that his random adventure was bringing him to an important discovery possessed Carrigan. St. Pierre, he believed, had been on the very edge of disclosing something which he would have given a great deal to know. Surely in this cabin there must be a window, and the window would be open—

Quietly he felt his way through the darkness to the shore side of the cabin. A narrow bar of light at least partly confirmed his judgment. There was a window. But it was almost entirely curtained, and it was closed. Had the curtain been drawn two inches lower, the thin stream of light would have been shut entirely out from the night.

Under this window David crouched for several minutes, hoping that in the calm which was succeeding the storm it might be opened. The voices were still more indistinct inside. He scarcely heard St. Pierre, but twice again he heard the low and musical laughter of the woman. She had laughed differently with *him*—and the grim smile settled on his lips as he looked up at the narrow slit of light over his head. He had an overwhelming desire to look in. After all, it was a matter of professional business—and his duty.

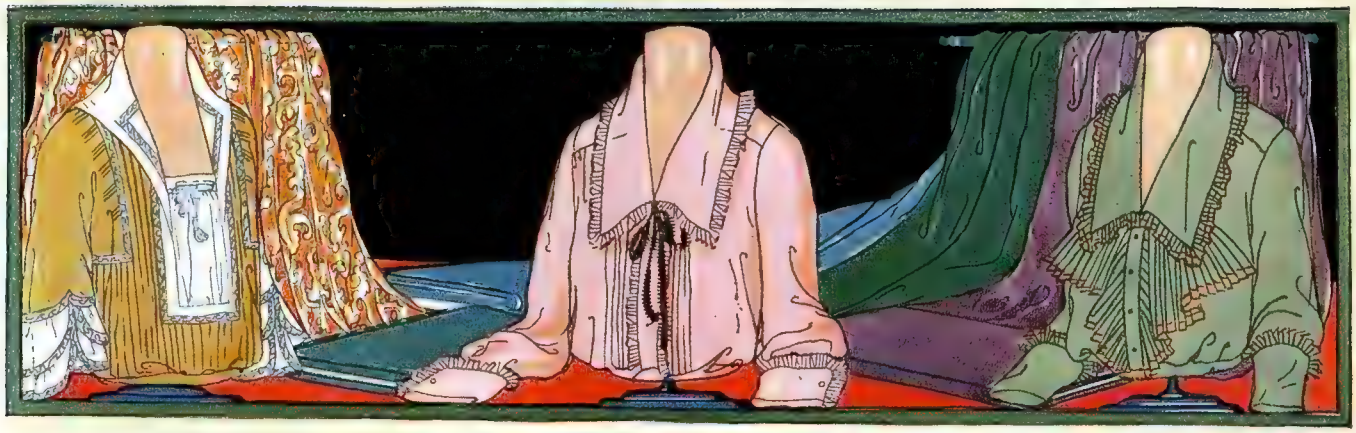
He was glad the curtain was drawn so low. From experiments of his own he knew there was small chance of those inside seeing him through the two-inch slit, and he raised himself boldly until his eyes were on a level with the aperture.

DIRECTLY in the line of his vision was St. Pierre's wife. She was seated, and her back was toward him, so he could not see her face. She was partly disrobed, and her hair was streaming loose about her. Once, he remembered, she had spoken of fiery lights that came into her hair under certain illumination. He had seen them in the sun, but never as they revealed themselves now in that cabin lamp glow. He scarcely looked at St. Pierre, who was on his feet, looking down upon her—not until St. Pierre reached out and crumpled the smothering mass of glowing tresses in his big hands, and laughed. It was a laugh filled with the unutterable joy of possession. The woman rose to her feet. Up through her hair went her two white, bare arms, encircling St. Pierre's neck. The giant drew her close. Her slim form seemed to melt in his, and their lips met.

And then the woman threw back her head, laughing, so that her glory of hair fell straight down, and she was out of reach of St. Pierre's lips. They turned. Her face fronted the window, and out in the night Carrigan stifled a cry that almost broke from his lips. For a flash he was looking straight into her eyes. Her parted lips seemed smiling at him; her white throat and bosom were bared to him. He dropped down, his heart choking him as he stumbled through the darkness to the edge of the raft. There, with the lap of the water at his feet, he paused. It was hard for him to get breath. He stared through the gloom in the direction of the bateau. Marie-Anne Boulain, the woman he loved, was there! In her little cabin, alone, on the bateau, was St. Pierre's wife, her heart crushed.

And in this cabin on the raft, forgetful of her degradation and her grief, was the vilest wretch he had ever known—St. Pierre Boulain. And with him, giving herself into his arms, caressing him with her lips and hair, was the sister of the man he had helped to hang—*Carmin Fanchet!*

(To be continued)



Great silk and silk blouse manufacturers tell how silk should be laundered

"Wash silks this way" say Belding Bros.

"As makers of a delicate product like silk we are much concerned with the treatment it gets after it leaves our hands.

"Our wash silk fabrics can, of course, be laundered as safely, and as often as cotton, if proper care is exercised.

"We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness. There is nothing in it that could attack the delicate silk fibre.

"Another point in favor of Lux is that its thick lather eliminates all rubbing of the fabric on the washboard or between the hands. This means, of course, that the silk does not 'fuzz up,' and that the threads will not pull or split.

"We find Lux equally successful on our white or colored silks,

"We are glad to see the publicity given by Lux to the safe way of laundering silks."

BELDING BROS.

For years, Belding Brothers have been making silks. They make millions of yards each year, and they make all kinds—from the frailest georgettes and chiffons to the sturdy satins, taffetas and crêpes de Chine. The panel to the left gives Belding Brothers' interesting letter on the proper way to launder silks.

You will find blouses made by Max Held, Inc., in most of the smart specialty shops and good department stores throughout the country. Read why this famous maker wants you to wash his blouses with Lux.

THESE two great merchants, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find the proper way to launder silk—the way that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy money loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and appearance of your fine silk things.

Keep the detailed directions below, which tell you just exactly how to wash your silks—the way recommended by one of the largest silk manufacturers in the world, and by a man whose silk blouses are worn by thousands of women each year. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this gentle, safe way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in towel; when nearly dry, press with warm iron—never a hot one.

The maker of a million blouses tells how to launder silks

"Once in a while," writes Max Held, Inc., "a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the materials in our blouses and of our workmanship but we are not sure of the treatment the blouse gets after the owner has it.

"If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

"Frayed, pulled threads may mean, not a poor quality of silk, but a blouse rubbed too hard to get it clean. Lux makes hard rubbing unnecessary.

"Recently a silk blouse was returned to us which had 'gone' under the arm. It had been put away while badly stained with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled we would not have had the complaint.

"For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks."

MAX HELD, Inc.

Colored silks—If you are not sure a color is fast try to set it this way. Use one-half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by re-laundering.

A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery, and will yellow it. Press first the sleeves of a blouse, next the fronts and then the back.

Jersey and georgette crêpe should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert

THE simplicity of Jell-O is such that it yields perfect results for the most inexperienced housekeeper. Neapolitan Jell-O is most deceptive in that it looks difficult to make. The easy and interesting process is described, as well as many other methods, in the new Jell-O book which will be sent free upon request. Jell-O is made in six pure fruit flavors. It is now sold by grocers and department stores at the new price of 2 packages for 25 cents.

★ THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

Le Roy, New York | *Bridgeburg, Ontario*

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The Flaming Forest

Synopsis of Opening Instalments

IT was anger rather than fear that Sergeant David Carrigan felt when a bullet clipped the edge of his hat and forced him to a quick cover to save his life. Already a hundred miles north of the Landing, bent on one of the most important missions of his service in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, he resented the delay, the hindrance to his quest for Black Roger Audemard, whom he was sworn to take, dead or alive. Bullet after bullet followed. At last, one found its target, and Dave Carrigan staggered up to his full height, only to fall back senseless on the sand.

His unconsciousness lasted only a moment. His eyes opened, and there, bending over him, was a girl he had never seen before. Faintness overcame him. When he woke, he had been moved up under the shelter of the trees. He believed himself abandoned.

The sound of paddles undeceived him. It was the girl, and with her a half-breed who obeyed her as if he were her slave. Obedient to her commands he lifted David in his arms and carried him to the canoe. Down the river they shot in the moonlight, through the dread Holy Ghost Rapids. Then they joined the Boulain brigade, and an Indian doctor began the cure of Carrigan's wound.

As a guest on the Boulain bateau, he drifted on day after day. Marie-Anne, who had first shot him, then risked her life to save him, nursed him back to health. Every day Carrigan was falling deeper and deeper in love with her. Then Carrigan learned the truth. She was not the daughter, but the wife of St. Pierre Boulain, master of the brigade.

To the shock of that discovery was added another. In the middle of the night David heard a strange, moaning voice in his room—"Has any one seen Black Roger Audemard?" Instantly his thoughts were on his quest. The next day he saw the man who had called to him—a strange, bewildered soul, bent by deformity, so that he was called "André, the Broken Man." St. Pierre had found him wandering in the woods uttering his strange cry, Marie-Anne told him. David knew that here he had found the first thread of the mystery he had been sent to solve.

All David's soul was bent on meeting St. Pierre. Soon he came—a great, strange Viking of a man, who met him with the hand of friendship. It was not hard to rouse his fighting spirit, however. In a few moments David entrapped him into a wager. He was to fight Bateese, the greatest fighting man of the north country. If he lost, he would go away and forget that he had been shot, forget his quest. If he won—he had St. Pierre's word that he would tell him all he knew of Roger Audemard.

The Little Lady

(*Continued from page 26*)

I felt somehow—though perhaps it was only another of my dreams—that he was happy, too. He had been delighted with the sunset—and I know he liked—my house.

So a stranger had really come to me from the Aqueduct, and what had happened once might come to pass again. First, a man who liked my house. The next might be a man who would like me—But that was a daring thing for me to think of, and perhaps a little bold. I tried to keep something good to eat in the house, something that would be more substantial than the cocoa and the sandwiches that kept me happy all the summer long. I made up dreams for myself about strangers coming down the Aqueduct. Some day there would be a knock—and I would answer with my arms all tumbled with my pretty flowers—and a tall, thin man with gray-blue eyes would lean against the apple-tree and

The $1,000 Breakfast

A certain country home, with many guests, is famous for its breakfasts.

One morning the hostess was asked: "Suppose a $1,000 prize were offered for the finest breakfast, and you competed, what dishes would you serve?"

"Well," she replied, "I would first serve fruit, and then Puffed Rice." The other dishes do not matter here.

The supreme cereal dainty

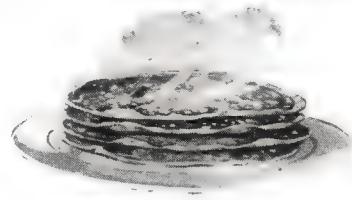
The point is this: Puffed Grains are considered the supreme cereal dainties. Some say Puffed Rice, some Puffed Corn. In the milk dish, Puffed Wheat holds first place.

These bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, have no rivals as grain-food delights.

And mothers should be glad. These are steam-exploded grains. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom feeds. No other process so fits a grain for food.

★ **Puffed Wheat** **Puffed Rice** **Puffed Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour



The finest pancakes known

Now ground Puffed Rice is blended in an ideal pancake mixture. It makes the pancakes fluffy—gives them a nutty taste. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you will serve the finest pancakes ever tasted. It is self-raising.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

The FEDERAL—with the Double "Wave-like" Washing Action

The 12 Big Federal Features

1. Beauty and durability.
2. The oscillating tumbler—washing action. (Wave-like action).
3. Gravity groove—the dirt settles in it.
4. Glass water gauge.
5. Absolutely safe—all moving parts enclosed.
6. Roto-Phor wringer—swings and locks in the 3 working positions.
7. A dependable safety wringer release.
8. "Three-in-One" wringer control.
9. Push-button switch "built-in."
10. Clutch to start and stop washing.
11. No-Stretch belt drive—no jamming gears—protects motor.
12. Oversize motor, one-quarter horsepower.

In the small illustration is pictured the oscillating washing action of the Federal Electric Washer—the smooth maple tumbler suspended in a tub of soapy water, rocks the clothes back and forth, up and down, in a surfy, wave-like swirl of suds.

This double action "wave-like" washing principle "flushes" every particle of dirt from the fabrics without wear or tear on the clothes. The tumbler obligingly stops with the opening on top. No metal touches the clothes.

All metal construction! Gravity dirt groove! Blue and white baked enameled finish! Roto-Phor swinging wringer! Write for illustrated booklet and name of local dealer today. Easy payments if desired.

Federal Electric Company

Federal Sign System (Electric)

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Branches in all large cities

¶ *If you have children in your home, let us send them a toy washer cutout—absolutely free.*

★ FEDERAL *Electric Washer*

The Washer with the Wave Action

Made from Armco American Ingot Iron

The Little Lady

would say— But that was a memory, and not a dream at all.

It was two weeks before it happened, and it was exactly like the dream. It was the same man, and he had come this time—he said—to bring me a present of a Christmas tree. This was the exact time to set them out, and he couldn't bear to think of my being alone up here in winter without a Christmas tree to guard my door. We dug a great hole for it—with the best butcher knife—and a trowel—and a hatchet—and a cocoa tin. We almost missed the sunset. And after that we had supper, but he did not eat as much as he did before. I think perhaps he should not stay in the city this hot weather; he should have a place in the country like this.

I noticed a strange thing tonight. I had always thought moonlight the most beautiful and the most lonesome time in all the world. But I must have been mistaken. It is beautiful, but not at all lonesome. It really has almost a loving feeling, like the first warm breeze of spring.

He loves my house, I know—for he told me so before he left.

I wish—sometimes—I wish I had not bought my house, so that he might have bought it. It would be so good for him, and I know it would make him as happy as it has made me.

HE came sooner, the next time. It was so peaceful out here, he explained, and the city was so hot. And while we sat in the garden, I tried to tell him how sorry I was that I had bought this house, for if I had not, he might have had it.

"I will sell it to you now, if you like," I offered. It was hard for me to say, but I thought I ought to do it. I know I meant it, too. "I really ought to, you know, for the house *belongs* to you just as much as it does to me. I can see that now. I will go away and let you have it, and some day, when you are not so tired, you can sell it back to me."

He was very still, and suddenly I felt shy again, and a flush came in my cheeks. He was lying stretched out in my long, low chair, and suddenly he seemed as if he needed petting, not for a moment, but for a long, long time, and some one to take care of him for many years.

"You're very good," he said, in a queer, restrained voice. "I didn't know anybody ever was so good. But I'm afraid I shouldn't be the friend your house requires. It needs you to make it perfect, Little Lady."

"I might take you to board?" I ventured. "If you wouldn't mind living almost entirely on cocoa and sandwiches.. You see I have very little time because of the sunsets, and I do not cook large dinners."

He was very quiet, lying there. I felt anxious, and still a little shy. Suddenly he drew a long breath and turned to me. When I saw his eyes I began to tremble, but I am sure it was with joy. He put his warm hand over mine to still it.

"Wouldn't you like a husband for your house, Little Lady?" he said, so low that it was almost like a whisper.

And when I dared to raise my eyes and saw his smile, I knew that all I ever wanted out of life was to give him the petting that his gray-blue eyes required.

I told Mr. Bronson at the office, the next day, when I went to his desk to give him all the manuscripts.

"I am going away, Mr. Bronson," I said. "I already had a house, and now I am going to have a husband."

He looked at me over his glasses—queerly, I thought, though I don't know why.

"Well, it can't be helped," he said. "It's too late."

And then the telephone rang, as it always does.

I think, perhaps, he meant that I should have told him earlier.

Forget-Me-Not

By MARGUERITE BLISS

FOR three dances, the little girl in white remained in the dressing room. Even the last sighingly-sweet waltz had not claimed her. First, her hair, then a dress-fastening, now a loosened slipper buckle to be sewed on. The maid was beginning to regard her curiously.

As flower-like a face as any had the little girl in white; her hair was soft and fair, her eyes wide and blue-gray.

But—a color expert would have said her pale skin should never come near white, for the result was simply an unbecoming pallor.

As for the frock itself—

"O dear, O dear!" murmured the little girl. "Even an idiot would have known that a skimpy white voile worn to last year's church 'sociables' in Auburndale would hardly grace a smart country-club dance here. Sleeves! (she twitched them angrily)—I'm the only girl in the place with them! The neck is miles too high, the blue-girdle is faded! And I wouldn't walk in front of that long mirror for a new feather fan, for I'm morally certain the skirt hangs in a peak behind.

"Well, this buckle will keep me busy this dance! But after that I won't go out and be a wall-flower any longer. And I can't stay *here* all evening." She peeped at her programme.

"Only one more—but that's with *him*—if I could only—"

She bent closer over the work.

"It isn't Alicia's fault, of course. She naturally supposed, after introducing me to six men, I'd have partners all evening. But when you are wearing something ugly and awkward and tight—you feel that way inside, and you act like it, too. Your partner just says 'Beautiful evening' and 'Thank you' and takes you back to your chaperon in a hurry. O—"

The little buckle flinched from an angry "jab."

"I never dreamed girls wore such lovely things! Still—" the needle paused thoughtfully—"when one looks closely they aren't elaborate. Take Alicia's buttercup gown now. That French modiste seemed to think she was conferring a favor upon her by letting her pay eighty-five dollars for it. But there's not an inch over four yards in it and silk prices have come down, so even that beautiful quality could be bought for four dollars a yard. It's made simply—if I could cut and fit, that long basque effect and square neck wouldn't be hard to copy.

"I suppose that modiste added twenty-five dollars for that spattering of hand embroidery, but its the easy kind that could be done in a few hours if one just knew the trick of the stitches. And another twenty-five for those ivory and yellow ribbons knotted at the waist. Those poppy dresses, too, are simple as simple can be! Just a plain foundation with straight flounces tacked on. And even that exquisite orchid frock is nothing but a straight satin slip, with that swirl of violet and lavender drapery from the shoulders and the fluffy tunic caught up with those little flat silver roses.

"There, the dance is ending! I don't want to stay here—I know—headache—where's Alicia's cape?"

With feverish haste she flung it about her—darted to the door—but a reflection in the long glass startled her.

"Why, blue must be my color!"

Who would have thought a few folds of turquoise could make such a transformation? She was radiant, her cheeks delicately glowing. And what grace the lines of the wrap gave! Up came the silver-gold head.

OUTSIDE the moonlight was lovely but she sought a dim corner and a friendly pillar.

Marjorie had been a leader at the quiet boarding school to which her mother had managed to send her. But at boarding school, with its prescribed uniform, clothes didn't matter.

How happy she and her mother had been to move this year to the city where mother's two old schoolmates lived. Women of wealth now, they loved little mother as of yore. One had a daughter, the other a nephew.

"It will be Alicia's first season," wrote Mrs. Burns. "She will be happy to have Marjorie here."

"Hugh will be home," wrote Mrs. MacDonald. "I hope Marjorie will like him."

Like him—with his athletic record in her scrap book, his picture on her desk! And here was his name on her programme—the dance just beginning—

"O, what's the use," drearily. "He didn't even notice me when Aunt Kate introduced us. He was watching that orchid girl."

It was very quiet there in the dark corner for a while. Then a half sob—

"I beg your pardon!"

She started.

"No, please don't go. Anything I can do?"

"No—no," Marjorie's laugh was a little shaky, "I'm just dropping a tear on the grave of a vanished—er—dream. The obsequies are over now, thank you."

"I'm truly sorry. Need a bit of sympathy myself. You see, girl—er—evaded—a dance with me."

"Have you looked everywhere? What did she wear?" suggested Marjorie.

"Why—I—ah—hardly noticed. Just a little girl in white I believe. Protégé of Aunt Kate's, but she can't find her."

AGAIN the girl started. "Well, you'd better go or you'll commit the same crime," she remarked stiffly. "Another dance is beginning."

"O, that's all right," was the unperturbed reply, "I've that with Alicia. I'll fix that up tomorrow. May I come around here?"

"Don't the girls look like flowers tonight?" she asked. "There's a rose girl, and one with poppy skirts."

"They always do," he smiled. "And you?" He peered closer. "Why you're the forget-me-not girl! Because no one ever could forget you, of course."

Then it seemed but a moment. —"Home, Sweet Home" sounded. And the forget-me-not girl was fleeing.

"Here—I forgot to ask your name—I want to write. I'm leaving tomorrow, western business for the firm--"

Across the veranda she shook her head.

"I'm due. I disappear at twelve."

"But—how can I find you—can't you even drop a slipper or something?

She stooped—for the second time that night the buckle came off. Something flashed in the moonlight and dropped at his feet. He was alone, staring dazedly at the small winking oval.

Her mother and Alicia found her in the Burns' car. She was silent, while Alicia chattered.

"Yes, she did, Aunt Elsie. That lovely orchid-toned gown, all herself—"

"Who? How?" demanded Marjorie.

SOME weeks later the postmistress in a western town narrowly escaped a bear-hug when she handed a young man a card signed simply, "Forget-me-not."

Back east, Marjorie became busy and cheerful. In November Alicia reported a wild sort of letter from Hugh.

"Wants to know what girl in my set wears a big blue cape and small oval silver slipper buckles. The idea! I can't imagine whom he means."

"Used to have buckles like that myself," said Marjorie innocently, "but I lost one."

HOME again in late December, Hugh was anxiously watching the arrivals at the New Year's dance.

Suddenly the curtains parted and some one stepped in—just a slender slip of a some one. The velvet draperies fell heavily behind her and she stood silhouetted against the soft dark background.

And then, whether by coincidence or because the picture was compelling, sweet gay voices were hushed and every eye was turned in that direction.

The small shining head was lifted, one white arm raised to the curtain and one drawing back the quaintly flared skirts.

Some witchery—was it the shimmering blue bit of a gown she wore?—cast opalescent tints, oddly beautiful, over the fair skin and gave a haunting grace to the figure. By some mystery of cut, the blue skirts fell in petal-like scallops, the bodice was folded scallop-wise about the gleaming shoulders, and caught in the blue meshes of gauze and velvet at the waist, a great golden rosette glowed like the heart of a flower.

Gravely sweet, the wide eyes searched the throng, half-expectant, half fearful. A flower-sprite she might have been, paused for a glimpse of earth.

"And her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on,"

crooned the violins, while the watchers held their breath.

Then—some enterprising youth stepped forward and the spell was ended. The sprite was instantly the centre of a group of admirers, distributing smiles, repartee and dances in a most mortal-like manner.

As he approached Hugh noted final convincing details, tiny blue velvet blossoms that circled the shoulders and bound the bright hair.

After that, he forgot the world—for deep in the gray-blue eyes he glimpsed the message "Welcome Home!"

Possessively he led her aside.

"I'm looking for the owner of this"—displaying a small silver oval. Silently she dropped its mate into his hand and they drifted out of doors.

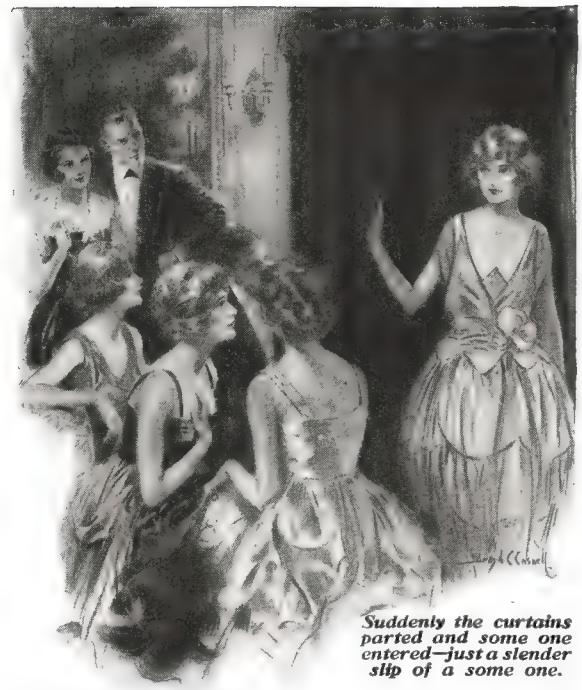
"Now, tell me," he commanded, "All this mystery—why you wouldn't dance that evening, nor tell your name. And those *maddening* cards with no address! How did I know I'd find you here?"

"O—I didn't know you c-cared," her voice trembled. "There's no mystery about it. I just didn't want you to see me until I had some pretty clothes."

"Clothes! Why you looked like an angel!"

"In Alicia's cape," laughed the forget-me-not girl. "But this is my own!"

Gently he folded it about her, all creamy velvet and lace.



Suddenly the curtains parted and some one entered—just a slender slip of a some one.

"MOTHER has such a tiny income I couldn't worry her," she began. "But I wanted pretty clothes, as all girls do. I knew there must be *some* way out. And—do you know—that very night I found it.

"There is a school that has a wonderful way of teaching you at home, no matter where you live, to make all kinds of dainty, becoming clothes, so I wrote the Woman's Institute at once and in a little while became a member. After three lessons I made a house dress, a pretty baby-checked blue gingham with a white organdy collar and big white butterfly sash. Some of my friends saw it and begged me to make them some, so I've paid for my Course as I went along.

"Finally I dared try an afternoon gown. I got one of those lovely transparent crepes, all blue corn flowers blurred against a midnight blue background. I draped it simply from a square neck and twisted loosely about it a long sash of heavy black satin weighted with gold tassels. And I borrowed mother's jet and gold beads.

"And, do you know, last week Alicia made me wear it when we poured at Mrs. Van Zandt's reception. She had on the brown chiffon her cousin brought from Paris, but we shared compliments equally.

"And if this evening you meet a little lady who might have stepped from a picture, wearing what you'll probably mistake for the famous cloud with silver lining, her cheeks furnishing the tint she insists belongs with gray—why, it'll be mother in the first dress I made for her.

"And my spring suit—O, it's wonderful!"

"Wonderful," breathed the tender voice beside her. "Now tell me—can you, *will* you make a satin dress with orange blossoms and a veil—you know, Forget-me-not?"

He had come very close to get her answer. No one else could possibly have heard. Maybe she didn't reply in words at all. But the moon reported to the tall pine on the hill-top that the answer was entirely satisfactory!

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Accidents of Imperfection

(*Continued from page 21*)

from the necessity of getting on with people who never, in a single, solitary instance, see from our exact point of view. We are like so many prisms through which God's lights and colors shine, but they forever shine differently: there are variations in the cutting, and there are mars that deflect. One can imagine one prism —with its mar under cover—saying to another, "I'd be ashamed to deflect pure rays so!" But just wait, old prism, till you are turned so the light shines through your special bit of marring, and see if you don't do some rare deflecting of your own!

I remember in my childhood going to make a week-end visit in a home noted for being the cleanest house in town. It was said by other housekeepers that you could run a pocket-handkerchief over the top of Mrs. C.'s highest door-jamb and not raise a speck of dust. Apparently they had tried it. I was duly warned to mind my p's and q's, for in my own home dust was not among the capital offenses. All day I carefully tiptoed in and out of the house, deeply concerned with leaving no track or trace. But imagine my amazement on awaking the next morning, to hear one of the girls call downstairs, "Mama, mama, what did you do with the tooth-brush?" And to hear the mother's answer, "I didn't have it last, Ruby; Polly had it!"

AND so it goes. A thing your life emphasizes is all but missed in another's; a matter your friend considers of vital importance is all but ignored by you. We are all intense about something, dust specks or tooth-brushes, and through these individual intensities of ours the world at large loses its dust specks and acquires its tooth-brushes, and progress is made. In our personal intercourse, however, we are apt to lose sight of the working out of the broader plan and take our friends' defections too seriously, allowing the defect to fill our eyes to the exclusion of the thing of which it is only a small, imperfect part, with ultimate confusion and conflict.

A young woman in a rage with her fiancé for some apparently inexcusable oversight exclaimed, "I never can forgive him—never!"

Her grandmother, sitting near, looked up from her knitting. "I felt the same way one day nearly fifty years ago," she said quietly. "Today I can not recall what it was I could not forgive, but the emptiness of life that resulted is still in my mind. Don't get hung up on a snag in the stream, my dear. Snags alone are not so dangerous—it's the débris that clings to them that makes the trouble. Pull yourself loose and go on."

Intolerance is the foe of happy human relationships, and intolerance is built on the *self* point of view. "I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing!" you will say. Well, perhaps you wouldn't. But you would do something else that beats it as badly as the family tooth-brush beat the dust specks. You are you. That person is that person. You are making the mistake of looking at that person's defect from your point of view, fitting it on to yourself, like another's hat, which may look hideous on you with your lines and curves and angles, but may not be so incongruous with another's make-up. You can't take a hat into your hand and say it is good or bad. You have to put it on the head and see how it tones in. So with a defect. When seen in relation to the entire life and inheritance of the person to whom it belongs, it may appear less glaring than when measured against your entire life and inheritance.

In our judgments we must first get rid of the eternal self: we must learn to look at the fault wholly in its relation to the person to whom it belongs, not in its relation to ourselves. None of us is created perfect and few—if any—attain perfection. The most we can attain is a perfect understanding of this fact, and a self-control that will enable us to pull loose from the snag and go on with the main stream of the

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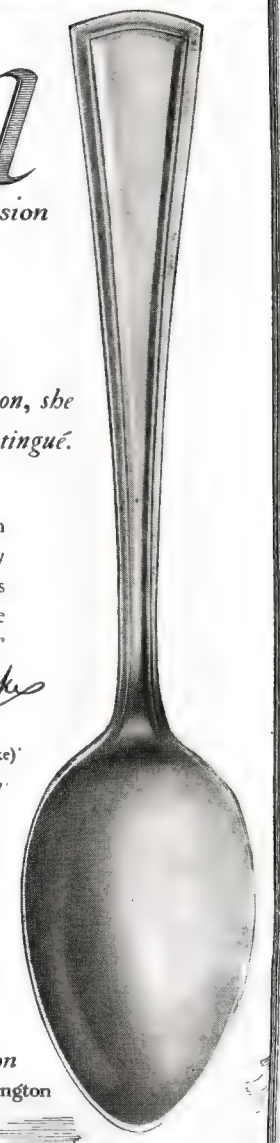

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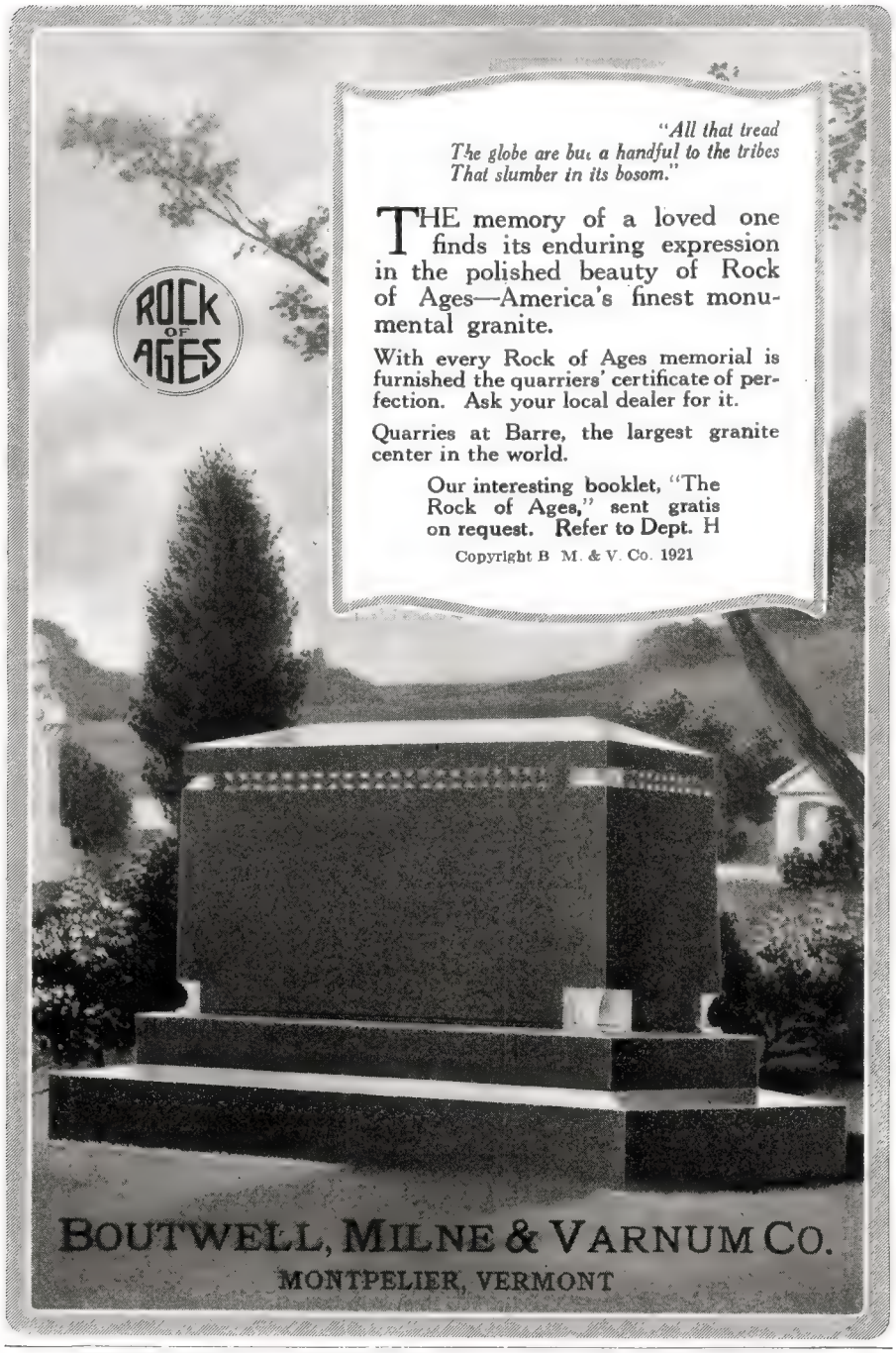
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Accidents of Imperfection

life which in other respects is in harmony with ours; not stay hung up, emphasizing the snag and giving it more weight than the stream itself. To be able to ignore is often the most saving of graces.

Nowhere is this understanding so important as in the domestic situation. Boys and girls, blinded with the glamour of young love, rush into marriage, and then, as the first rosy glow fades, they begin to see each other with the eyes of the critic, and to find fault, to censure, and otherwise start the small fires of discord which are breaking out everywhere in America in unhappiness and disrupted unions. At no time in her history has America been so pulled loose from sectionalism and turned into one vast melting-pot as during the past four years, when boys from the West, stationed in the East and the South, have taken brides from their new locations, and vice versa. The effervescing, demonstrative nature of the South has had to try to harmonize with the more self-contained nature of the North. The breezy, hospitable, latchstring-always-out son of the West has had to learn the ways of the more conservative girl of the East. And these young people have not been thoroughly educated on the history of the different sections of America and their early settlement. They have not known what it is in ancestry and tradition that makes the difference. They have—in too many cases—known only to blame. And this blame—I must add—has appeared more in the girl than in the boy. It may be that he has had too much else to think of, in adjusting the economic problem, but far more often does the early fault-finding originate with her. She is forever like a mother, this girl-bride, no matter how young you catch her, forever obsessed with how this young husband is going to appear to others, how he will "behave," as if he were her little boy. While the boy-husband is far more apt to be obsessed with the girl herself and not care a hang about what anybody else thinks. Thus we catch in asides from her—and I have caught them in dozens, always with such uneasiness in my mind, and such wanting to reach out and touch her hand, and say, "Don't, my dear!"—we catch such things as these:

"Jack," with a frown, pettishly, "why didn't you talk more at the dinner? You were dumb as an ox! They'll think you can't talk."

"Bored stiff!" another exclaimed, telling of her wedding trip East. "Just meeting relatives—old aunts and uncles and cousins, and stiff formal dinners, and being looked over and eyed and talked about. Why, mother, Dan's people are so *tight!* All for themselves—not a bit of open house for anybody but relatives!"

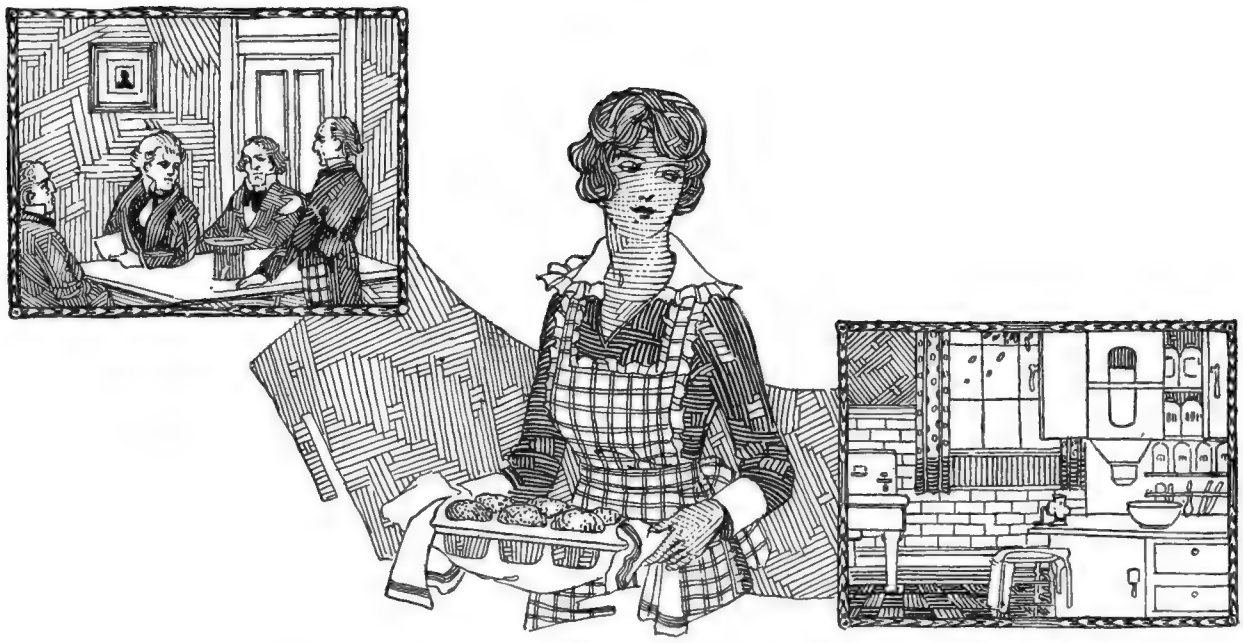
"Well, do let up about your mother for five minutes anyhow!" from another to the dearest of boy-husbands who wanted to make sure she would love his mother, and to insure it, was singing her praises endlessly.

"But *I* want to dance, and you ought to want to dance when I do whether you do or not!"

In every case a little savage outburst after what seemed to the bride ages of repression and endurance, when really she had not endured long enough to get the lay of the land and understand the situation at all.

MARRIAGE is particularly hard for the girls of today, who have not been taught the spirit of submission which was supposed to control the ideal wife of an earlier period, and have been given little philosophy and human insight to take its place and help along with the splendid comradeship that has come to be the American ideal between husband and wife. The earlier wife—if a proper one—was self-effacing and self-sacrificing, smoothing over all the rough edges for every one else at whatever cost to herself, but few today have majored in this branch of education. They have lived a rare life of independence, they want quick action, and things to go their way at once, and they have small consideration for the idea of patience and growth and the molding of time.

Whenever I feel concerned about young



A President's Kitchen Cabinet -and yours

CURIOUS interest attaches to the fact that the first famous Kitchen Cabinet had nothing to do with a household appliance. As a matter of actual fact, this first Kitchen Cabinet was a group of private citizens who were the confidential political advisers to President Jackson. They occupied no official position but were consulted solely as private citizens.

There's been very much of a change since then. The kitchen cabinet *has* official position—in the American household. The kitchen cabinet today is as important—and as essential—as a filing cabinet in your husband's office.

Manufacturers realize this and are today producing cabinets of the most advanced design and possible utility. Their progress is parallel with the manufacturers of electric irons, and chafing dishes, and percolators, and ironing machines, and electric toasters, and refrigerators, and washing machines, and stoves, and vacuum cleaners.

If you will turn to page 4 of this issue, you will find a convenient index to all products advertised currently in Good Housekeeping — furniture, building materials, dresses, toilet articles, etc. Too, you will find a full explanation of Good Housekeeping's money-back guarantee.

Every one of these devices advertised in Good Housekeeping has been tested by Good Housekeeping Institute. Every one of their features has been under long and exhaustive scrutiny. The design and durability and construction and efficiency and sanitary qualities have all been taken into consideration. As a result, all of these appliances are guaranteed by Good Housekeeping itself. They must give you complete satisfaction or Good Housekeeping will make good.

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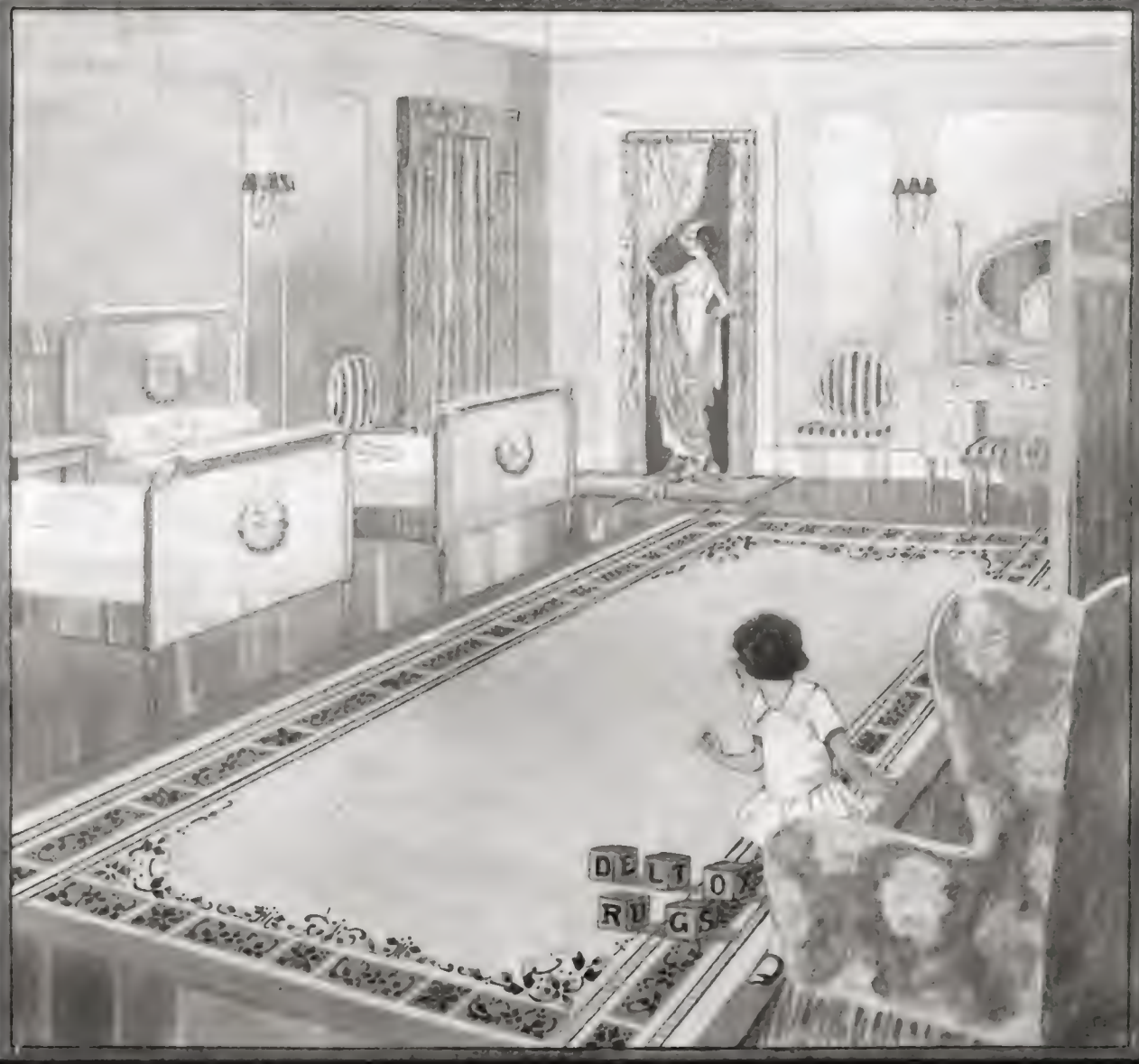

THERE is something very satisfying about a well furnished room. You notice it when you enter, yet nothing is conspicuous. Like the parts of a carefully joined cabinet, the furnishings all "fit in" and you see only the perfect whole. This is particularly true if the floor coverings have been chosen with a view to an harmonious effect.

The use of Deltox Rugs makes it very easy for you to produce pleasing effects. With these rugs before you in their light, cheery colors, or in deep, rich hues, the choice of one or more that will harmonize with your other furnishings will be a simple matter. ¶ Be sure your dealer shows you the Deltox line. ¶ Made in America. Look for the Deltox trade mark.

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Accidents of Imperfection

wives, however, I always take refuge in Sally and hope there are loads of Sallys that I haven't found, to leaven the domestic loaf. I'd like to see all the young brides go to school to Sally. There is so little of preparation for life, so little of philosophy taught our young people in the midst of all the marvelous efficiency they are being given for doing things, that it is hardly fair to expect them to harmonize a home as well as they run it. Domestic science is teaching them all about cooking, and making over, and household management, till the least competent of them can teach their grandmothers, but no *human* insight is given them into making a harmonious spirit brood over this home, the machinery of which they know so well how to keep oiled. The old-fashioned teaching of the elders—the teaching of patience, and mildness, and sweetness, and graciousness, and forgiveness—the teaching of all those good old-fashioned virtues seems gone with the old-fashioned grandmother in her lace cap with a little child at her knee learning to knit and learning so much else with the slow, time-serving lesson. The pendulum has swung far from all but practical efficiency, but it will swing back: and in the meantime—there is Sally.

I DON'T know what Sally is the product of, except that her family were always thinkers and theorists rather than doers. But she was a pretty girl, of the irregular-featured type, and charming socially; and she married Tom—blunt, practical, literal-minded, non-imaginative, a hound for the scent of business and for every detail of physical comfort, but tiresome socially. On the honeymoon some one congratulated him on his beautiful wife.

"I never thought her beautiful," he said. "Her features are not perfect."

Tenseness, indignation, Sally's mother ready to burst with wrath—but out of the gathering storm came the bright voice of Sally, wiser than her generation, "Well, that's certainly the truth, and it isn't every woman who gets the truth from her own husband." The closest observer could not detect the lancet thrust. Again, he would interrupt her amusing, exaggerated recitals and proceed to tell the same thing in his own detailed, boresome way, as though she were some child not to be trusted with reporting the affair, but Sally would only laugh it off. Being athletically inclined—and Sally not being so—Tom insisted on dragging her along to skate, coast, ski, sail his boat, and drive his car. Of course this was more of a compliment than had he sent her a bouquet of roses and gone off to play golf with his men friends, and, too, it was better for her health than her former way of holding fast to indoor sports, but still it seemed selfish to base their lives so entirely on his tastes.

Every one expected the worst—and held their breath. For Sally had been a social favorite and was accustomed to being catered to. But from the first she seemed to have worked out a code of ignoring what she did not like and absolutely refusing to be offended with anything her husband did. She seemed to regard each disturbing incident as a mere overflow of a trait not in itself objectionable, and to place it where it belonged in her valuations, letting it pass with the trivial attention that its triviality—in comparison with the good of the main current of his life—deserved.

Several years passed, and I saw Sally again. Tom's aggressiveness socially had softened. Business absorption had helped, of course. Sally had not lost her social charm, but she had put a foundation of serious-mindedness under it, and her voice was that of a happy woman, while the atmosphere of her home was pleasant in the extreme. Their children were attractive and well disciplined—Tom had seen to that—and even the grandmother was won over, singing his praises as the most thoughtful of sons-in-law. His intense attention to details, his genius for oversight, had made the whole family more comfortable in the world than

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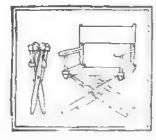

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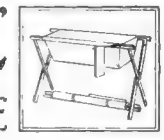

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Accidents of Imperfection

they had ever been before. They were able to appreciate traits which they personally lacked and—like Sally—ignore those that grew out of his very virtues, but were not so agreeable socially. To this day—and these two have been married seven years now—Sally has never said an unpleasant word to her husband, has never put herself in an unattractive mood before him, has never allowed his words or acts to react on her so as to upset her and make her appear badly. She has her code, and it gets her past the snags.

Then there is another outstanding case in the same small social circle—one of those life tragedies, a divorce. The married life of these two was considered model. The man was the lover type, addressing his wife as "sweetheart," continuing after marriage the small outward acts of devotion that had marked the courtship. But the wife—non-social, self-contained, and unresponsive, having grown up in a stiff, unsocial atmosphere—saw no "sense" in these ways of her husband. When the baby came, the father was beside himself with joy, hanging over the crib, clinging to its tiny fingers, going into ecstasies of delight with each new development. On one of its first airings, a business associate rushed up to the young mother with,

"Do let me see that wonderful baby; we hear of nothing else all day at the office."

"Nothing wonderful about it—just an ordinary baby," said the mother, uncovering its face.

Now, she loved that baby as devotedly as did its father; but she had not the habit of effervescing, and she considered it foolish. She really meant to take it out of her husband, settle him into something more staid and humdrum, like the men of her own family.

One evening I was there when little Betty was about three. I was impressed with the way the father took charge of the child after dinner, undressing her and telling her sleepy-time stories. He was lively, interested, amused. Time came for him to go to some meeting. He got his hat, then turned back again to the baby.

"Kiss Daddy," he said, bending over her.

"Daddy, I did kiss you," she returned solemnly, holding back.

"Betty's like me—she doesn't see any sense n so much kissing," the mother commented as he father at last went out—without his kiss.

It disturbed me. There was an overflowing, effervescing, affectionate nature, and not a hing in his own household reaching out to neet it or receive it, not even his child, who, hrough inheritance, imitation, or both, was ashioning her prim little self after the mother's pattern.

WELL, that was only a few years ago. They were divorced last month, and none of heir happily married friends—whose husbands ong ago ceased calling them "sweetheart"—an understand it. "You never can tell," they say, with a sigh. But isn't there perhaps a way to tell? Each of these husbands was a good, average, well-intentioned young American, all potentiality when first married. The outcome of each marriage, it seems to me, measures the human understanding of the wives in the case. As housekeepers, economists, moralists, and idealists, they were substantially on a par, but in human understanding one scored high—and the other scored scarcely at all. And though your efficiencies stack to the stars, if you lack a penetrating understanding of human nature that tells you to stand everlastingly by your own, and self-control enough to make yourself do it in all kinds of moods and weathers, accepting on faith when there is no light, then all else in the endurance test of human companionship will prove as ashes in the wind.

This sort of failure is not confined to people in domestic relations: many people are a huge success in their professional, business, and scientific undertakings who are a total failure on the social side. They say they haven't the knack of getting on with people, some even priding themselves on it, taking it as a mark of

intellectual superiority. But before settling too comfortably into the niche of exclusiveness, bear in mind that abnormal-minded people will often do a definite piece of work exceptionally well, while dangerously near plunging a knife into the first human being who gets in the way. The attitude toward a piece of work may be sane and controlled—as with many excellent housekeepers—because the work yields steadily to the will of the worker, while the attitude toward human kind is prickly and irritable if not wholly destructive. The unbalanced mind can not endure the opposing will. It might not be such a bad idea for each of us to test out our own degree of balance by this rule. If we could realize that our inability to harmonize with people generally suggests a delicate unbalance on our part, we might set about the task of righting ourselves instead of trying to make over our fellows, and with more satisfactory results.

We are as we are, and of course we can not become wholly different; neither is it desirable that we should. But we can more or less modify our types the better to harmonize with others, and we can cultivate tolerance for points of difference, rather than scorn for them. What we term a defect may prove—if we patiently trace it—but an overflow of a virtue, a vent from the very engine that makes the whole machine go. Too often, when you start out to blast away a defect by hammer blows—by scenes, quarrels, coldnesses, and avoidance—you succeed in eliminating the defect, but you eliminate with it a great deal besides that you are far from wishing to destroy. A friendship—even a love between a man and a woman—can be wholly quashed by attempts at reconstruction on too crude a plan.

IT often seems—in marriage—that too great a proportion of the harmonizing is in the wife's hands, as though she alone were responsible for the happy outcome of the union. But when we analyze it, we must see that the woman is by nature the constructive member of the partnership. She is in the position of the factory that takes in raw materials and turns out the finished product—and some of it is pretty raw, I'll admit. But what is any life for a woman but a working over of raw materials? Suppose she goes into a school-room—all raw materials; an office—the same; a profession—becomes a doctor or a lawyer—what is she doing all day but patching up and making over? As for idle-minded women, such as become cogs and drones and parasites, we need not concern ourselves with them. But for real women there will forever be the greater share of the responsibility for creating harmony—and *real* women will not resent it.

For we are all physicians, we women, physicians to the souls as well as the bodies of our intimate groups. To be wise physicians we must first be diagnosticians. When a thing is understood, the cure is half accomplished. But often we understand only part of the way, the problem is too hard, and then we misjudge and unnecessarily wound and are unnecessarily wounded. And then it is—when we can not understand, when we can not see through the thing—that it is time for us to close our physical eyes to the vexing tangle and open our spiritual eyes, keeping "the heavenly sight unmarred." A freshet, and what débris, what apparent destruction! But only a little time, and it is all swept away in the on-moving of nature's course, and there is a clean, smooth stream flowing gently before us. Many things will right themselves if we give them time. Many things will do better if we keep our hands off. Let us, then, gamely play the game, and not take the poor plays of others so personally or seriously, but be more concerned that we are playing our own part with all the skill that is in us. Let us be able to say, with each defect which we can not readily eliminate, "It's but an 'accident of imperfection,'" and move on with the main current of the life with confidence and uplifted vision.

Be sure to read Miss Monroe's next article, "Shall I Marry This Man?"

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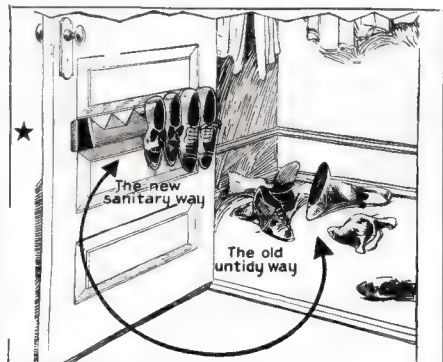

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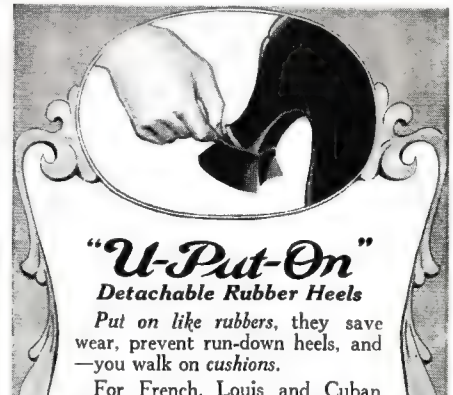

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The Head of the House of Coombe

(Continued from page 20)

maid to arrange and rearrange her hair in different styles, he broke forth into an uneasy short laugh and expressed himself—though she did not know he was expressing himself, and would not have understood him if she had.

"If you have a soul—and I'm not at all certain you have—" he said, "it's divided into a dressmaker's and a hairdresser's and a milliner's shop. It's full of tumbled piles of hats and frocks and diamond combs. It's an awful mess, Feather."

"I hope it's a shoe shop and a jeweler's as well," she laughed quite gaily. "And a lace-maker's. I need every one of them."

"It's a rag shop," he said. "It has nothing but *chiffons* in it."

"If ever I *do* think of souls, I think of them as silly gauzy things floating about like little balloons," was her cheerful response.

"That's an idea," he answered with a laugh. "Yours might be made of pink and blue gauze spangled with those things you call *paillettes*."

The fancy attracted her. "If I had one like that"—with a pleased, creative air—"it would look rather ducky floating from my shoulder—or even my hat—with lovely little pink and blue streamers."

With the touch of genius she had at once relegated it to its place in the scheme of her universe. And Robert laughed even louder than before.

"You mustn't make me laugh," she said, holding up her hand. "I am having my hair done to match that Quakery, thin, pale, mousey dress with the tiny poke-bonnet—and I want to try my face, too. I must look sweet and demure. You mustn't really laugh when you wear a dress and hat like that. You must only smile."

Some months earlier Bob would have found it difficult to believe that she said this entirely without any touch of humor, but he realized now that it was so said.

IT was at the garden party where she wore the thin, Quakery, mousey dress and tiny poke-bonnet that the Head of the House of Coombe first saw her.

When his eyes first fell upon her, he was talking to a group of people, and he stopped speaking. Some one standing quite near him said afterward that he had for a second or so become pale—almost as if he saw something which frightened him.

"Who is that under the upper beech—being talked to by Harlow?" he inquired.

"It is Mrs. Robert Gareth-Lawless—'Feather,' we call her," he was answered. "Was there ever anything more artful than that startling little smoky dress? If it were flame color, one wouldn't see it so quickly."

"One wouldn't look at it so long," said Coombe. "One is in danger of staring. And the little hat—or bonnet—which pokes and is fastened under her pink ear by a satin bow held by a loose, pale bud! Will some one rescue me from staring by leading me to her? It won't be staring if I am talking to her. Please."

The paleness appeared again as, on being led across the grass, he drew nearer to the copper beech. He was still rather pale when Feather lifted her eyes to him. Her eyes were so shaped by nature that they looked like an angel's when they were lifted. But he had not talked to her fifteen minutes before he knew that there was no real reason why he should ever again lose his color at the sight of her. He had thought at first there was. With the perception which invariably marked her sense of the fitness of things, she had begun in the course of the fifteen minutes—almost before the color had quite returned to his face—the story of her husband's idea of her soul, as a balloon of pink and blue gauze spangled with *paillettes*. And of her own inspiration of wearing it floating from her shoulder with delicate

ribbon streamers. She was much delighted with his laugh, though she thought it had a rather cracked, harsh sound. She knew he was an important person, and she always felt she was being a success when people laughed.

"Exquisite!" he said. "I shall never see you in the future without it. But wouldn't it be necessary to vary the color at times?"

"Oh, yes—to match things," seriously. "I couldn't wear a pink and blue one with this—Perhaps a misty, dim thing, like the edge of a rain-cloud—scarcely a color at all."

For an instant her eyes were softly shadowed as if looking into a dream. He watched her fixedly then. A woman who was a sort of angel might look like that when she was asking herself how much her pure soul might dare to pray for. Then he laughed again, and Feather laughed also.

Many practical thoughts had already begun to follow each other hastily through her mind. It would be the best possible thing for them if he really admired her. Bob was having all sorts of trouble with people they owed money to. Bills were sent in again and again, and disagreeable letters were written. Her dressmaker and milliner had given her rude hints which indeed could scarcely be considered hints at all. She hardly dared speak to their smart young footman, who she knew had only taken the place in the slice of a house because he had been told that it might be an opening to better things.

The more men of the class of the Head of the House of Coombe who came in and out of the slice of a house, the more likely the dwellers in it were to get good invitations and continued credit, Feather was aware. Besides which, she thought ingenuously, if he was rich, he would lend Bob money. She had already known that certain men who liked her had done it. She did not mind it at all. One was obliged to have money.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which gave rise to much argument over teacups and at dinner parties and in boudoirs—even in corners of Feather's own gaudy little drawing-room. The argument regarded the degree of Coombe's interest in her.

Feather was guilelessly doubtless concerning him. She was quite sure that he was in love with her. Her frankness in the matter of this desirable capture when she talked to her husband was at once light and friendly.

"Of course you will be able to get credit at his tailor's, as you know him so well," she said. "When I persuaded him to go with me to Madame Hélène's last week, she was quite amiable. He helped me to choose six dresses, and I believe she would have let me choose six more."

"Does she think he is going to pay for them?" asked Bob.

"It doesn't matter what she thinks," Feather laughed very prettily.

"Doesn't it?"

"Not a bit. I shall have the dresses. What's the matter, Rob? You look quite red and cross."

"I've had a headache for three days," he answered, "and I feel hot and cross. I don't care about a lot of things you say, Feather."

"Don't be silly!" she retorted. "I like him," she went on. "I don't know anything about political parties and the state of Europe, so I don't understand the things he says which people think are so brilliant, but I like him. He isn't really as old as I thought he was the first day I saw him. He had a haggard look about his mouth and eyes then. He looked as if a spangled pink and blue gauze soul with little floating streamers was a relief to him."

THE child Robin was a year old by that time and staggered about uncertainly in the dingy, little day nursery in which she passed her existence except on such occasions as her nurse carried her down to the dark kitchen and servants' hall in the basement where there was an earthy smell and an abundance of cockroaches. The servants' hall had been given that name in the catalogue of the

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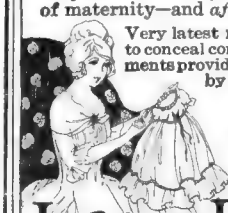

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84 Water St. Portland, Maine

The Head of the House of Coombe

fashionable agents who let the house, and it was as cramped and grimy as the two top-floor nurseries.

The next afternoon Robert Gareth-Lawless staggered into his wife's drawing-room and dropped on to a sofa, staring at her and breathing hard.

"Feather!" he gasped. "Don't know what's up with me. I believe I'm—awfully ill! I can't see straight. Can't think."

He fell over sidewise on the cushions so helplessly that Feather sprang at him.

"Don't, Rob, don't!" she cried in actual anguish. "Lord Coombe is taking us to the opera and to supper afterward. I'm going to wear—"

She stopped speaking to shake him and try to lift his head.

"Oh, do try to sit up!" she begged pathetically. "Just try. *Don't* give up till afterward."

But she could neither make him sit up nor make him hear. He lay back heavily with his mouth open, breathing stertorously and quite insensible.

It happened that the Head of the House of Coombe was announced at that very moment, even as she stood wringing her hands over the sofa.

He went to her side and looked at Gareth-Lawless.

"Have you sent for a doctor?" he inquired.

"He's—only just done it!" she exclaimed. "It's more than I can bear. You said the Prince would be at the supper after the opera and—"

"Were you thinking of going?" he put it to her quietly.

"I shall have to send for a nurse, of course—" she began.

He went so far as to interrupt her. "You had better not go—if you'll pardon my saying so," he suggested.

"Not go? Not go at all?" she wailed.

"Not go at all," was his answer.

And there was such entire lack of encouragement in it that Feather sat down and burst into sobs.

In less than two weeks Robert was dead, and she was left a lovely, penniless widow with a child.

III

TWO or three decades earlier the prevailing sentiment would have been that poor little Mrs. Gareth-Lawless and her situation were pathetic. Her acquaintance would sympathetically have discussed her helplessness and absolute lack of all resource. But to Feather's immediate circle a multiplicity of engagements left no time for the regarding of pathetic aspects. The tiny house up whose staircase one had seemed to have the effect of crowding even when one went alone to make a call, suddenly ceased to represent hilarious little parties which were as entertaining as they were up-to-date and noisy. The most daring things London gossipped about had been said and done and worn there. Novel social ventures had been tried—dancing and songs which seemed almost startling at first—but which were gradually being generally adopted. It seemed almost indecent for Robert Gareth-Lawless to have dragged death nakedly into their midst. Nobody could bear to think of it.

Feather could bear it less than anybody else. It seemed incredible that such a trick could have been played her. At first she cried as a child might who was suddenly snatched away in the midst of a party. Then she began to cry because she was frightened. Numbers of cards "with sympathy" had been left at the front door during the first week after the funeral, but very few people had really come to see her, and while she knew they had the excuse of her recent bereavement, she felt that it made the house ghastly. How long *would*

it be before it would be full of people again—how long must she wait before she could decently invite any one? It was really at this point that fright seized upon her. She remembered hearing Rob come into the house swearing only the day before he was taken ill, and it had been because he had met on the doorstep a collector of the rent which was long overdue and must be paid. She had no money to pay it, none to pay the servants' wages, none to pay the household bills, none to pay for the monthly hire of the brougham! Would they turn her into the street—would the servants go away—would she be left without even a carriage? What could she do about clothes? She could not wear anything but mourning now, and by the time she was out of mourning her old clothes would have gone out of fashion. The morning on which this aspect of things occurred to her, she was so terrified that she began to run up and down the room like a frightened little cat seeing no escape from the trap it is caught in.

"It's awful—it's awful—it's awful!" broke out between her sobs. "What can I do? I can't do anything! There's nothing *to* do! It's awful—it's awful—it's awful!" She ended by throwing herself on the bed and crying until she scarcely knew herself when at last she got up and looked in the glass.

She rang the bell for her maid and sat down to wait her coming. Tonson should bring her a cup of beef tea.

"It's time for lunch," she thought. "I'm faint with crying. And she shall bathe my eyes with rose-water."

IT was not Tonson's custom to keep her mistress waiting, but today she was not prompt. Feather rang a second time and an impatient third and then sat in her chair and waited until she began to feel, as she felt always in these dreadful days, the dead silence of the house. She could not endure it. How dare Tonson? She sprang up and rang the bell again and again until its sound came back to her pealing through the place.

Then she waited again. It seemed to her that five minutes passed before she heard the smart young footman mounting the stairs slowly. She did not wait for his knock upon the door, but opened it herself.

"How dare Tonson!" she began. "I have rung four or five times! How dare she!"

The smart young footman's manner had been formed in a good school. It was attentive, impersonal. "I don't know, ma'am," he answered.

"What do you mean? What does *she* mean? Where is she?" Feather felt almost breathless before his unperturbed good style

"I don't know, ma'am," he answered as before. Then with the same unbiased bearing added, "None of us know. She has gone away."

Feather clutched the door handle because she felt herself swaying. "Away! Away!" the words were a faint gasp.

"She packed her trunk yesterday and carried it away with her on a four-wheeler. About an hour ago, ma'am."

Feather trailed back to the chair she had left, sinking into it helplessly.

"Who—who will dress me?" she half wailed.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the young footman, his excellent manner presuming no suggestion or opinion whatever. He added however, "Cook, ma'am, wishes to speak to you."

"Tell her to come to me here," Feather said. "And I—I want a cup of beef tea."

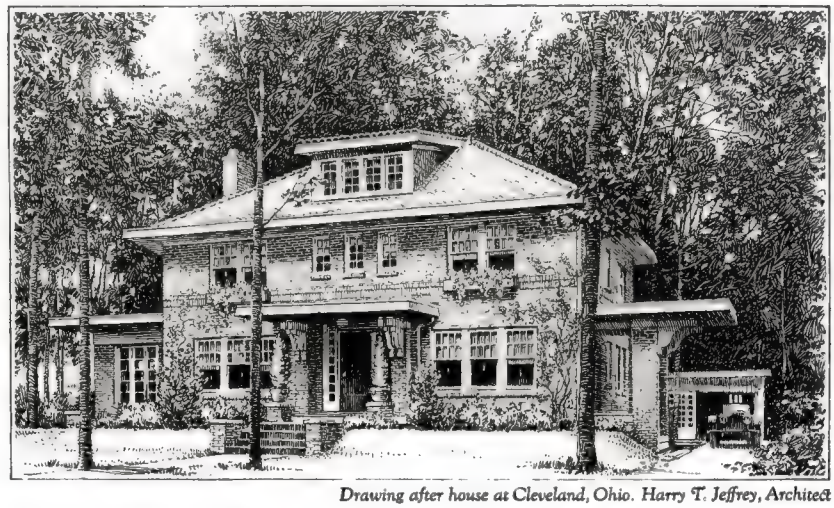
"Yes, ma'am," with entire respect. And the door closed quietly behind him.

It was not long before it opened again. Cook knocked, and Feather told her to come in. She carried a pile of small account-books, but she brought nothing else.

"I wanted some beef tea, Cook," said Feather protestingly.

"There is no beef tea, ma'am," said Cook.

"Why—why not?" stammered Feather, and she stammered because even her lack of per-



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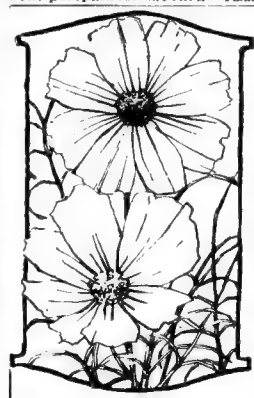

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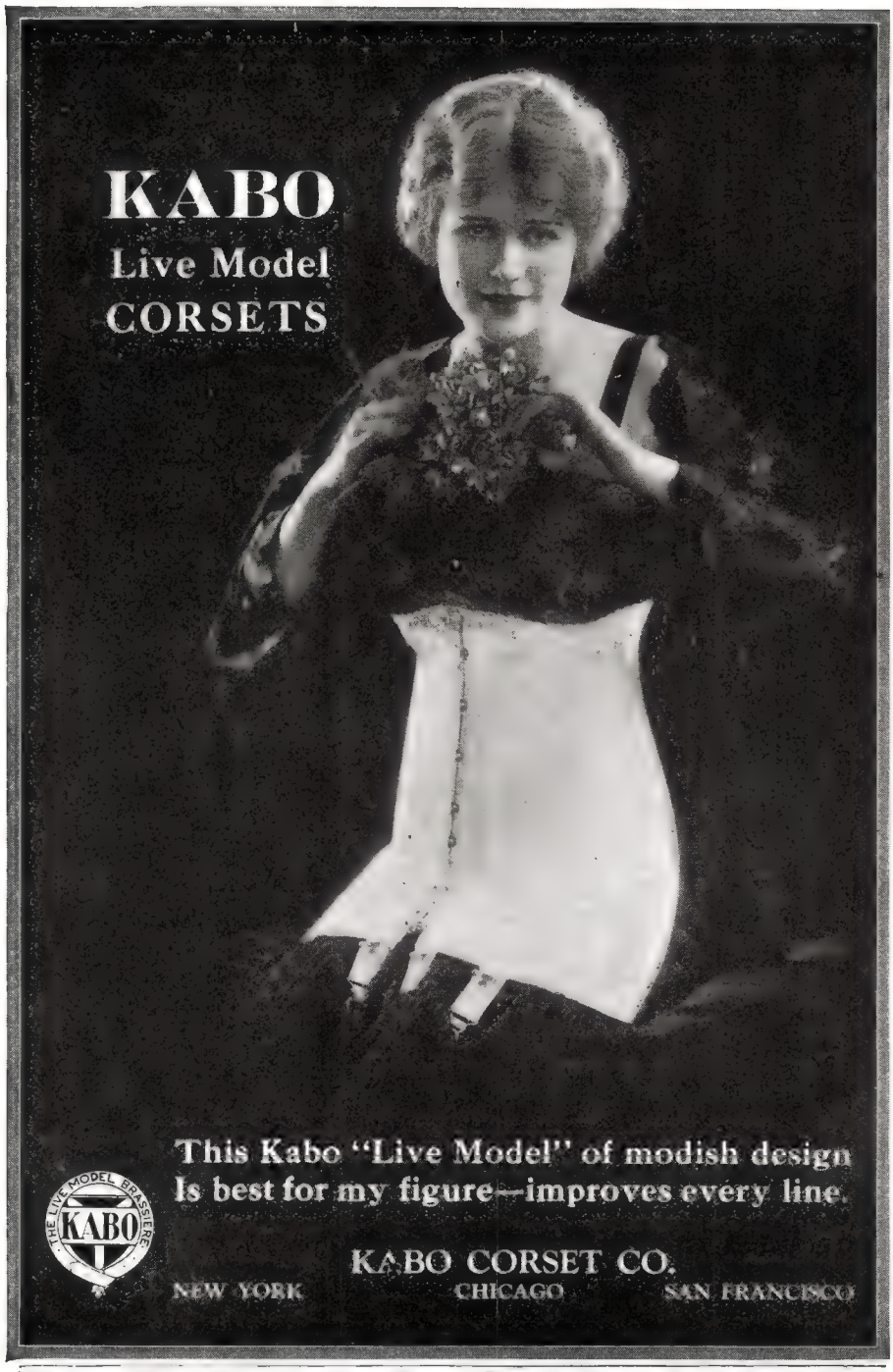

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The Head of the House of Coombe

ception saw something in the woman's face which was new to her. It was a sort of finality.

Cook drew near and laid one little book after another on the small table near her. "That's the butcher's book," she said. "He's sent nothing in for three days. This is the baker's. He's not been here for a week. I made up rolls myself because I had some flour left. It's done now. This is groceries, and Mercom & Frees wrote to Mr. Gareth-Lawless when the last month's supply came, that it would *be* the last until payment was made. This is wines—and coal and wood—and laundry—and milk. And here is wages, ma'am, which *can't* go on any longer."

Feather threw up her hands quite wildly. "Oh, go away!—go away!" she cried. "If Mr. Lawless were here—"

"He isn't, ma'am," Cook interposed—a way which pointed steadily to the end of things. "As long as there's a gentleman in a house there's generally a sort of a prospect that things *may* be settled some way. At any rate, there's some one to go and speak your mind to even if you have to give up your place. "And when there's no gentleman and nothing—and nobody—respectable people with their livings to make have got to protect themselves."

The woman had no intention of being insolent. Her simple statement that her employer's death had left nothing and nobody was prompted by no consciously ironic realization of the diaphanousness of Feather.

"Oh! go away! Go *awa-ay!*" Feather almost shrieked.

"I am going, ma'am. So are Edward and Emma and Louisa. It's no use waiting and giving the month's notice. We can't stay here and starve. You can't hold it against us, ma'am. It's better for you to have us out of the house tonight—which is when our boxes will be taken away."

THEN was Feather seized with a panic. "Do you mean," she cried out, "that you are all going to leave the house—that there won't be any servants to wait on me—that there's nothing to eat or drink—that I shall have to stay here *alone*—and starve?"

"We should have to starve if we stayed," answered Cook simply. "And of course there are a few things left in the pantry and closets. And you might get in a woman by the day. You won't starve, ma'am. You've got your family in Jersey. We waited because we thought Mr. and Mrs. Darrell would be sure to come."

"My father is ill. I think he's dying. My mother could not leave him for a moment. Perhaps he's dead now," Feather wailed.

"You've got your London friends, ma'am— "

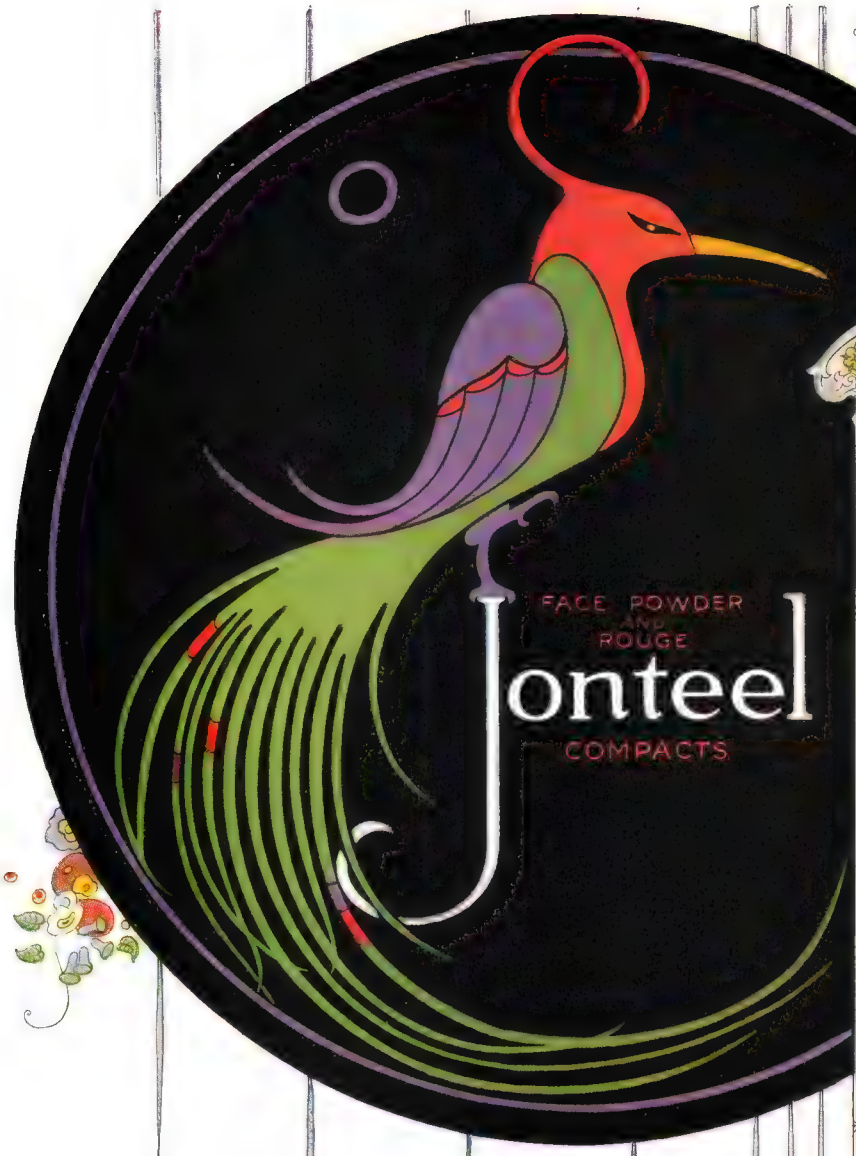
Feather literally beat her hands together. "My friends! Can I go to people's houses and knock at their front doors and tell them I haven't any servants or anything to eat? Can I do that? Can I?" And she said it as if she were going crazy.

The woman had said what she had come to say as spokeswoman for the rest. It had not been pleasant, but she knew she had been quite within her rights and dealt with plain facts. But she did not enjoy the prospect of seeing her little fool of a mistress raving in hysterics.

"It's not my place of course to—make suggestions," she said quietly. "But—had you ever thought of sending for Lord Coombe, ma'am?"

Feather actually found the torn film of her mind caught for a second by something which wore a form of reality. "Coombe," she faintly breathed as if to herself and not to Cook. "Coombe."

"His lordship was very friendly with Mr. Lawless, and he seemed fond of—coming to the house," was presented as a sort of added argument. "If you'll lie down, I'll bring you a cup of tea, ma'am—though it can't be beef."



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The Head of the House of Coombe

Feather staggered again to her bed and dropped flat upon it—flat as a slim little pancake in folds of thin black stuff which hung and floated.

"I can't bring you cream," said Cook as she went out of the room. "Louisa has had nothing but condensed milk—since yesterday—to give Miss Robin."

"Oh-h!" groaned Feather, not in horror of the tea without cream, though that was awful enough in its significance, but because this was the first time since the falling to pieces of her world that she had given a thought to the added calamity of Robin.

IV

THE outside of the slice of a house in which Feather lived was still rather fresh from its last decorative touching up. It had been painted cream color and had white doors and windows and green window-boxes with variegated vines trailing from them. It was rather like a new doll's house. No one glancing at it in passing at the closing of this particular day had reason to suspect that any unaccustomed event was taking place behind the cream-colored front. The front door brasses had been polished, the window-boxes watered, and no cries for aid issued from the rooms behind them. The house was indeed quiet both inside and out. Inside it was indeed even quieter than usual. The servants' preparation for departure had been made gradually and undisturbedly. There had been exhaustive discussion of the subject each night for weeks, even before Robert Gareth-Lawless' illness.

The smart young footman Edward, who had means of gaining practical information, had constituted himself a sort of private detective. He had in time learned all that was to be learned. This, it had made itself clear to him on investigation, was not one of those cases when to wait for evolutionary family events might be the part of discretion. There were no prospects ahead—none at all. Matters would only get worse and the whole thing would end in everybody not only losing their unpaid back wages but having to walk out into the street through the door of a disgraced household whose owners would be turned out into the street also when their belongings were sold over their heads. Better get out before everything went to pieces and there were unpleasantnesses. There would be unpleasantnesses because there was no denying that the tradespeople had been played tricks with. Mrs. Gareth-Lawless was only one of a lot of pretty daughters whose father was a poor country doctor in Jersey. He had had a "stroke" himself, and his widow would have nothing to live on when he died. That was what Mrs. Lawless had to look to. As to Lord Lawdor, Edward had learned from those who *did* know that he had never approved of his nephew and that he'd said he was a fool for marrying and had absolutely refused to have anything to do with him. He had five boys and a girl now, and big estates weren't what they had been, every one knew. There was only one thing left for Cook and Edward and Emma and Louisa to do, and that was to get out without any talk or argument.

"She's not one that won't find some one to look after her," ended Edward. "Somebody or other will take her up because they'll be sorry for her. But a lot of us aren't widows and orphans. No one's going to be sorry for us or care a hang what we've been let in for. The longer we stay, the longer we won't be paid."

He was not a particularly depraved or cynical young footman, but he laughed a little at the end of his speech. "There's the Marquis," he added. "He's been running in and out long enough to make a good bit of talk. Now's his time to turn up."

After she had taken her cup of tea without cream, Feather had fallen asleep in reaction

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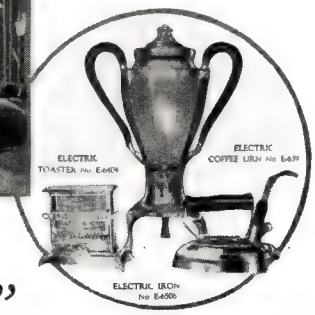

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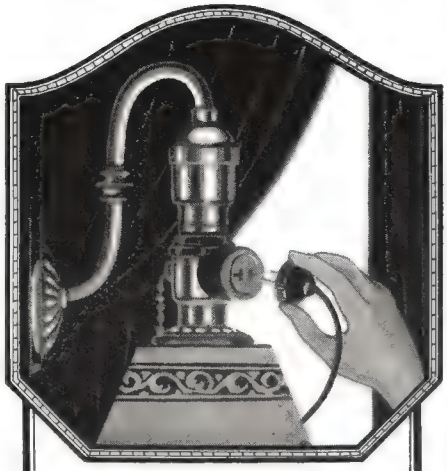

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The Head of the House of Coombe

from her excited agitation. It was in accord with the inevitable trend of her being that even before her eyes closed she had ceased to believe that the servants were really going to leave the house. It seemed too ridiculous a thing to happen. She was possessed of no logic which could lead her to a realization of the indubitable fact that there was no reason why servants who could neither be paid nor provided with food should remain in a place. The mild stimulation of the tea also gave rise to the happy thought that she would not give them any references if they behaved badly. It did not present itself to her that references from a house of cards which had ignominiously fallen to pieces and which henceforth would represent only shady failure would be of no use. So she fell asleep.

WHEN she awakened, the lights were lighted in the streets, and one directly across the way threw its reflection into her bedroom. It lit up the little table near which she had sat, and the first thing she saw was the pile of small account-books. The next was that the light which revealed them also fell brightly on the glass knob of the door which led into Robert's room.

She turned her eyes away quickly with a nervous shudder. She had a horror of the nearness of Rob's room. If there had been another part of the house in which she could have slept she would have fled to it as soon as he was taken ill. But the house was too small to have 'parts.' The tiny drawing-rooms piled themselves on top of the dining-room, the 'master's bedrooms' on top of the drawing-rooms, and the nurseries and attics where Robin and the servants slept one on the other at the top of the house. So she had been obliged to stay and endure everything. Rob's cramped quarters had always been full of smart boots and the smell of cigars and men's clothes. He had moved about a good deal and had whistled and laughed and sworn and grumbled. They had neither of them had bad tempers, so they had not quarreled with each other. They had talked through the open door when they were dressing, and they had invented clever tricks which helped them to get out of money scrapes, and they had gossiped and made fun of people. And now the door was locked, and the room was a sort of horror. She could not *bear* it! She got up to move about and try to forget it.

It was then that she went to the window and looked down into the street, probably attracted by some slight noise, though she was not exactly aware that she had heard anything.

She must have heard something, however. Two four-wheeled cabs were standing at the front door, and the cabmen assisted by Edward were putting trunks on top of them. They were servants' trunks, and Cook was already inside the first cab which was filled with paper parcels and odds and ends. Even as her mistress watched, Emma got in, carrying a sedate bandbox. She was the house-parlor-maid and a sedate person. The first cab drove away as soon as its door was closed and the cabman mounted to his seat. Louisa, looking wholly unprofessional without her nurse's cap and apron, and wearing a tailor-made navy blue costume and a hat with a wing in it, entered the second cab followed by Edward intensely suggesting private life and possible connection with a bank. The second cab followed the first, and Feather, having lost her breath, looked after them as they turned the corner of the street.

When they were quite out of sight, she turned back into the room. The color had left her skin, and her eyes were so wide stretched and her face so drawn and pinched with abject terror that her prettiness itself had left her.

"They've gone—all of them!" she gasped. She stopped a moment, her chest rising and falling. Then she added even more breathlessly: "There's no one left in the house. It's—empty!"

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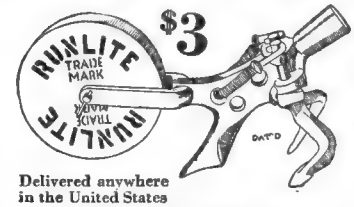

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CIRCULARS ON REQUEST

RUNLITE COMPANY, Ithaca, N. Y.

The House that Jill Painted

Jack and Jill are neighbors of mine. Quite recently they had the sublime nerve and good sense to get married without any money in sight.

Jill's dowry is in her mind—as resourceful a mind as ever furnished a home out of family attics and auction rooms.

Jack didn't exactly build the house—a delightful, run-down old place—but he practically rebuilt it—and Jill painted it and everything in it.

She started with Murphy products because I told her to, but continued with them because results were so beautiful.

The front hall and living room are finished in white enamel—Murphy's of course. Charming rooms—generously trimmed in an age when wood was cheaper. The floors were almost hopeless, but she went over them with dark oak Univernish and they are fairly ancestral in their rich, deep toned elegance.

Murphy White Enamel

But her greatest triumphs were with discarded furniture. She shamelessly robbed every attic she could get into and was a perfect bandit in auction rooms.

She fairly lived with a paint brush in one hand and a can of Univernish in the other. An old dining set blossomed into a solid mahogany "Period" masterpiece under the magic of mahogany Univernish.

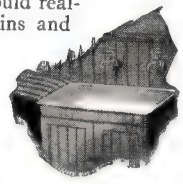
Dark Oak Univernish

Some weather-worn piazza pieces were revived with green Univernish. The den is done in bog oak Univernish.

Bathroom, kitchen, pantries, and back hall are sparkling gems of cheery cleanliness with their glass-like finish of clear Univernish, for you know Univernish has the great virtue of being impervious to moisture—even to boiling water.

Bog Oak Univernish

I wish I could describe each room and tell about chintz and cretonne—old bureaus made into desks, desks made into dressing tables, kitchen tables made into sideboards—for if you could really see her entrancing home you would realize what brains and fine varnish can accomplish.



Clear Univernish

Please remember that Murphy Univernish comes in clear varnish and in six transparent wood colors—Mahogany, Dark Oak, Light Oak, Bog Oak, Walnut and Green. May we tell you more about them?

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited
Montreal, Canadian Associate

This was what was going on behind the cream-colored front, the white windows, and green flower-boxes of the slice of a house as motors and carriages passed it that evening on their way to dinner-parties and theaters, and later, as the policeman walked up and down slowly upon his beat.

Inside, a dim light in the small hall showed a remote corner where on a peg above a decorative seat hung a man's hat of the highest gloss and latest form, and on the next peg a smart evening overcoat. They had belonged to Robert Gareth-Lawless, who was dead and needed such things no more. The same dim light showed the steep narrowness of the white-railed staircase mounting into gruesome little corners of shadows, while the miniature drawing-rooms illumined only from the street seemed to await an explanation of dimness and chairs unfilled combined with unnatural silence.

It would have been the silence of the tomb but that it was now and then broken by something like a half-smothered shriek followed by a sort of moaning which made their way through the ceiling from the room above.

Feather had at first run up and down the room like a frightened cat as she had done in the afternoon. Afterward she had something like hysterics, falling face downward upon the carpet and clutching her hair until it fell down. She was not a person to be judged—she was one of the unexplained incidents of existence. The hour has passed when the clearly moral can sum up the responsibilities of a creature born apparently without brain or soul or courage. Those who aspire to such morals as are expressed by fairness—mere fairness—are much given to hesitation. Courage had never been demanded of Feather so far. She had none whatever, and now she felt only panic and resentment. She had no time to be pathetic about Robert, being too much occupied with herself. Robert was dead—she was alive—here—in an empty house with no money and no servants. She suddenly and rather awfully realized that she did not know a single person whom it would not be frantic to expect anything from.

Nobody had money enough for themselves, however rich they were. The richer they were, the more they needed. It was when this thought came to her that she clutched her hands in her hair. The pretty and smart women, and agreeable more or less good-looking men who had chattered and laughed and made love in her drawing-rooms were chattering, laughing, and making love in other houses at this very moment—or they were at the theater applauding some fashionable actor-manager. At this very moment—while she lay on the carpet in the dark and every little room in the house had horror shut inside its closed doors—particularly Robert's room which was so hideously close to her own! It was when she recalled this that the unnatural silence of the drawing-rooms was intruded upon by the brief, half-stifled, hysteric shriek, and the moaning which made its way through the ceiling.

SO the hours went on behind the cream-colored outer walls and the white windows and gay flower-boxes. And the street became more and more silent—so silent at last that when the policeman walked past on his beat his heavy, regular footfall seemed loud and almost resounding.

Even vaguely to put to herself any question involving action would not have been within the scope of her mentality. Even when she began to realize that she was beginning to feel faint for want of food she did not dare to contemplate going downstairs to look for something to eat. What did she know about downstairs? She had never been there and had paid no attention whatever to Louisa's complaints that the kitchen and servants' hall were small and dark and inconvenient and that cockroaches ran about. She had cheerfully accepted the simple philosophy that London servants were used to these things and if they did their work it did not really matter. But to

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is the most sensible, practical playtime garment ever created for girls—looks like a smart dress and is as useful as bloomers.

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BAKER'S COCONUT
FIRST FOR FLAVOR

The Head of the House of Coombe

go out of one's room in the horrible stillness and creep downstairs, having to turn up the gas as one went and to face the basement steps and cockroaches scuttling away, would be even more impossible than to starve. Feather sat up on the floor at last, her hair tumbling about her shoulders and her thin black dress crushed.

"I'd give almost *anything* for a cup of coffee," she protested feebly. "And there's no *use* in ringing the bell!"

Her mother ought to have come whether her father was ill or not. He wasn't dead. Robert was dead, and her mother ought to have come so that whatever happened she would not be quite alone and *something* could be done for her. It was probably this tender thought of her mother which brought back the recollection of her wedding day and a certain wedding present she had received. It was a pretty silver traveling flask, and she remembered that it must be in her dressing-bag now, and there was some cognac left in it. She got up and went to the place where the bag was kept. Cognac raised your spirits and made you go to sleep, and if she could sleep until morning, the house would not be so frightening by daylight—and something might happen. The little flask was almost full. Neither she nor Robert had cared about cognac. She poured some into a glass with water and drank it. Because she was unaccustomed to stimulant it made her feel quite warm, and in a few minutes she forgot that she had been hungry and realized that she was not so frightened. It was such a relief not to be terrified; it was as if a pain had stopped.

AS she began to arrange her hair for the night, she remembered what Cook had said about Lord Coombe. She had cried until she did not look as lovely as usual, but after she had bathed her eyes with cold rose-water they began to seem only shadowy and faintly flushed. And her fine ash-gold hair was wonderful when it hung over each shoulder in wide soft plaits. She might be a schoolgirl of fifteen. Yes; she would send a little note to Coombe. She knew Madame Hélène had only let her have her beautiful mourning because— The things she had created were quite unique—thin, gauzy black floating or clinging. She had been quite happy the morning she gave Hélène her orders. Tomorrow, when she had slept through the night and it was broad daylight again, she would be able to think of things to say in her letter to Lord Coombe. She would have to be a little careful because he did not like things to bore him. Death and widows might—a little—at first. She had heard him say once that he did not wish to regard himself in the light of a charitable institution. It wouldn't do to frighten him away. Perhaps if he continued coming to the house and seemed very intimate the trades-people might be managed.

She felt much less helpless, and when she was ready for bed, she took a little more cognac. The flush had faded from her eyelids and bloomed in delicious rose in her cheeks. As she crept between the cool sheets and nestled down on her pillow, she had a delightful sense of increasing comfort—comfort. What a beautiful thing it was to go to sleep!

And then she was disturbed—startled out of the divine doze stealing upon her—by a shrill, prolonged, wailing shriek!

It came from the night nursery, and at the moment it seemed almost worse than anything which had occurred all through the day. It brought everything back so hideously. She had, of course, forgotten Robin again—and it was Robin! And Louisa had gone away with Edward. She had perhaps put the child to sleep discreetly before she went. And now she had wakened and was screaming. Feather had heard that she was a child with a temper, but by fair means or foul Louisa had somehow managed to prevent her from being a nuisance.

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Good for the Children — *—and good for you*

The shrieks shocked her into sitting upright in bed. Their shrillness tearing through the utter soundlessness of the empty house brought back all her terrors and set her heart beating at a gallop.

"I—I *won't!*" she protested, fairly with chattering teeth. "I won't! I *won't!*"

She had never done anything for the child since its birth; she did not know how to do anything; she had not wanted to know. To reach her now, she would be obliged to go out in the dark—the gas-jet she would have to light was actually close to the outer door of Robert's bedroom—*the* room! If she did not die of panic while she was trying to light it, she would have to make her way almost in the dark up the steep, crooked, little staircase which led to the nurseries. And the awful little creature's screams would be going on all the time, making the blackness and dead silence of the house below more filled with horror by contrast—more shut off and at the same time more likely to waken to some horror which was new.

"I—I couldn't—even if I wanted to!" she quaked. "I daren't! I daren't! I wouldn't do it—*for a million pounds!*" And she flung herself down again, shuddering and burrowing her head under the coverings and pillows she dragged over her ears to shut out the sounds.

The screams had taken on a more determined note and a fiercer shrillness which the still house heard well and made the most of, but they were so far deadened for Feather that she began beneath her soft barrier to protest pantingly.

"I shouldn't know what to do if I went. If no one goes near her, she'll cry herself to sleep. It's—it's only temper. Oh-h, what a horrible wail! It—it sounds like a—a lost soul!"

But she did not stir from the bed. She burrowed deeper under the bedclothes and held the pillow closer to her ears.

IT did sound like a lost soul at times. What panic possesses a baby who cries in the darkness alone no one will ever know, and one may, perhaps, give thanks to whatever gods there be that the baby itself does not remember. What awful woe of sudden unprotectedness, when life exists only through protection—what piteous panic, in the midst of black unmercifulness, inarticulate sound, howsoever wildly shrill, can neither explain nor express.

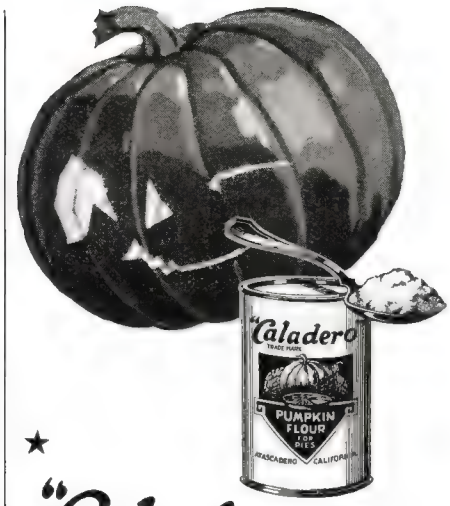
Robin knew only Louisa, warmth, food, sleep, and waking. Or if she knew more, she was not yet aware that she did. She had reached the age when she generally slept through the night. She might not have disturbed her mother until daylight, but Louisa had, with forethought, given her an infant sleeping potion. It had disagreed with her and awakened her. She was uncomfortable, and darkness enveloped her. A cry or so and Louisa would ordinarily have come to her, sleepy and rather out of temper, but knowing what to do. In this strange night the normal cry of warning and demand produced no result.

No one came. The discomfort continued—the blackness remained black. The cries became shrieks—the shrieks developed into prolonged screams. No Louisa, no light, no milk. The blackness drew in closer and became a thing to be fought with wild little beating hands. Not a glimmer—not a rustle—not a sound! Then came the cries of the lost soul—alone—in a black world of space in which there was not even another lost soul.

What the child Robin knew in the dark, perhaps the silent house which echoed her might curiously have known. But the shrieks wore themselves out at last, and sobs came—awful little sobs shuddering through the tiny breast and shaking the baby body. Slower and slower they came—with small, deep gasps and chokings between—and when an uninfantile, drug-like sleep came, the bitter, hopeless, beaten little sobs went on.

But Feather's head was still burrowed under the soft protection of the pillow.

(*To be continued*)



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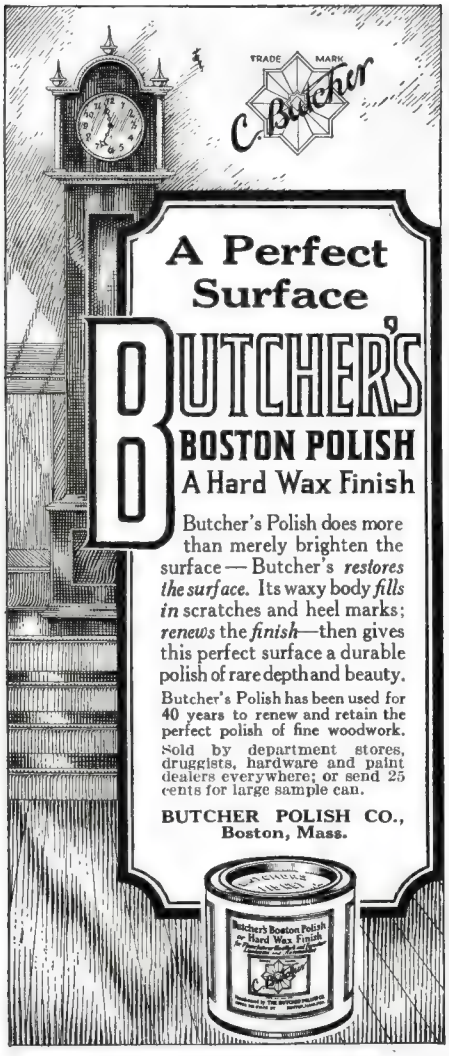
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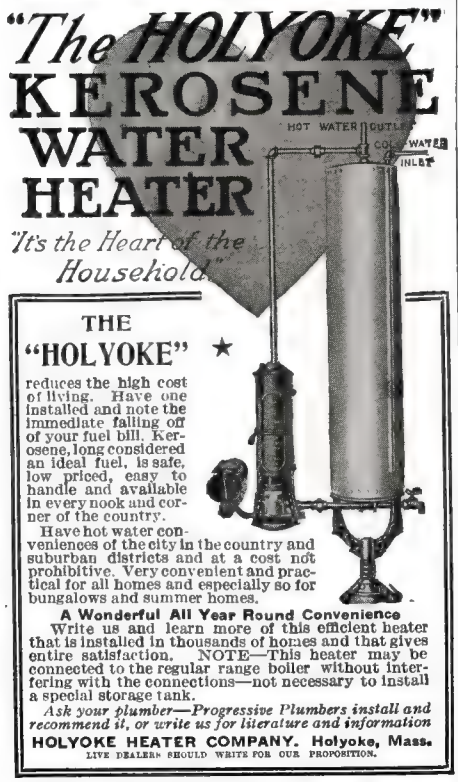
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The Wild Heart

(*Continued from page 32*)

the hill, the fawn would take fright and dart away before we could stop him.

It was not a pleasant picture, but what were we to do? The short, whining barks of the dogs had already changed to the long, triumphant cadence of the hound in full cry. They would come down the hill, the hunters would claim Leonard as their game, they would—

"Meat!" whispered Brother tensely, and cryptic as it may sound to the reader I understood perfectly. I wondered that I had not thought of it myself. Brother outlined a plan of action in a few brief words while the baby deer, with knees wobbling sadly, turned terror-haunted eyes up the hill, his delicate nostrils quivering, yet made no move to leave us.

It took my best efforts to lead the little fawn into the shelter of the brooder house. The scent was foreign to anything he had known before, and the darkness terrified him anew. He could not have known that safety lay within that strange place, but he did know—of that I am sure—that he could trust himself with me, for he came, hesitatingly, urged always by my voice and my hands gently caressing him. He went with me, even through the door, into the semi-darkness of the frame brooder house, and though when I swung the door shut, he nervously leaped away from my side, it was to return an instant later, as if begging my pardon for his involuntary action.

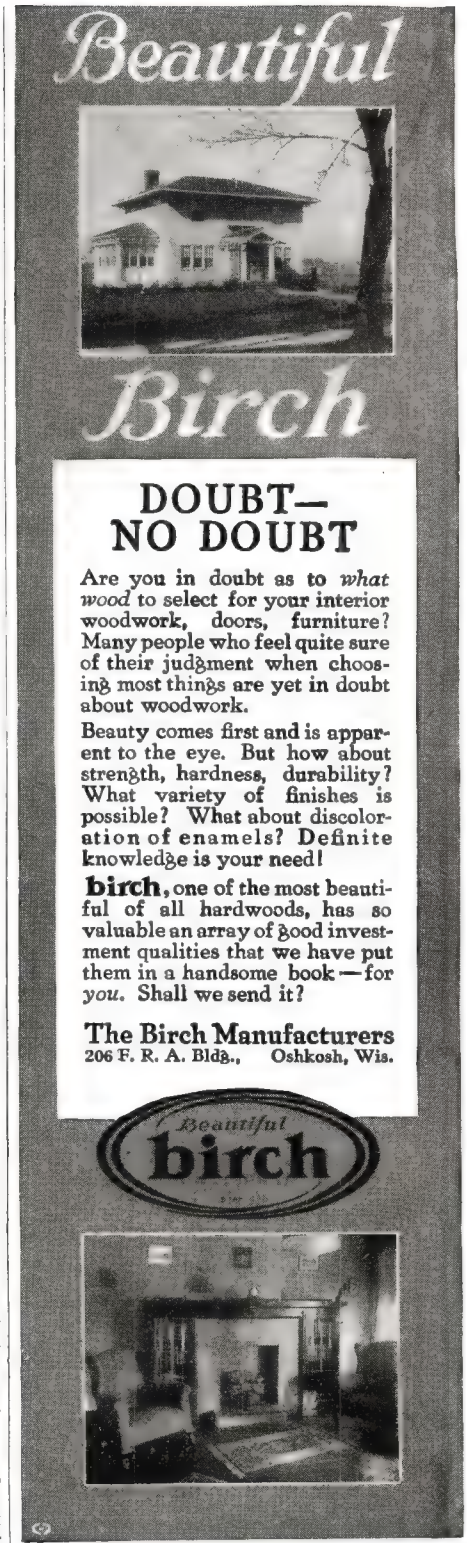
Brother, in the meantime, had dashed into the kitchen and emerged as quickly with a juicy steak—it was to have been cooked for dinner that night—which he hacked into chunks with his jackknife as he raced up the hill.

With my eyes against a crack I could see him panting upward to the point where Leonard had emerged from the underbrush of the woods.

And scarcely had he arrived, when a lean hound, with lolling tongue and nose to the ground, burst from the shrubbery, uttering a long-drawn-out bay. The little deer beside me shook in every limb, and I was trembling, too, as if it were I, not Leonard, whom the dogs were trailing. We crouched there in the darkness, the wild thing of the woods and the child who loved the wild things of the woods, and in those tense moments I felt the heart of the baby deer pounding against my body. Can you wonder why now, when I see the body of a deer killed in the hunt, I can not congratulate the hunter on his prowess? I know how the deer at bay stood still and trembled! I know how his soft, brown eyes grew wide with helpless terror. I know how his heart pounded suffocatingly. And I can not be glad for the hunter; I am only sorry that he does not understand.

AND up on the hill Brother was acting his part in the drama. When the first lean hound swung into sight, he deftly tossed a chunk of red, juicy meat in his pathway. The dog ignored the first piece, so intent was he on the fresh scent of the deer. But another chunk aimed just ahead of him was a temptation not to be withstood, and he gobbled it up, pausing a second in his chase. Another dog followed him out of the underbrush, finding the first piece of meat Brother had thrown.

It did not take long for the two hounds to finish off the entire steak so obligingly tossed to them by the small boy almost hidden in a clump of tall ferns. And when it was gone, Leonard was safe, for the dogs, with the smell of fresh meat in their nostrils, had lost the lighter scent of the little deer's flying hoofs, and they sniffed shamefacedly and with befuddled yappings, until the hunters came cursing down the hill and crashing into the open, to berate the dogs soundly for having lost the game—as they supposed, farther up in the woods.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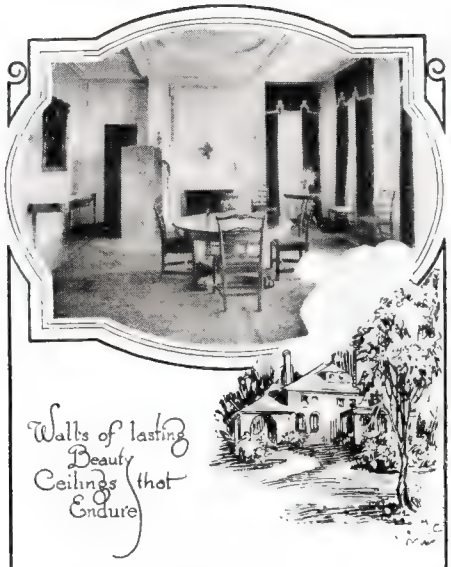

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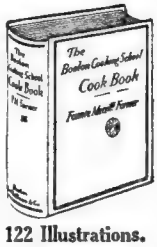

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LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
34 Beacon Street, BOSTON, Mass.

They could not know that the little boy in the clump of ferns, looking on so innocently, was responsible for the hounds' failure, nor that their game was at that instant held tightly in the arms of a little girl who was shaking with excitement as well as with fear, lest something happen to betray the refugee's hiding-place.

But nothing did. The men stamped back into the woods, taking the hounds with them, and that day at least we heard no more baying on the hill.

And Leonard—we were afraid to let him go back to the woods until the deer season had passed or until he was of a size better able to care for himself. The grown-ups helped us, and we contrived a pen with wire netting over the top and sides as well, with the brooder house as shelter for nights. And here we kept Leonard a willing prisoner, while the hounds bayed on the hills and shots echoed across the water. How we wished, when we heard them, that we could make a place of refuge for every hunted thing in the world to come to and be cared for. But Leonard at least was safe, and he seemed to know it, too. Though he trembled whenever he heard the long hunting cry of the dogs, he did not take refuge even in the brooder house. He knew, I think, that he was in sanctuary.

AS the days went on, we released our little deer from his pen, first with a collar and a rope, and then with nothing to hold him. He followed us like a dog, trotting beside us with dainty, mincing steps, sometimes leaping ahead of us, turning to look back at us, his large ears at an angle, his slim young body silhouetted against the green of the woods.

He soon learned his name and would come bounding out to us when we called. We fed him things his ancestors probably never tasted—cookies, apples, lettuce leaves, and candy, in addition to the grass and tender leaves we brought him before we allowed him to accompany us. But best of all the dainties we gave him was the chewing gum that Brother in a playful moment tendered him. Leonard accepted it daintily, as was his wont, and chewed it, as Brother and I remarked, with an actual expression of surprise coming into his brown eyes. He chewed and chewed. Perhaps he thought it a new variety of cud. At any rate, he gave it his hearty indorsement, and after that he would nose in Brother's pockets to find the stick of gum that was always there for him.

So Leonard became one of our happy family, and though we knew that sometime in the distant future we should have on our hands the problem of what to do with an antlered buck who had forgotten the ways of the woods and accepted those of civilization, we did not feel sorry about it, being content to dwell in the happy present, while Leonard seemed content as well.

But one night I woke to find Brother's hand tugging at mine. He was whispering to me that something was outside Leonard's pen—perhaps a bear or a wildcat trying to get at him.

Foolish children we may have been, but we were not cowardly. It never occurred to us to rouse the grown-ups. Leonard was our friend and our responsibility. From my window the two of us crept out on the roof, white-night-gowned figures, shaking with excitement, but not cold. From the roof we dropped easily to the railing of the picket fence at the back of the cabin and from there to the ground.

Like two little white wraiths we crept along in the shadow of the fence until we could see the outlines of the brooder house and the pen which enclosed it. There was a moon, but it was thickly hidden by clouds. All we could distinguish was a dark form against the wire netting, a shape that moved restlessly, now away from the pen, now back to it.

As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that Leonard was in the pen outside the brooder house, and we questioned each other silently. Surely no deer

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The Wild Heart

would come thus to meet an enemy animal that wanted to destroy.

And then, as if in answer to our question, the clouds parted and a pale moon turned the darkness into half-shadowed light. With the sudden effulgence came the weird gleam of four eyes turned in our direction—for our scent had carried to sensitive nostrils—and Brother and I, for the first instant, caught each other's hands and gasped.

Then two of the luminous lights vanished, as the slim animal outside the pen sprang away in great bounds that carried her into the shadows beyond our ken—but not before we had recognized the slim, fleeing form for a doe. We knew it was Leonard's mother, who had found her baby.

We climbed back into our window as silently as we had left it. Brother in his cot, and I in mine, stared up into the darkness, trying to tell ourselves that ours was the right to keep the fawn we had befriended, yet knowing that the mother heart was calling for the little brown deer whom we loved so well. And we knew that in the end we must relinquish our claim—Leonard, after all, belonged to the woods, and the mother heart of the woods was calling.

But because we loved him so, we tried to pretend, the next day, that the deer we had seen was not Leonard's mother—that it was merely a friend from the woods who had come down by moonlight to pay a nocturnal call. In our hearts, though, we knew better. Leonard all the day was restless; he pricked his ears continually as if waiting for a voice from the forest. We could scarcely coax him out of his distrait mood, even with a double ration of the chewing gum he loved so well.

THE next night sleep was impossible. Though we heard nothing, we knew, somehow, that outside Leonard's pen was a slim brown body pressed close against the wire netting. We rose, at last, and crept out over the roof and down to the ground. The doe was there, as we had foreseen. At our approach she bounded away with only the faintest rustle of leaves and snapping of twigs to mark her progress. But knowing that she would not go far—that she would come back to her baby—Brother and I went quickly forward and opened the door of the pen.

Leonard came to us and thrust his nose against my hand. We knelt on the ground, putting our arms around him, pressing our faces against his soft, brown neck, telling him with tears behind our whispered words that he must go with his mother, that the danger season was passed, and that he was free to go back to his kindred.

We stole away, but Leonard followed us, as if asking where we went and why he was not to go with us. For the first time we pushed him away from us, though you can not know what it meant to us to do it. He stood still then, as if wondering, perhaps a little hurt, and we, not daring to look back, ran for the fence, clambered upon it, and gained the roof.

Once there, we could not resist watching a bit, and it was not long before two luminous eyes gleamed from the underbrush. Then we saw a shapely, dark body come slowly into the open, and Leonard, with light, springing bounds, had rushed to meet his mother. For an instant we saw again the glowing orbs of two pairs of eyes. Then the lights vanished; two dark bodies moved side by side into the blackness of the woods; we heard the light crackle of underbrush; and then silence.

Silently we crept into our beds, and long afterward I heard Brother's choking whisper coming through the darkness—my own face was buried in the pillow:

"I know—Leonard's going to miss—his—gum—"

We cried ourselves to sleep that night, thinking of an empty pen and of a little brown friend gone from us forever.

The next story will be about Henry the Heron

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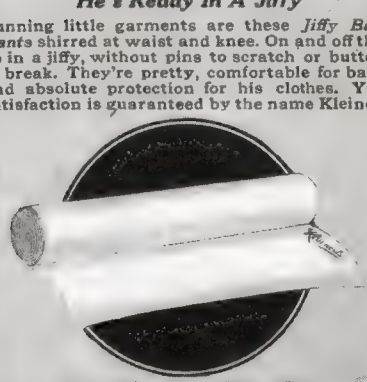

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Letters from a Senator's Wife

(*Continued from page 23*)

wife of the Minister, at Mrs. Lansing's house, and she had been to call on me. Now she came forward—a beautiful woman with her golden hair and beautiful complexion, dressed in a soft, green satin gown—and promptly introduced me to a lady who, like myself, had only recently come to Washington—the Baroness Romano Avezzana—formerly Jacqueline Taylor of St. Louis—the wife of the new Italian ambassador. She was so simply dressed and so gentle and quiet and friendly, that I am sure all your preconceived ideas of what ambassadresses look like would have been upset, as mine were! And I wish you *could* have met her, for no woman that I have ever known has made a more profound impression upon me. I saw her frequently, in all sorts of ways.

Very soon after meeting her at Madame Grouitch's, I was asked to a large dinner given in her honor—and that dinner, I am sure, would have come up to all your ideas of what Washington "gaiety" should be. There were forty of us at table, which was in the shape of a hollow square, and the center was filled in with quantities of pussy-willows, and fragrant daffodils and narcissi, all tied together with exquisite, pale-green, gauzy ribbons. I still remember the broiled lobster that came about the middle of that dinner, and the ice-cream on sponge cake, smothered over with hot meringue, that came at the end of it! The ambassador sat, of course, on our hostess' right. I sat next him, with the Marquis de Bernezzo on my other side, and I assure you that I did not pass a dull moment! We went from the dinner to a *Concerte Diplomatique*, and, discovering that my husband was out of town, the Romanos asked me to go with them in their motor and took me home afterward—with exactly the same friendly informality that some one would "see that I got back all right" after a dance at home.

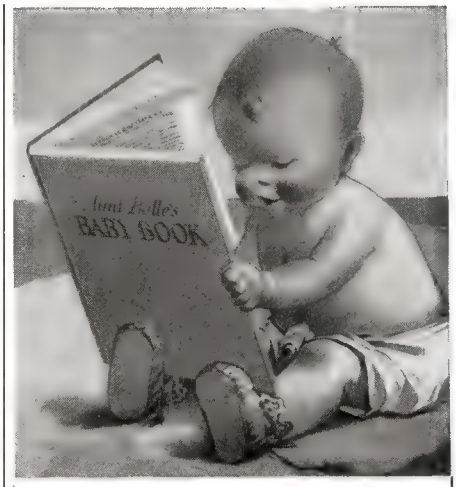
Tea at the Italian Embassy

Soon after this I was asked to come to the embassy for tea—not to one of the big receptions, though of course I went to those too, later on, but for a quiet hour on a day when the baroness was "not receiving"—only about half-a-dozen others being present. An invitation like this is really an appointment, and it is a terrible breach of good form for a Senator's wife to refuse to go if she receives such an invitation from the wife of the President, Vice-President, or one of the Ambassadresses. Not that she would wish to refuse, naturally, but it sometimes takes a good deal of adjusting, in an already full day, to accept! This was my first experience with an engagement of this sort, and I confess that I was happily disappointed in it. A little tea-table, presided over by the pretty daughter of the house, was set quite informally in the library, with a steaming kettle, and wonderful little tarts, and a great, rich, Italian chocolate cake, and we gathered around it and chatted in the merriest way imaginable, without the slightest trace of stiffness anywhere.

The Italian government is, I believe, the only one which recognizes so clearly the importance of the position of an ambassador's wife that it pays her a salary of her own, quite separate from the one it gives her husband. And as my acquaintance with this ambassadress grew into a real friendship, I felt it would be absolutely impossible to overestimate *her* importance, at all events.

"I never knew a woman who did her job better!" a young man occupying an important position in the department of State exclaimed to me not long ago, and I agreed with him.

She never, apparently, forgot a name or a face, and—what is worth infinitely more—she never forgot to greet the owner of the name and



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I am sure you will find it helpful, and doctors and nurses who have read it assure me that everything in the book is in accord with sound, modern practice. It is fully indexed for constant reference.

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Letters from a Senator's Wife

face with courtesy and kindness. By her intelligence, her tact, her sweetness, she endeared herself to all sorts and conditions of people, and when word was received here this fall that her husband had been transferred to another post, the regret was so widespread that it seemed to be actually universal. A great many farewell festivities were given in her honor, but they were all tinged with a feeling of sadness. Two days before she left she sent for me to come to see her for the last time, and gave me a lovely signed photograph of herself which is standing beside me on the bookcase as I write. And among other things of which we talked during the hour that we had together, was the question of independent citizenship for American women who marry foreigners—about which there has been so much commotion this last year—a commotion, it seems to me, entirely out of proportion to its importance, when you consider the really big things that have been allowed to fall by the wayside.

"What good would it do me if the United States declared that I might have independent citizenship? Italy wouldn't!" she said, bringing out a point that had not occurred to me before, and which is worth thinking over, "I'm an Italian now. My husband's country is mine."

And honestly, Margaret, the way she said it made me think of Ruth's "Thy country shall be my country, and thy people my people," in the Bible. I went down the steps of the embassy with my eyes full of tears.

The Serbian Embassy

But I mustn't be too grave when you want me to be gay! And there is another woman in the diplomatic corps of whom I want to tell you something before I say goodby—Madame Grouitch, whom I mentioned before. She is an American, too, and, by the way, it isn't strictly correct to speak of her husband as the Serbian Minister—he is the Minister of the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, a much larger territory than the original Serbia before the war. Madame Grouitch was in Serbia throughout the war, and she will go down in history as one of the great women of the war, if half she has done is ever known. She is not only very lovely to look at, but very talented—the most eloquent public speaker I have ever heard—I don't want to qualify that statement in the least! She gives wonderful talks about Serbia—not only about its sufferings, but about its history, its government, and particularly the splendid part that Serbian women have played in the past and seem likely to play in the future. I have heard her speak over and over again—you may be sure I go whenever there is a chance!—and I have never yet heard her repeat herself. Every time she has something new and thrilling and touching to tell, something of her own wonderful self to give her hearers. Last summer she visited me at the farm for a week, and I never shall forget that week as long as I live. I love to see her at the head of a beautiful dinner table banked with flowers—dressed in vivid colors, a band of jewels in her hair; it is a sight not easily forgotten. But I love better still to see her when her face is lighted up as she talks of the work to which she has dedicated herself, and she reveals in her own person the symbol of her dedication.

Both these women have urged me to go to their countries and see for myself what is going on in them. I hope to be able to arrange to do it some day—perhaps before so very long. If I do, I shall see real Court life then—as well as life in humbler circles, too—and I promise that I will write you all about it!

"And don't you," says Margaret to herself about this time perhaps, "ever give any parties yourself? Do you spend all your time going around to embassies and legations?"

Well, I don't give as many as I used to in the good old days at Pine Grove Farm, when

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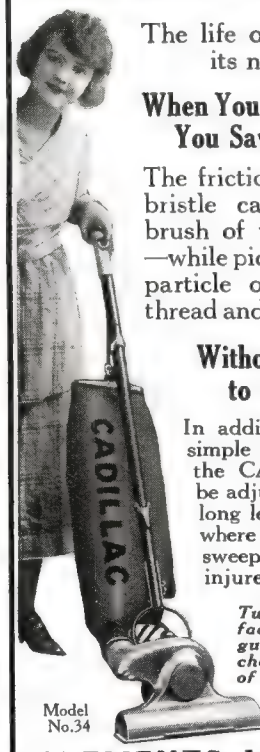

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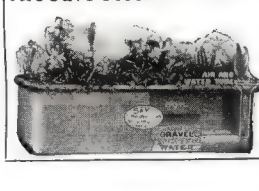

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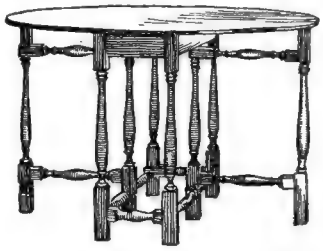

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about all that was necessary for me to do to make my guests have a good time was to pull up the front-hall rugs, and serve lemonade and cookies, and set the phonograph going! But this season I am giving a series of small luncheons. Did you ever read that recipe for angel cake that appeared in *Life* once—"First catch your angel"? Well, in Washington, when you wish to give a party, you first catch your angel!—that is, you invite some person of distinction to be your guest of honor, and then build up your party around his or her acceptance. The first one I had was for the Baroness Romano, with Madame Grouitch, Mrs. Meredith—wife of the Secretary of Agriculture—and Mrs. Woodbury, wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, among the other guests. The second one was in honor of Madame Bahkmeteff, wife of the Russian Embassador; and the third one, this last week, was in honor of Mrs. Marshall, the vice-President's wife, with Madame Peter, the lovely wife of the new Swiss Minister, as the other bright particular star. I shall have others as the winter goes on, but I hate to think—good Republican though I am—that women I have grown so fond of, like Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Woodbury, won't be here to go to them. This is my first experience, you see, with a change of administration, and I suppose it invariably must bring such regrets with it, even when one's own side is victorious.

Mrs. Meredith will be missed enough for herself, heaven knows, but every one who has been to her parties is going to miss those, too, for they are always so "beautifully appointed" as the society columns say, that I hardly dare mention them in the same paragraph with the simple little ones I give myself. The ball she gave a few weeks ago was one of the most brilliant of the season, and I had a wonderful time at it, but I have enjoyed her small entertainments even more, I think. She has the most exquisite embroidered and lace-trimmed linen, the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicious food that you can imagine.

But no one is going to be missed so much as Mrs. Marshall! As you probably know, the President's wife is normally the official leader of Washington society, and the vice-President's wife, though she is bound to have a busy existence, of course, has no great weight of responsibility resting upon her shoulders. But for years Mrs. Marshall has had to carry not only her own job, but Mrs. Wilson's, for the White House has been closed as never before in its history, even before the President's illness. There will be different conditions after the fourth of March, and Mrs. Harding, of whom I shall write you more some other time—for I know her very pleasantly, though not intimately—will keep "open house" again, if I am not much mistaken. Meanwhile, Mrs. Marshall, with never-failing sweetness and tact and energy, has endeared herself to every Senator's and Congressman's wife who has known her even in the most casual way.

Mrs. Marshall's Reception

One reason that I am feeling sleepy rather than snappy today is because I was up most of the night "assisting" at the final reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Marshall last night at the Congressional Club. This annual reception is one of the big events of the year here, not only in point of size but in point of importance. The Congressional Club is the Club to which every Congressman's and Senator's wife is entitled to belong as soon as she reaches Washington, and is housed in a beautiful little building made especially for it. I never saw it look so attractive as it did last night. The curving, broad staircase separates into two branches half-way up, and was banked with ferns and palms. The great oval room at the top, where the reception was held, was hung from end to end with southern smilax, and above the smilax, as soft and feathery as maidenhair, floated the flag of every state in the Union, recently placed there, at a most interesting ceremony, by *women*—members of

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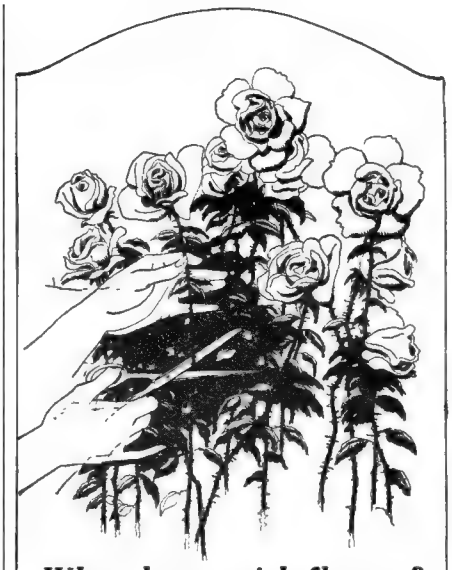

When do you pick flowers?

WHEN you want flowers for decoration for the house, you want them as fresh and fragrant as they can be. You go out into the garden and pick them. And you receive their goodness for only a short time after they are picked.

But why serve coffee that is stale? Like cut flowers, ground coffee when exposed to the air for any length of time loses its fragrance and freshness. The coffee becomes flat and tasteless. When you grind coffee yourself, you can make better coffee from the same coffee.

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Letters from a Senator's Wife

the Club—from every state in the Union. The large white mantel was banked with pink flowers, and in the dining-room, where a delicious two-course supper was served about eleven o'clock, a great basket—enormous is not too strong a word to use—of the most gorgeous American Beauty roses that I have ever beheld towered on the center of the table between two candelabra whose shades, under filigree silver, matched the flowers. The Marine Band—the best band, I believe, in the whole world—played, and the lovely dresses of the women moving to and fro in the brilliant, decorated room, completed a very wonderful picture. Mrs. Marshall was in black velvet, and Mrs. Ward, the president of the club, who received with her, in an exquisite dress of gray and silver—but of course there was every color of the rainbow there—especially a great many vivid greens and reds, and quantities of silver brocade. About a dozen Senators' and Representatives' wives "floated" with instructions to make ourselves especially agreeable to any one who was not having a good time—but our task was an easy one, for every one *was* having a good time, and before the reception was half over, dancing had begun.

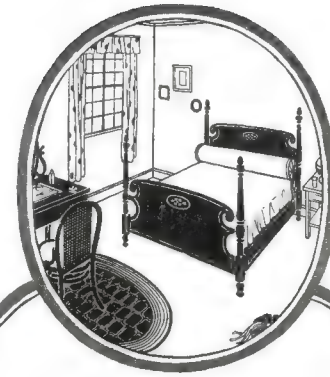
Opera in Washington

Then of course we have other gaieties here besides dinners and lunches and receptions. Washington is a wonderful concert city, and now it is also trying hard to establish civic opera, such as most of the cities of any consequence in Europe have, but which, more's the pity, is practically unknown in this country. The Washington Opera Company gave a performance of "Aïda" not long ago which was a gala event, and though I have seen it given over and over again, I have never seen it better done. The two main parts were taken by "visiting artists," but all the others were done by "local talent" and though you are such a distinguished amateur actress yourself, I don't believe you can conceive of a semi-amateur undertaking so beautifully carried out. Scenery, costumes, chorus, solos—everything was splendid, and I'm proud to say that the stage-manager was a *woman!* The audience was almost as interesting as the performance, for literally "everybody" was there, beautifully dressed and enthusiastic, and after it was over, one of its principal promoters gave a midnight supper, with dancing, at his house. I sank into bed at three o'clock in the morning. "Feeling very much the worse for wear?" Not a bit of it! Feeling that I had seen the triumph of a splendid idea made into a splendid actuality, and mighty glad of it!

I hope, my dear, that I've been able to cheer and interest you by some of the things I've written, and I hope, too, that I've been able to make you see what I've learned since I came here—that though "society" does make a few women vapid and foolish, like some I've happened to meet, that is partly because they would probably have been vapid and foolish anyway. Oftener, much oftener, it teaches them all sorts of valuable lessons, giving them poise and ease of expression and that intangible thing called "charm"; makes them tactful and courteous and well-informed and intelligent and sympathetic. Without the highest type of "society woman" to help us, it would be hard to pass through a period like the present one, which means "nerve-strain" for us all, for the life that they are living is so inseparably linked with the big things of today, both nationally and internationally, that the tie could not be severed without disastrous results. I hope I've made you see how kind and cordial and hospitable such women have been to me here, how much I have to be thankful for, and how much I've learned. And with much love, believe me to be,

Always affectionately yours,

Frances Parkinson Keyes



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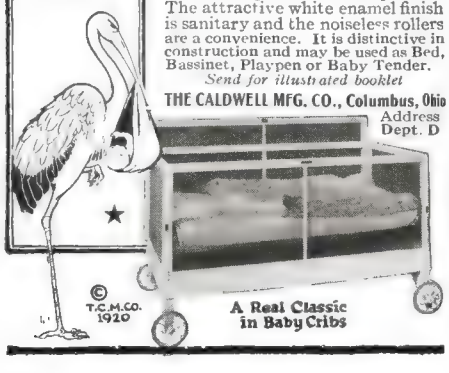

A Real Classic in Baby Cribs

What Shall We Plant in the Home Plot?

By Lewis and Mary Theiss

WAR-TIME necessity very largely increased the number of American gardeners, and several million Americans are just beginning to realize how many vegetables can be raised in a back-yard garden. But few, indeed, have any conception of how much food can be produced in a small yard when fruits and berries are grown as well as vegetables, and when an intelligent effort is made to have the home site one hundred percent productive.

For various reasons it is hardly advisable to plant food-producing growths in the front yard; the rear of the lot should be reserved for a vegetable plot. But about the house and immediately behind it, productive trees and bushy growths can very properly be planted. The prospective home builder, then, must decide how much of his total area he will devote to a front yard that is wholly ornamental, and what proportion he will reserve for food production in the rear. This is a problem that each home owner must solve for himself, according to his own circumstances.

But whether he locates his dwelling near the street or far back in his lot, he will want to frame it with green growths, and he will wish to make plantings that conceal the service portion of his grounds. Nothing gives a house a snugger or more attractive appearance than a huge tree that shades it, sheltering a portion of the roof under wide-spreading limbs. The side yard is an excellent place to put such a tree. This is particularly true because a big tree, if planted beside the garden, is likely to rob the vegetables of too much moisture.

Plant Nut Trees

What kind of tree should one plant beside one's home? Obviously it should be a fast grower. Also it should be ornamental. Preferably it should give a shade that is lofty and not too dense. A productive tree will answer as well as one that is merely ornamental. If a grafted tree is planted rather than a seedling, it will produce in a very few years. Our English walnuts, for instance, have been planted not more than four or five years, yet one of them has twice set fruit, and another this year fully matured its first nut. Nut trees are both ornamental and productive. The black walnut and the pecan seem to be well suited to this sort of planting. Why not try one or the other. Or possibly both, one on each side of the house?

The black walnut is a rapid grower, reaches large size, and has foliage of great beauty. A mature tree will produce a great quantity of nuts. The pecan is also large and beautiful, as well as long-lived. Among the most beautiful and stately of the trees at Mount Vernon are pecan trees planted by George Washington and still in excellent condition. Commonly one thinks of the pecan as a tree for warm latitudes only. Both it and the English walnut will thrive much farther north than is commonly supposed. For planting near the house, then, the black walnut, the pecan, or a good shagbark tree would be an excellent choice. The foliage of the walnut is always beautiful, and in the fall the leaves of both the hickory and the pecan are symphonies in brown.

Many big trees, of course, are out of the question for a small yard, yet a number of small ones can be planted. Plums, for instance, are wonderfully beautiful and occupy but little room. The Abundance is highly artistic, and when in full bloom is past describing. The Wickson bears large, yellow plums of delicious flavor. The Kieffer pear-tree takes up little space. Yet a small Kieffer pear will yield two or three bushels of fruit. Its blossoms in the spring and its reddish-bronze foliage in fall are as beautiful as anything in nature. The Clapp's Favorite is not a large tree, yet produces

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What Shall We Plant in the Home Plot?

superior. It is a small, willowy tree with very dark-red fruit almost as large as a hickory-nut The Belle of Georgia, a delicious white peach, and the late Crawford, a yellow peach, make a good combination.

Among the apples, the Yellow Transparent, the Wealthy, and the Wagener, form a trio especially well suited to the small home plot. They represent the very top notch of quality in apples. The Yellow Transparent matures its fruit in July and August. We have had these apples sufficiently mature to eat by July fourth, though commonly they come later. The Wealthy is a fall apple of a wonderful red color and an even finer flavor, that bears remarkably heavy crops. We have taken six bushels from a little tree hardly more than twelve feet high and no more in diameter. The Wagener is an early bearer, a prolific producer, and a long-lived tree. If properly stored, its fruit will keep until far into the spring.

All the trees mentioned naturally are rather small. They can be kept small by limiting the plant food and allowing them to grow without artificial stimulation, though it is best, in planting, to feed them and cultivate them for a time in order that they may grow vigorous in babyhood. Then, if sod is allowed to grow around them and cultivation is discontinued, they will grow slowly and normally and produce fruit early. They will not become so large, or bear so much fruit as trees that are constantly fed and cultivated, but inasmuch as one desires small trees for a small yard, this is not objectionable. Should one prefer, one can purchase dwarf trees. For a very small yard, these would doubtless be preferable.

One thing must be guarded against: when one sets out a little whip no bigger than a walking-stick, one is likely to plant too closely. Dr. Bailey says standard pears may be planted 20 to 25 feet apart; plums 20 feet; sour cherries 20 feet; apricots 20 feet; peaches 20 feet; apples 35 to 40 feet. Dwarf trees may be set at half to two-thirds those distances. There are, however, little dwarfs and large dwarfs, and the purchaser should learn which he is getting and plant accordingly. Wherever space will permit, we recommend the planting of standard trees of small varieties rather than of dwarfs, as we believe the results will be more satisfactory. Yet for many yards the dwarf is exactly the tree needed.

Since these trees can be planted so close together, every householder should have at least one tree of each variety. These can be disposed about the house and behind it, and along the northern and northwestern edges of the garden, so that they will add beauty to the home plot, yield worth-while fruit, and benefit rather than harm the garden.

Plant Bush Fruits

As for bush fruits and berries, they go hand in hand with trees, for they are more or less shade loving, or at least tolerant of shade. In screening the service portions of their yards, many people plant concealing hedges or even build costly wooden lattices. Why not make a hedge of currants or gooseberries? Surely the gooseberry is as attractive as the barberry, and the currant more beautiful than the privet! Each will produce largely. A single thrifty currant bush will yield five or six quarts of prime berries. The Cherry currant is the sort to plant. Both these bush fruits are hardy and easy to raise.

Among other bush fruits the raspberry should not be forgotten. With it should go the blackberry. The strawberry rounds out the group. These three species should supply fresh berries over a period of many weeks, beginning with the strawberry in June and ending with the blackberry in midsummer. All three will do nicely among the trees along the northern border of the yard, particularly the raspberries. A surprisingly small planta-

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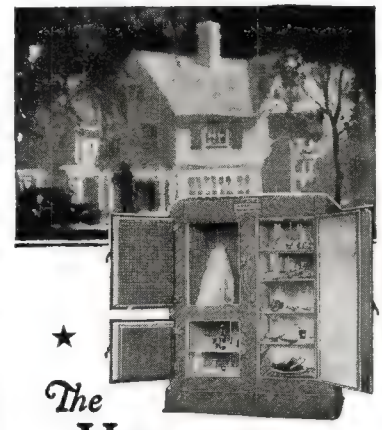

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tion, if well cultivated and fertilized, will yield a bushel of berries in a season.

Strawberries grow well in either sun or partial shade, thus prospering in any part of the garden. The soil should be enriched before planting, and the weeds carefully kept down while the plants are growing. Thus a matted row of any desired width can be created that will be so dense as to prevent any weeds from springing up. For convenience in picking, the row should not be too wide. A row of strawberries makes an excellent border for part of the garden, and by growing such a row the gardener can utilize a space not otherwise used, for the berries will occupy every inch right up to the fence, covering those spaces so difficult to cultivate, where vegetables can not be planted and where weeds thrive.

Take the tasteful little garages in countless American yards There is hardly one of them that would not be more attractive for a covering of vines. Then why not use a grapevine? We started some up the side of our own garage, and the effect was so surprisingly pleasing that we are now training the vines to run completely around the structure. We pick basket after basket of the most luscious grapes from those vines. Why not have a bushel of delicious grapes on your woodshed or garage instead of staring at a blank wall, or even at a growth of woodbine, lovely though it is? Is the woodbine leaf more artistic than the grape? Is the trumpet creeper's bloom lovelier than rich clusters of purple, red, and white grapes?

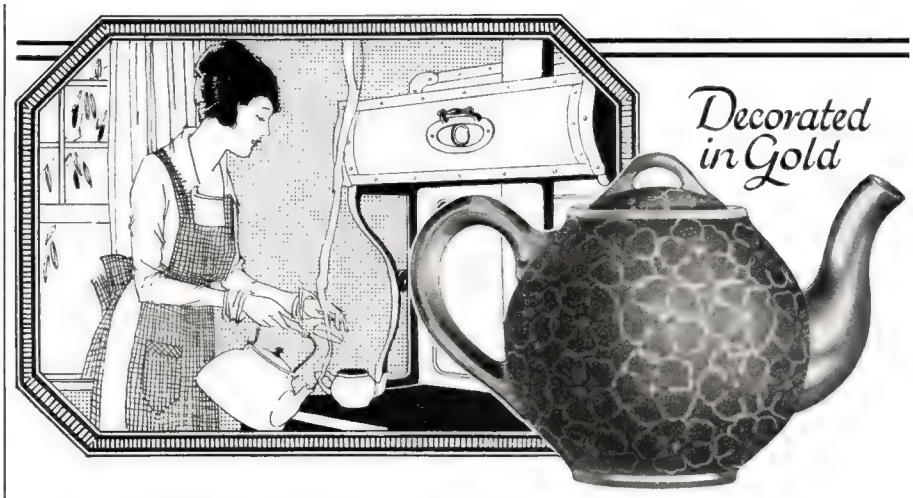
The homes we buy ought to do more than merely save rent and afford us shelter and satisfaction. They ought to be revenue-producing investments. Some of us have learned how to save our pennies; but few of us have grasped the idea of thrift in its real meaning. We can handle our home sites so that they are truly more valuable year by year. The way to do it is to develop the potential riches that exist right under our noses. We have great possessions. All we need to secure them is eyes that see and faith that endures.

The Vacuum Cleaner Vote

(*Continued from page 67*)

the rubbing surfaces will show signs of wear. You can apply this thought to the vacuum cleaner. The shaft of the motor is steel, and the bearings usually bronze. If the steel shaft rubs directly on the bronze bearings, there is bound to be heat and wear. A prevention for this is lubrication. When you lubricate, what you actually do is to provide a thin film of oil between the two metal surfaces, so that they are no longer in contact. Lubrication lessens the friction, thereby reducing the non-productive work that the motor has to do. Follow the manufacturer's oiling instructions implicitly. Where a little oil is called for, do not imagine that perhaps twice the amount will do twice as much good. This is a fallacy and usually leads to harmful results. Regularity is the big factor in proper lubrication.

The connecting cord that you attach to the electricity supply, you must remember, is not really a cord, but is made up of a pair of electrical conductors surrounded by insulation and a protecting braid. Each of these conductors consists of several strands of fine copper wire so as to make the complete conductor flexible. There is, of course, a definite limit to the number of times that you can bend a cord of this nature before the fine wires will rupture. Just a little care in keeping the cord from kinking, and preventing it from being jammed in doors and stepped on, will prolong its life considerably. To withdraw the detachable part from the screw portion of the plug, grasp the edge of the plug rather than to take hold of the connecting cord and jerk out the plug. This will save the connections in the plug and eliminate a very frequent source of trouble, namely, an open circuit due to the wires being pulled off the screw terminals.



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And the same high standards that govern products advertised in Good Housekeeping also govern the features and services we advertise.

The King Was In His Banking House

(*Continued from page 61*)

women is an assured fact. It remains only for women to fit themselves for this new opening.

Let me make one thing clear: In this new era, the banker is not standing on the street corner announcing the glad news to any and every woman that he would be delighted to have her come into his bank as an officer or even a super-secretary. Far from it! He is, however, analyzing his clients and their prejudices, and then, with his judgment clarified, he studies the women already in his organization. If he finds no one inside to promote, he goes after some outsider of whom he has heard, and says to her, in effect: "We are interested in what we have heard of your organizing ability or your ability to work with women (as the case may be). Now, we have an opportunity in our bank for a woman to make an important position for herself. If you will come to us at a small salary and in a minor position, and devote yourself to learning our business, you will be advanced as soon as you prove you are the right woman. We have decided that we need a woman as an officer, perhaps as secretary or vice-president. The chance is yours, but you must make up your mind that it will mean hard work."

Liberty Bond Beginnings

Broadly speaking, there are two methods of approach to the banking institution, the inside route, where victory is the result of training, aptitude and experience, and the outside route, where success depends on a wide social acquaintance and experience in working, socially, with other women. Liberty Loan work, more than any one thing, opened the banker's eyes to woman's ability to learn one phase of finance, that of selling bonds. It is part of our war history that women of leisure as well as trained business women went out after other women and the small purchasers among the men, with such success that in the Victory Loan they were entrusted with an important share in the campaign.

Many of these "war-workers" are now occupying highly paid positions in banks and bond houses. Mrs. J. K. Bowman, a well-known young matron of Richmond, won the assistant secretaryship of one of the largest banks in Virginia solely on her remarkable success in selling War Savings and Thrift Stamps. Of her own volition she campaigned among the workers in the tobacco factories surrounding Richmond and among laboring people generally. Her record so amazed the president of the Merchants National bank that he asked her to organize a woman's department. She accepted, on condition that she be allowed to go after business in the new field she had discovered. The banker was not very keen about this but told her to try it. The result has been phenomenal; every week the amount turned in for War Savings Stamps far exceeds that turned in during the war, and savings accounts are increasing in like manner. Mrs. Bowman, realizing from war experience that the laboring man and woman are eager to save when saving is made easy, makes weekly collecting trips to the factories, and her success has been so great that other banks in the south are following her example.

The large majority of banking women, however, will win success by the inside route. The high school or college student who decides in favor of a financial career should take either a stenographic or accountant's course, as these professions will open the banker's door when others fail. Being a competent stenographer, in the opinion of the banker, means more than an ability to take dictation and to transcribe notes correctly. It means an understanding of banking terms and an ability to think financially. This last qualification is not so unusual in the feminine sex as men have supposed, for a surprising number of young

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The King Was In His Banking House

women employed in banks take readily to the technicalities of market and other financial reports. Given a firm educational and business foundation, add to this a keen intuition or ability to look underneath the surface, and advancement becomes an almost sure thing. A young woman employed in an important bank in a large western town has recently been put in charge of one of the loan departments. After serving three years as a stenographer in that department she was made private secretary to the secretary of the institution. One day this official asked for the record of a man who wanted his note extended. The record proved satisfactory to the officer, and he approved the extension.

The girl hesitated, then said: "Do you know that man's wife?"

The secretary said, "No, why do you ask such a question? What has a man's wife to do with that note?"

"Perhaps nothing," she replied, "but she belongs to my club, and I know that she is extravagant; she lives beyond her husband's means, neglects her children and home, and only yesterday told me she was simply going to make her husband buy her a new car."

The secretary said nothing but looked as though a faithful friend had struck him. He disappeared into the president's office and when he came back to his desk, he said,

"Telephone Blank to drop in to see me, and after this you are to be my assistant and pass on loans from a woman's point of view. I don't promise always to accept your view, but I certainly want to get it!"

A Course of Study

This girl had charted her course clearly from the day she knew that she would have to earn her living. Graduating from high school, she took a business course which included typewriting and stenography and a special course of lectures on banking. She then sought a position as a ten-dollar-a-week stenographer in the biggest bank in her town. At the end of a year, she was put in charge of all the clerks and stenographers employed by the bank. In the meantime, she enrolled for a series of lectures on finance given by her state university, and was the only girl student in the class. She read the lives of well-known financiers and studied closely the financial and market reports in the newspapers. Also, she became known as the human question mark, for she was constantly asking for information about financial matters and the people doing business with her bank. Today, as we have seen, she is an assistant officer, and it is no secret that she is being trained to take the position of her present chief when he becomes president next year.

Banking is not a narrow profession; the girl who succeeds in it receives a liberal education as she progresses. This is especially true of the girl in the city or large town bank. Her horizon broadens daily; the market reports, monetary condition, financial questions of all sorts and, as important as all else, current events—foreign and domestic—take the place, with her, of the last best seller. She learns to judge what effect the political situation in Russia, Persia or China may have on the American money and bond markets. She understands why the discovery of great oil fields in some unexpected place is of interest to the American banker, and between times she learns something of foreign exchange.

Today, a foreign language, backed by excellent English, will frequently pave the way to a higher position. One foreign language, particularly Spanish, may be the reason for the girl's first job, but a familiarity with two or three will mark any girl for immediate promotion. There are girls in several New York banks who have made well-paid positions for themselves because of their ability to speak, read, and write French, Spanish, and Italian.

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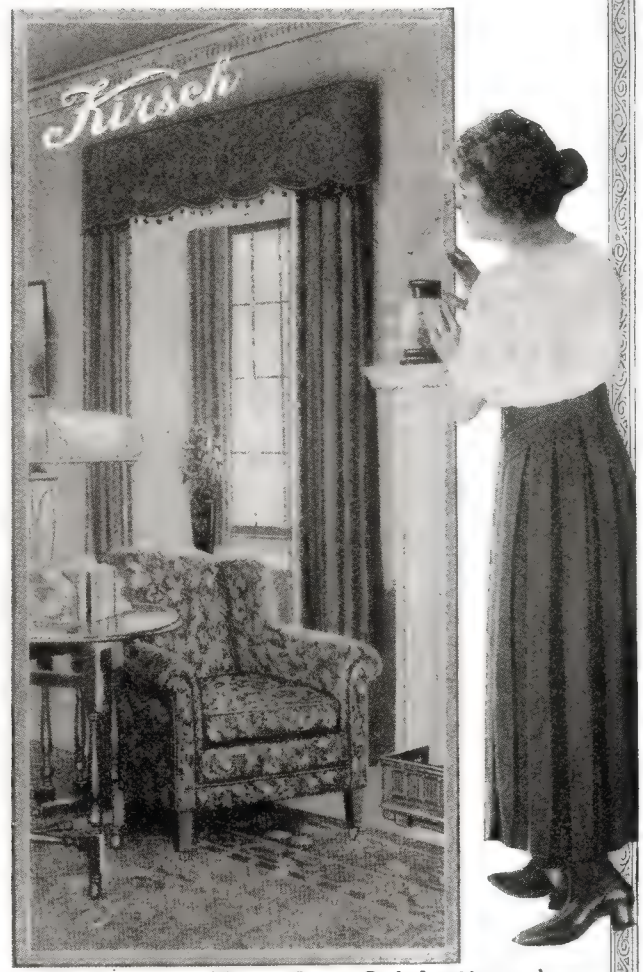

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The King Was In His Banking House

In talking with three New York women who are interesting examples of what success may mean to the woman who charts her course, I found certain qualities standing forth in all of them. These three officials, Mrs. William Laimbeer, Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Mortgage and Trust Company, Mrs. Key Cammack, Assistant Secretary of the New York Trust Company, and Mrs. Jacob Riis, Investment Officer of Bonbright Brothers, are gifted with a charming womanliness, remarkable executive ability and an uncanny faculty for getting along with other women. As each financial institution has its own peculiar problems, each one of these officers has duties that differ from those of her sister officer.

Mrs. Laimbeer, whose name appears on the letter-heads of her bank, as Assistant Secretary, had no experience, but she did have some financial knowledge due to her interest in her husband's career. Mr. Laimbeer, until his tragic death in a motor accident several years ago, was a member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange. Mrs. Laimbeer, who was left with three small children, found it necessary to add to her income. Like many other women similarly placed, her first thought was to carry on some work within her home, and she went in for jam and preserve making. Her venture was successful, but Mrs. Laimbeer began to develop ambition. Then came war, and the women of Long Island began conserving food. At their request, Mrs. Laimbeer organized and ran a large Community Kitchen and in course of time gave many hours to the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives. This experience fed her ambition and, the war over, she concluded to enter some business.

For eighteen months, Mrs. Laimbeer served thousands of women, as head of the Home Economics Department of the Edison Electric Company. Again she realized that she was not doing just the sort of work she wanted to do. She was influenced, too, by the fact that she could advance no further in that position. Determined to make no hasty move, she studied several possible careers and finally decided that banking, being a new field, offered a great chance, and she accepted a position with the U. S. Mortgage and Trust Company, as manager of the Women's Department in one of the uptown branches. It was a small beginning, as regards responsibility. But Mrs. Laimbeer knew her opportunity lay before her, and she devoted all her energies to winning out. This new task meant giving up her home in the country and moving into a city apartment with her children. It meant complete reorganization of her social and family life. It also meant long hours and steady mental application, for banking is an exact science that has to be studied from hour to hour and from day to day. But weighing everything she decided that the future would pay for the hard work of the present.

The New Banking

Mrs. Laimbeer spent her first six months becoming familiar with banking routine, studying the specific problems of her institution, systematizing her department, and becoming acquainted with her neighborhood and the women clients who used her department. Last July, having proved her ability, she was made an officer and placed in charge of the women's departments of the five branches as well as of the parent bank downtown. One of the duties of the women's departments is to get new business. Banking, indeed, has changed. No longer does the banker make you feel that he is doing you a favor in permitting you to hand your money over to him. The modern bank goes out after your business and also offers you many special services. Mrs. Laimbeer, for example, offers to plan your household or personal budget for you. Her department will even balance your check and account books every month, and, of

course, will list your bonds and clip your coupons.

It is always difficult for men or women to explain how they have won success. Mrs. Laimbeer believes that her present success has been due to her determination not to let personal pleasures interfere with business. She is rigidly strict regarding hours and is at her desk by nine o'clock every morning, no matter what her engagements may have been the night before.

Another vital factor in this question of success is the giving of adequate service in return for pay. "One of the first things I learned about untrained women in business," said Mrs. Laimbeer, "was that so many have no sense of values. They skim through their work, cut short their hours at both ends of the day, and in the middle, evidently not realizing that when they accept money for their labor, they should give a full return in service for that money. The woman who would succeed in banking must, I feel, give a doubly full return, for she has so much to learn."

Red Cross Training

Mrs. Cammack, whose office in the New York Trust Company holds a Chippendale desk and deep-cushioned chairs, won her spurs during the war by managing a large Red Cross workshop in New York. Her qualities for leadership, displayed in the work, attracted the attention of outsiders, and she was offered a chance to make a position for herself in the bank of which she is now an officer. Mrs. Cammack emphasizes the fact that the opening was there for any woman, but that advancement depended on hard and constructive work. Her department will plan and suggest budgets for incomes ranging from sixty dollars a week to forty thousand; it helps the college boy or girl make out his or her budget and teaches the boarding-school girl how to keep within her allowance. Because her bank is housed in what was very recently a beautiful residence on Fifth Avenue, Mrs. Cammack has one privilege denied to her fellow officers. At her suggestion the ball-room, formerly the scene of some of the most brilliant balls given in New York, has been placed at the disposal of any depositor of the bank needing a committee room. It is booked up almost continuously by women on welfare and civic organizations and is one of the most popular by-products of the institution, for the New York woman belongs to many committees and it is not always easy to find a convenient meeting-place. This peculiarly feminine bit of service has won the bank many warm friends.

A financial career does not always mean a banking position. While many brokerage houses dislike women customers, there are others that not only welcome them but seek them, and more than this, place women in charge of their bond departments. In the busy office of Bonbright Brothers, on Nassau Street, Mrs. Jacob Riis heads a department whose importance is acknowledged even in Europe. The wife of Jacob Riis found her opportunity when she was left with a small income, but not until she decided that finance was her ultimate goal. In her position as Investment Officer, Mrs. Riis is the consultant of hundreds of men and women investors, and her clients are not only individuals but banks and insurance companies. If she may be said to have a "hobby" or specialty, it is Farm Credits. Yes, indeed, this essentially feminine woman understands Farm Credits and Farm Loans and farms, too! It seems that some years ago, Mrs. Riis, having a farm, and knowing how her neighbor-farmers needed help, founded a cooperative society to enable them and herself to arrange better financial terms with their banks. At this time, and ever since, Mrs. Riis made Farm Credits her greatest absorbing interest and more than one banker has been glad to get points from her. It is somewhat amusing to learn that when she formed her society, the men refused to make her a director, as in their opinion no woman would ever know anything about finance.

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The King Was in His Banking House

All these women who have won success are unanimous on one point. Success means hard work and a good deal of personal sacrifice. To the girl who sincerely wishes to succeed, hard work and sacrifice will hold few terrors. She will steer her little bark carefully through the hazards of daily contacts and at the same time will add constantly to her professional equipment. New opportunities are opening on every side for the young woman of education and specialized training. It only remains for her to decide what course she wishes to pursue and then steer steadily towards her desired goal.

Columbia Signals "Go"

(Continued from page 29)

became more and more exasperated by the rising rent item in his family budget. He became absolutely determined to build a home of his own.

And also the manufacturer, thwarted in his efforts to buy building materials and enlarge his factory to keep up with the demands of his trade for quantity production, was forced, also, to withdraw from the building market and turn his limited factory capacity from quantity to quality production and charge the market accordingly. Up went the cost of living to everybody, incidentally bringing the prospective home builder another raise in rental for the temporary premises he occupied.

During the long days of waiting for construction costs and living costs to drop, the prospective home builder has had plenty of opportunity to read. He has been told that while the United States has been involved in a war about every quarter-century, these wars have been exclusively combats in defense of the home, yet the percentage of home owners has been steadily decreasing. In France, for example, according to U. S. Labor Department statistics, 20 percent of the people live under the rental system. Competent authorities state that in 1890, 52 percent of Americans lived under the rental system. In 1910, rent payers represented 58 percent of the country's population, while today probably 64 percent are abiding in leased quarters.

It has been a matter of official observation that the rent payer loses not only the increment resulting from increasing land values and urban and suburban development, but what is still more important, he suffers the loss to himself and to his family of that intangible, but nevertheless, intrinsic value of long-established neighborhood friendships. He never knows the feeling of peace and security, so restful to the business man, of having a permanent abiding place in this shifting world. He misses the thousand joys of homekeeping that he can only read about in books, while his braver neighbors are going out and getting them for themselves. Furthermore he can not count on leaving to his children the safest investment in all the world—the one least liable to change or loss—a piece of ground and a habitation thereon. A home is a guaranty of solid standing. Often the deciding question asked by those who rate trade or commercial risks is whether a man owns his own home. Any one can rent, but the proprietorship in a home best measures the individual's talent for thrift.

There is a clearing opportunity today for prospective home builders to start their long-deferred building enterprises with profit. The progression of rent raises, they realize, must continue until the nation can catch up with the demand for homes.

The prospective home builder is concerned mostly with the question as to whether the cost of building is coming down to within the range of his pocketbook. It is now possible to answer this question in the affirmative for the

first time since 1916. Furthermore, the economic fundamentals that guide the course of events in the construction market are developing in his favor, providing they can count on his prompt acceptance.

The first thing that comes to the prospective home builder's mind is the subject of building material prices. There has been wide conflict of opinion regarding the effect building material price advances have had in chilling national construction enterprise, but while building material prices have risen far, they have also fallen far since autumn of last year.

The opening of the 1921 spring building movement finds a reduction in the price of nearly all basic building commodities. Yellow pine, in home-building dimensions, early in the year was within 10 percent of what it was in the wholesale market prior to the war era. It is futile, in the face of higher freight rates, still lofty wage scales for common and skilled building material, manufacturing and construction labor, heavy war-time depreciation and depletion charges and nation-wide under-supply, to expect the complete deletion of that differential of 10 percent for several years. Therefore, basic building lumber prices may be safely considered as being at bottom.

Common brick manufacturers, at the opening of the current building year, had barely half a billion brick on hand. This is wholly inadequate to meet the needs of anything like even a normal half-year's building demand, much less a national housing emergency. By June there will be practically a cement famine throughout the land if early-year indications run true to form. Yet with these conditions of undersupply in basic building commodities, prices have been reduced since last autumn 49 percent, covering nearly all items in the list, from architectural terra-cotta to zinc.

There will be those who will require of the building material manufacturer and dealer their "pound of flesh," but it will avail them little, if anything, because prices now being quoted to prospective builders, before the market satiates its hunger for orders, will not long remain low if, spurred by constant rent advances and overcrowding, a liberal percentage of harassed rent payers come promptly into the building market to acquire a home of their own.

The era of investigation and inquiry into causes of price levels will spur public opinion to demand a closer margin between the price levels in the wholesale market and those quoted to prospective home builders. This conclusion is reached upon careful consideration of the type of construction business that will be offered in 1921 and the spring of 1922.

Coming Construction Business

It seems apparent at this time that the major movement of building in commodities in 1921 and early in 1922 will be toward the comparatively small-volume purchasers in large numbers instead of toward a few large-quantity purchasers as has been the case during the last two years. This characteristic of the market of the immediate future is already greatly facilitating the stabilization of material prices. The hope of the building material producer for a continuation of big-order business was dimmed when early in the year it became apparent that the railroads with their $2,000,000,000 worth of potential equipment orders would be out of the market pending a clearer demonstration of their ability to achieve their contemplated earnings under the terms of their agreement with the Government when it released its control over the country's transportation systems.

It is, therefore, plainly a matter of expediency that building material manufacturers should make their prices as attractive as their costs will permit to the small-quantity purchasers, the 1,250,000 prospective home builders in the U. S. A.

The next major problem that confronts the man whose hopes have been so long deferred with reference to building a home is the attitude of the building craftsmen he will employ to assemble the material he is thus able to buy.

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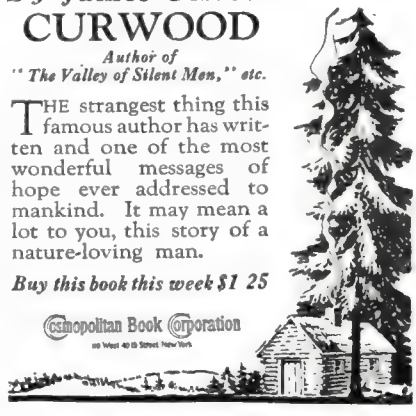

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Columbia Signals "Go"

There are two sides to this problem, both of which it is well for the prospective home builder to contemplate in hoping for a lowering cost of erection of the home he would build. The cost of living has receded. On January 8th, the cost of living compared with even date in January, 1920, was as 200.896 is to 292.790. Some hold that this means lower wages for labor.

There are those also, who hold that since the signing of the Armistice immigration has been having a lowering effect upon the cost of building labor, or labor employed in the production of basic building materials. The facts do not justify this conclusion. During 1920 emigration so far cut down the total of immigration that there probably would not remain more than 50,000 able-bodied men immigrants scattered throughout the country.

Union labor has not many apprentices to step into the ranks of the skilled plasterers, carpenters, masons, roofers, plumbers, and tin and steam fitters each year removed from the scaffold by death, disease, or permanent injury. Certainly during the war years, when many of the junior craftsmen were abroad in the service of the flag, little was learned in the mastery of their respective trades, and since the war there has been such scanty opportunity for these potential artisans to learn their trade that many have sought positions in other lines.

Do Not Delay Too Long

It is this factor which makes it inexpedient to wait too long for the pre-war building cost levels to arrive. Thirteen years elapsed after the Civil War before the prices of building materials finally found their ante-war levels, and in the light of present prospective demand and the probable continued scarcity of wheelbarrow and skilled labor in the building trades, it is not well to defer actual building construction work in the stubborn pursuit of a phantom in the form of cheaper labor or cheaper materials resulting from oversupply. Indeed it is not difficult to picture a possible condition where, with growing demand for skilled and unskilled artisans, labor may once more reach the peak of power in the later days of acute demand. If labor should again find itself in a position where it can dictate wage scales and hours of work, it is easy to imagine a return of the higher cost of building material production and of building erection.

Acute demand for housing alone will probably not be sufficient to bring about such a condition, but if the latter half of 1921 and the spring of 1922 develop a demand for railroad improvement which calls for the identical material that enters into the construction of homes, and commercial building again comes into the market for building material supplies on a large-order basis, the procrastinating home builder may experience some of the problems that characterized the readjustment years of 1919 and 1920.

The question of financing a home building project next will arise. One of the major influences for the retardation of home building, or, in fact, construction of any sort, in 1920, was the necessity for curtailing credit. The emergency that made necessary that drastic order has since passed. In counterbalancing position stand the most able leaders in public life espousing the cause of the home builder, even to the extent of recommending to the Congress of the United States the passage of a law authorizing the investment of one-half of all the savings deposits of member banks in the Federal Reserve System in first mortgages on first-class improved real estate.

The homes Americans buy or build must not be barracks or stilted houses made by the mile and sold by the foot, but homes, modest residences or palatial, as they please or can afford, financed and erected by their own thrift and enterprise, at a cost within the limits of their purse.

It seems but yesterday that Columbia upraised her hand and signaled to construction work "Stop." Today she signals "Go!"

Vary Your Menu With Shrimps

(*Continued from page 74*)

one egg well; sift together one and one-third cupfuls of bread flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Add the dry ingredients to the egg, alternating with three-fourths cupful of milk. Add one and one-half cupfuls of cooked shrimps which have been cleaned. Drop by spoonfuls, having one shrimp in each, into deep fat heated to 360° F. Turn often and cook until a golden brown. Drain on crumpled paper and pass hot Sauce Tartare with them. To make this, add to three-fourths cupful of medium-thick white sauce, one-half cupful of mayonnaise dressing and one-half tablespoonful each of chopped pickles, capers, and minced parsley. Olives and chives chopped may also be added.

Scalloped Shrimps

Use either raw or cooked shrimps, but in either case prepare according to directions. In the bottom of a buttered baking-dish sprinkle a thin layer of dry bread-crumbs. Over this place one-fourth cupful of stewed tomatoes and one-third cupful of canned corn, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and paprika, and dot with one-half tablespoonful of butter. Then lay one-half of a can of shrimps over all. Repeat, using as seasoning for the entire dish one teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful each of pepper and paprika. Pour over two tablespoonfuls of the liquor if canned shrimps are used, and cover with the crumbs remaining from three-fourths cupful. Dot with one tablespoonful of butter and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven if cooked shrimps were used, and thirty minutes in a moderate oven if raw ones were used. This recipe is intended to serve four people as the main luncheon dish, or six as an entrée. One small can of shrimps will yield a scant cupful. This makes an excellent emergency dish, as all the main ingredients should be residents of the emergency shelf.

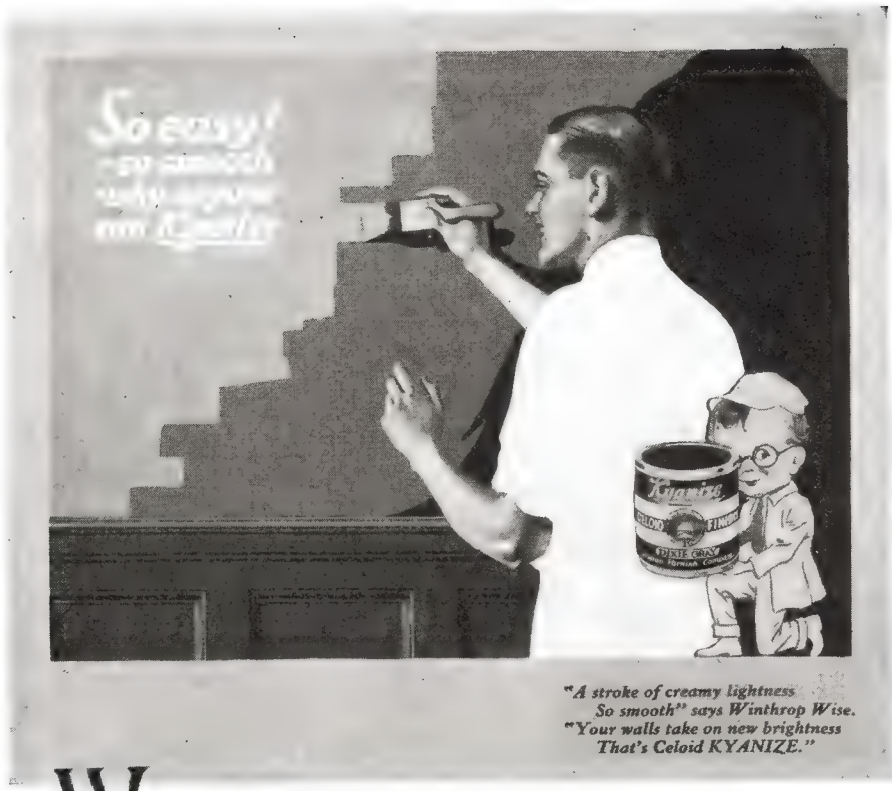
Shrimp Cheese Pudding

Clean two cans of shrimps thoroughly. Cut six quarter-inch slices of bread into inch squares; spread with butter or margarin, using two tablespoonfuls. Place half of the bread in a greased baking-dish, spread over half of the shrimps evenly, sprinkle with three-fourths teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and one-eighth pound of mild cheese cut fine; repeat. Beat three eggs, add three cupfuls of milk, and pour the mixture over the bread and shrimps. Bake about one hour in an oven registering 350° F. Raw shrimps may be used if obtainable.

Shrimps are very popularly used for salads. In fact hotels and restaurants use them to a large extent in place of lobster, I am told. The following salad combination is, however, a little bit out of the ordinary.

Jellied Shrimp Salad

Cook together for fifteen minutes one quart can of tomatoes, one cupful of water, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, four cloves, one bay-leaf, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, and one small onion minced. Strain and pour mixture over two tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatin which has been softened in one-fourth cupful of cold water. Cool until beginning to stiffen and add one and one-half cupfuls of shrimps thoroughly cleaned and cut in halves, one-half cupful of finely diced celery, and one-fourth cupful of diced green pepper from which the skin has been removed by parboiling. Pour into wet, individual molds and put in a cool place until hardened. When ready to serve, turn out on beds of lettuce and garnish with boiled or mayonnaise dressing, as preferred.



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The Bitter Valley

(Continued from page 70)

figure of ridiculous old Abby Case, like a crow under her fluttering, black shawl, weaving in uncouth, antelope-like jumps and scallops up the muddy, creaming lane.

Remembering Abby, Jen stopped weeping as suddenly as she had begun, and put up two vague hands to wipe her wet eyelashes and smooth her hair. The sigh that came from her lips was full-fledged now, a last flutter out of a troubled heart before she assumed the complete resolution, the calm she usually wore.

Abby was almost at the lane's top, but her progress was slow. There were still some minutes to affect a placid exterior. As she stood watching Abby, no one of her world, her husband, her friends—least of all Jen herself—would have realized the truth, that she was really a beautiful woman. Much hard work, the struggle and isolation of her life, had taken the curves and suppleness from her figure. She was too thin, with a sort of young gauntness, a boyish quality of build that was not in accord with country ideals, but there was grace here, a certain charm of proportion in her frame, that would have claimed a sophisticated eye. Her head was beautifully modeled under its cap of dark braids, and from the backward-springing wave of hair at her temples to her long, too-slim throat the line of profile flowed pure and simple. With the hint of recent tears still at the back of her dark eyes, and the faint flush on her usually pale, flat cheeks, Jen was lovely in spite of her uncouth setting, her shabby shoes, her shabby work dress of faded cotton. "Pretty Jenny Springer," she had been called as a young girl, and here for just a moment there was a marked resurgence of the old claim.

ABBY CASE was coming near. The antelope leaps were growing less complex, as her active, little old figure crested the last rise and her feet struck the solider reach of rubble path. Jen, going to the stove, pushed forward the humming kettle and turned to throw open the door.

"I saw you coming up, Abby. It's a long hill to climb. Such a day, too, with the road all thaw."

"Yes, it's bad going. But I made out to come. I ses, 'Jen'll be glad to see me today's much's any day.' I've thought about you a lot off'n on o' late. You hadn't ought to be so neglected by your friends."

"My friends are always welcome," Jen said hospitably. Abby was not precisely a friend, a famous old gossip from Mayfield whom Jen knew only indifferently well, but she had made the long climb to see her.

She stood now bobbing and jerking under her shawl, cleaning off her shoes on the iron scraper of the porch, her wizened little face puffed and purpled by her climb.

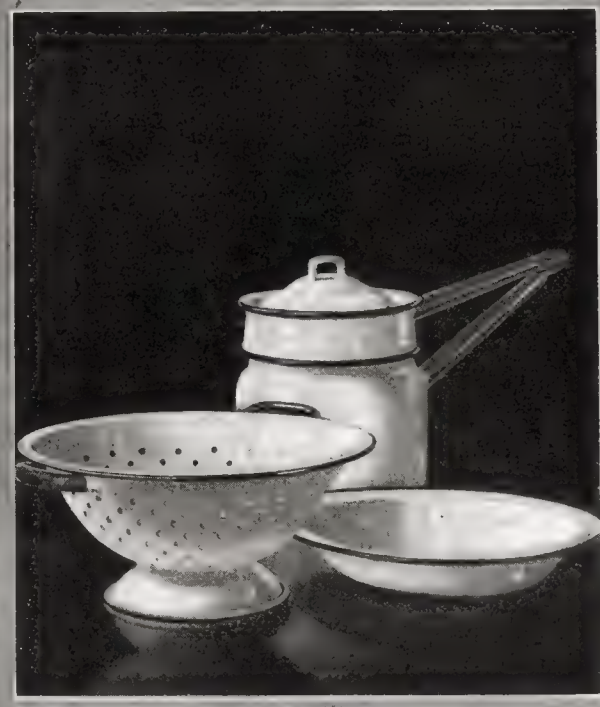
"I'll make you a dish o' tea, Abby," Jen said. "It's so coldish out, though there are bluebirds in the valley. Jacky an' Will haven't come from school yet, an' Joe's drove down to town."

"I see 'm. I passed 'm. The mud off'n his wagon throwed all over me." The wizened, little face puckered with sudden spite. "Throwed all over me," she repeated. "You'd ought 'o teach that man o' yours some manners, Jen Harper." She tuned the phrase with a sharp, bitter little laugh, then at Jen's invitation stepped in.

"I don't s'pose Joe saw you 'til 'twas too late," Jen said mechanically. "He wasn't feelin' so well today, an' he had to hurry down."

"I calc'late he did. Hurry. I mean. He's al'ays in a hurry—goin' to town." Abby laughed her sharp, acid, equivocal, little laugh again. "I think you'd ought to make out to keep him home more, Jen. Least some thinks so."

"There's no reason Joe should be kept from



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goin' to town if he's a mind to go." Jen moved to a cupboard, produced a plate of cup-cakes, a lacquered black pot, and a tin cannister.

"If you'll just set down, Abby—"

But the little, bobbing figure hesitated. "I d'know as I will set after all, Jen. I d'know as you'll want me to. I come up here to visit with you pleasant—talk over lots o' things, things in town—oh, well, mebby give you jest a *hint*—'long with the news. But him drivin' by me that way, Jen, throwin' the muddy water over me. I'm 's good's he is—an' mebby a lot better." A strange fury seemed suddenly to move the little old woman. The active anger at the insult she had received boiled suddenly to an acute crisis. "Drivin' by, splashin' me—purpose! Why should I pick my words about it? He's a right to be told on. I d'know but it's a friend's real kindness not to mince words. I'm a friend to you, Jen. I've bore enough of Joe Harper's bad manners. Most folks has—s'time you knew."

"Time I knew," Jen took a step forward. "What you come up here to say, Abby?"

"I tell you I didn't come up here to say just right out, but him treatin' me so, an' you that decent an' patient-like! Why you'd ought to know—about—about Joe, I mean."

"WHAT about Joe?" Jen's voice was crystal fine, a thin-spun, intense thread of sound that brought a sudden bluster to the little gossip's manner.

"Don't you look at me so, Jen Harper. I ain't the one started it. It's Joe's doin's has done it. Everybody knows he's carryin' on. Selectman Goodwin mentioned it himself. 'Bout that new Miss Healy that come to teach school there. They're agoin' to ask *her* to resign. But your Joe, What you goin' to do 'bout him takin' on that way?"

"It's a lie," said Jen coldly, a scarlet spot springing into each cheek. "You could ha' spared yourself the trouble of comin' up the hill."

"Yes, that's all the thanks a friend gets. But you can't put it off that way. People know. I don't say as it's too late—I don't know *how* far—but every one knows Joe's ways an' temper—what you got to go through. Him so irritable an' takin' no interest in you—an' year before last there was a lot o' talk—that little Cooper girl—though that was just talk an' nothin' to it, mebby. But now this Alice Healy, and Joe drivin' down twice each week to see her, regular. I tell you people knows. She ain't the common kind. She's eddicated an' pretty, an' if she wants Joe—"

"Will you be quiet," asked Jen, "and will you take your presence out o' my house?"

"Yes, I will when I'm ready an' not an inch sooner. Why, Jen, you can't put it off that way. We're your friends. First off, I heard of it, I made up my mind you'd oughta know. 'Tain't fair to you, alivin' in the dark. A man that's married all these years an' has got children. Jes' because a girl's young an' pretty and fresh-like—and not thinkin' of his wife—"

"It's a lie," said Jen mechanically. "Will you go now? I won't ask you again."

"Well, I'll go. But it's not a lie, an' you know. Two months he's been at it, meetin' her like he was a reg'lar free young man, an' you up here. It's no lie." The little old mischievous face grew knotted, eager in its mischief.

"If you'd listen, I c'd tell what we do know. You count up how many times he's been to town—well, we kin count. Some of us watchin' —he was to Buckray's dance an' to the Odd Fellows' party. He took her home—both of 'em. That ain't all. He was seen outside the house she boards at. Young Sam Cole saw 'em. He saw'm tell her good-night. You watch. You'll see."

Jen held wide the door. The quick color had faded from her cheeks; her curious tension had relaxed. She had herself in hand. She was tolerant, cold, even patient, "I'm sorry you

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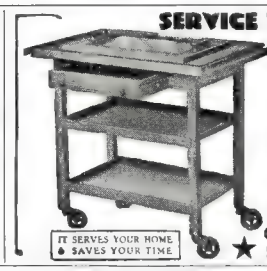

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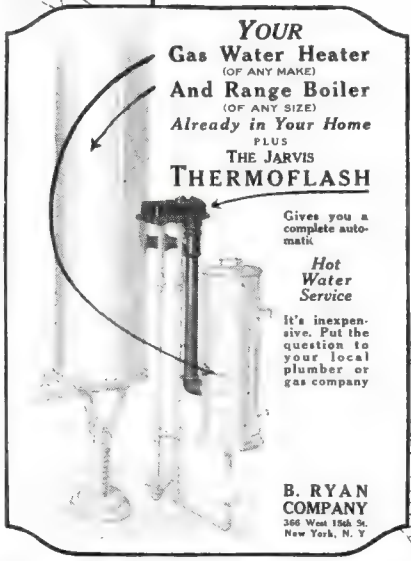

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The Bitter Valley

came so far on such a goose's errand. You couldn't make an impression on me, blacking my husband. I'll ask you never to come up here again."

"You wait an' see. More fool you, Jen. You wait an' see."

The old gossip drew her shawl about her, stepped gingerly from the porch. Once she looked back at Jen, standing there silent, judicial. She was a little doubtful of Jen—something in her manner. Jen was too cocksure, too cold, too contemptuous. She had not made quite the expected impression. She half-faced about to add something more, but Jen's eye restrained her. She turned and began floundering down the lane again.

"More fool you, Jen," she muttered, then lost her words in her anxiety to evade the puddles.

Jen waited until she had quite receded, grown a final diminishing speck, then, closing the door, she turned back into the house.

The room seemed to have grown darker. The furniture, the stove, were dim blurs. Only the oblong window pane that gave on the valley view, that held her burgeoning plants, the budding hyacinth, the cup with the lone violet, shone bright—an expanse of silvery clearness.

On the table stood the untouched cup-cakes, the cannister, and the teapot. Automatically Jen moved to carry them away, but half-way across the room she stopped, her hand pressed sharply to her side. It was as though something in her, that had gone deadly cold and numb, these last minutes was coming rapidly, agonizingly, to life. She was not crying—not tears, that is—but she was panting with sharp, stricken, sobbing breaths that seemed fetched from the roots of her being. All her mind was lost in a sudden hideous confusion, a sense of unendurable lesion, of bleeding wound that would never heal.

She put out her hands blindly and found the doorway of the bedchamber, the room she and Joe had shared for fourteen years. It was a poor, a frugal room. Green-painted chairs, cheap bureau, cupboard, high country bed with patchwork quilt. A place of humble, spotless refuge from work and weary toil. But no refuge now.

IF old Abby Case had seen Jen now, she would have triumphed. For Jen was beaten, she knew. The queer, boding prescience that had lived in her brain flashed out full-grown, intuitive. Old Abby had told the truth—and those others. There was no need of Abby's coming up the hill to tell her. No need to tell her. She knew. She knew without a spoken word. What woman does not?

A half-dozen little incidents sprang to her mind, arranged themselves into an ordered pattern with neatness and precision. A remark or two Joe had let fall; his expression, when sitting over his paper, a half-sheepish, half-rapt grin—he had forgotten himself even and chuckled aloud, some pleased memory stirring him; the touch of excitement that seemed to possess him when he started for town—his care for his clothing, his late returns—and if more were needed, there was the handkerchief, the lie he had told.

She had seen the thing fall out of his pocket Sunday morning. It fell on the rug, a tiny crumple of white linen.

"What's that, Joe? Why, it's a handkerchief," she exclaimed.

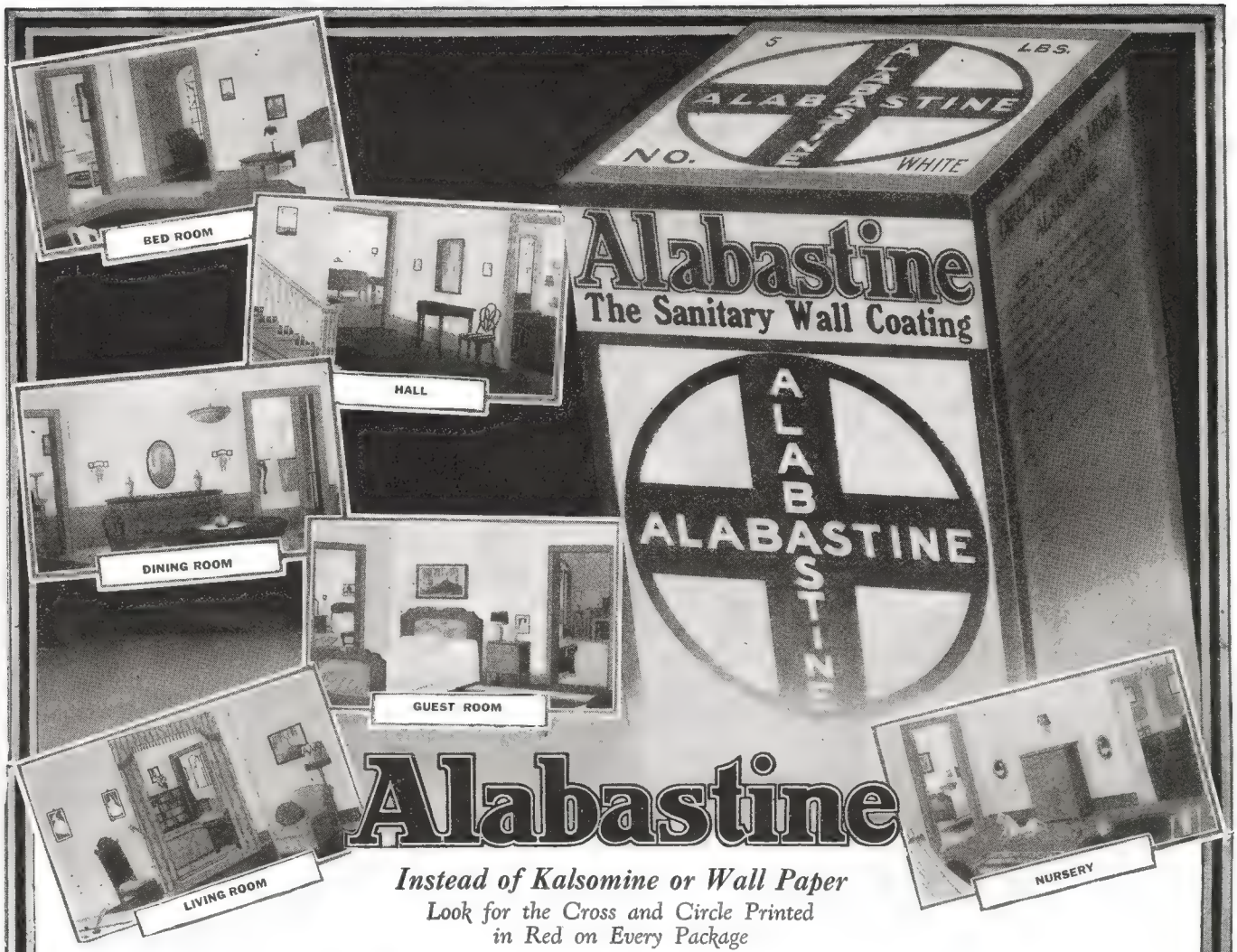
"No, it ain't—jes' some trash o' paper." He had snatched at it, restored it to his pocket.

A trash o' paper. She had seen it clearly

Unless he had burned it, it was probably among his things somewhere now. She might go through his clothing, search for evidence.

"I don't have to," Jen said proudly. "I ain't that kind."

She sat down with failing limbs on one of the green-painted chairs. She tried to remember what Abby said exactly, what she said people were talking, what it was she had hinted about young Sam Cole.



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The Bitter Valley

As if it mattered! Nothing mattered. Her life with Joe was a failure, had been a failure these many years. Joe had ceased to care for her, if indeed he had ever cared.

Above the bed hung her wedding-certificate framed carefully in the country style, a foliate Spencerian symphony of written scrolls, signed by the parson who had married them, "In the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Five—Jenny Springer and Joseph Harper—"

She remembered Jenny Springer. The thrill, the happiness she felt when handsome Joe Harper had come courting her. There was something so sweeping, so possessive about him. He had wooed and won her in a fury of masculinity. She had had no chance to resist—even if she had had the desire. There had been others with cooler heads. She remembered her Uncle Abner Springer's words.

"Loose—that's what I consider Joe Harper—loose principled. Can't tell me. He ain't got the metal to him. Ain't got the disposition. Won't make you happy, Jen."

She remembered now her reply as she stood in the milk-house, helping Uncle Abner separate. She had clasped her hands together and looked out over the sunny reach of fields.

"I d'know as I *care* whether I'm *happy*, Uncle Ab. It's just I've *got* to marry Joe."

Well, she had married Joe. And she had not been happy. No gainsaying that. Joe had perhaps not justified Uncle Ab's harshest verdict, but he had been harsh, irritable, unloving, when the first sweetness had passed.

SHE thought of something old Doctor Martin had said the night after her second boy was born. Even Doctor Martin knew Joe hadn't behaved well about it. He had come up and stood looking down at her.

"Tell you what, Jen," he had said kindly, " 'bout all there is to a woman's life is her children. You remember that. 'Bout all she can depend on—any woman. I've seen a power of things, an' I know."

Jen had understood the sympathy, the kindliness he offered. She had pressed her little Will close against her heart in a profound thanksgiving for so much compensation. But now the compensations seemed remote and diminished. She saw only with the spiritual eye that her house of life had fallen, while her physical eye vaguely apprehended the futile significance of the yellowing marriage lines in the cheap little frame.

"I hate him," she said suddenly, passionately. "I hate him."

But she knew in her heart she lied. A wave of faintness, of sick longing swept over her, remembering the hours when Joe had loved her, when he had been tender, or passionate and dominant. When he had loved her as a woman—

But now he had turned to another. He had wronged and outlawed their bond, had "made talk."

"I hate him," she said brokenly; then her lips set in a thin line.

She would leave him. She would take the boys and go somewhere. She would manage a living, sew or bake things. But she could not bear to live on, his cast-off, his openly unloved wife. A hot jealousy rose into her heart, an almost insupportable pride. Neglect, abuse, violence she could bear, but not this—not this!

She stared out of the window at the valley. The afternoon was fading swiftly. The sun, the sky, were bleaker. There was no least sign of spring in the aspect. No bluebird flitted in the elms.

Jen sat silent here until the boys came in from school, then she rose mechanically to attend to their supper. The kitchen stove had gone red as a cherry, and the little chaps came in rosy, stamping, under the keen March air. Jen gave them their bread and milk and stewed fruit, listened to their chatter, heard their spelling, read a little to them, and tucked

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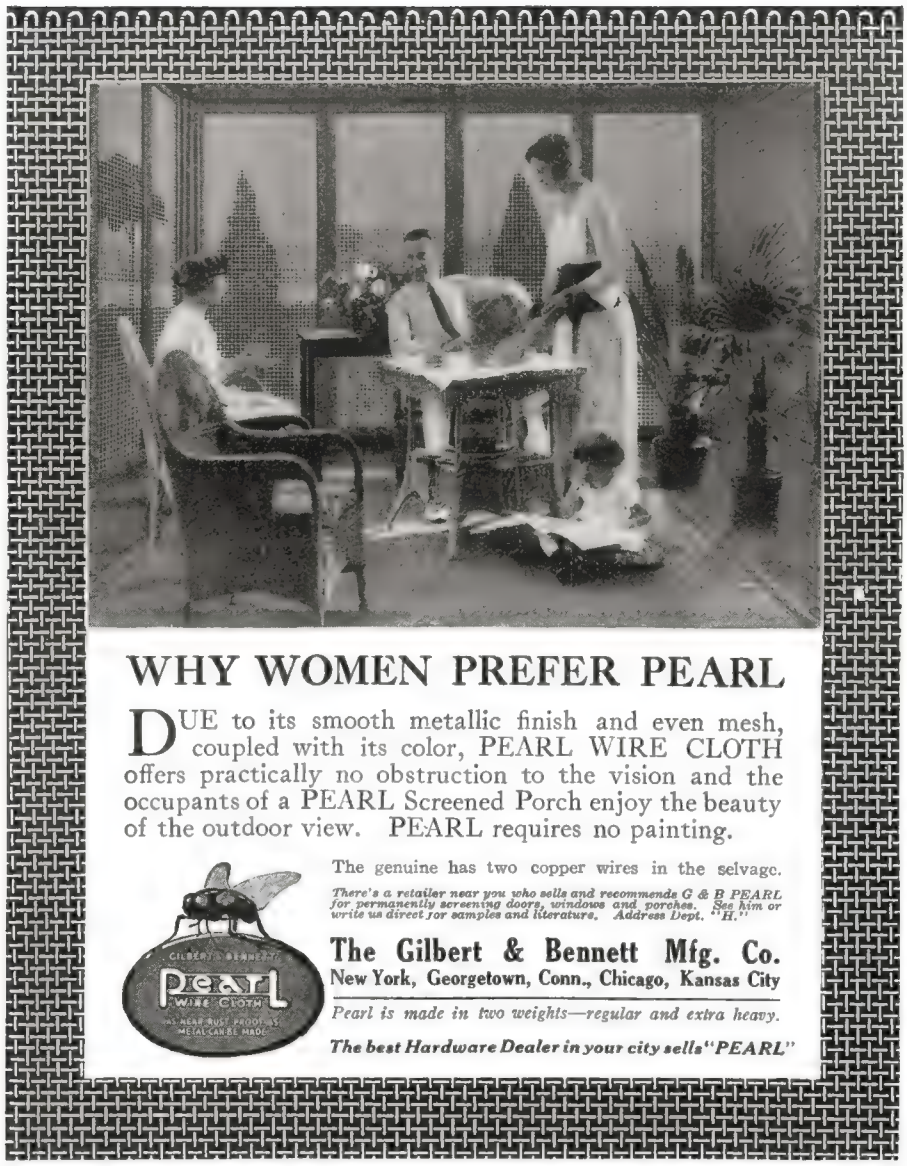

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The Bitter Valley

them up in the little room at the head of the stairs.

Joe would not be in for long. His custom of late was to stay down in town until after ten. But he surprised her. She heard him come in as she put out the children's lamp.

Then she lost no time.

She went down quickly, quietly, to the kitchen doorway. He had not yet taken off his coat and cap, was emptying the basket he carried.

"Joe," she said, "I want to talk to you. I want to say a word." Then she stopped, had to put her hand to her side again to still that queer, sharp throb. "I want to say," her frozen lips somehow managed the words, "I heard today—but I knew before that. Course, I mean I know—everything. That girl in town—that girl that teaches in the school there."

If she had expected violence, rudeness, denial, she was to be disappointed. Joe set the package he held on the table, then stood very still. He looked at her with an arrested, almost a measuring expression, his tanned face suddenly pale.

"Well," he said with a sharply drawn breath, but no trace of anger, "an' what are you going to do about it?"

"What I aim to know first is," Jen forced the words out, "what I want to know is—are you willing to—to do right—to—to quit right here or—do you—*care*—about her?"

IT was Joe's response to this that set the final seal of bitterness in Jen's soul. He doubled his fists—stood staring at nothingness; now his color had returned; he looked bitter, puzzled,

"I guess I must be plumb crazy, Jen, that's all. I guess I'm in a sort of devil's spell. Oh, well," he broke out roughly, "do you think I'll go on this way? A life like this— Well, what you goin' to do about it?" he bellowed at her defiantly. "You an' me—we don't hang. I was a fool years ago—"

"Yes," said Jen.

"Folks—well, they get tired. They're not always suited, I tell you. Or they turn out ways you don't expect."

"Yes," said Jen. "You don't need to—dwell on that. You can have it your way. Free," she said, fighting the gasping in her throat, "that's what I aimed to say when I came down here."

"Free!" Joe echoed her words. " 'S if a man wouldn't give his heart to fetch out of it free."

"I'll go," Jen said. "I won't stand in the way."

She turned then and went into their bedroom. She took up her dressing things—her comb, her pins, her plain, home-made nightgown, and all the little personal things of her daily use, and holding them in her arms recrossed the kitchen to the stairs and went slowly up.

On the top landing she could hear the peaceful sound of her sons' breathing, and she paused a moment, heartening herself. Then she opened the spare-room door and went in.

It was a cold, unused, a formidable room holding the family's shabby little best. A glacial cheerless bed faced her with high pillows, and stiff shams, in red outline stitch, representing a sleeping and a waking child labeled respectively "Good-night" and "Good-morning." Jen set the lamp on the walnut bureau among the painted glass bottles and turned to the bed. A patchwork coverlet of faded silks—a relic from her mother's girlhood—lay across the foot. Her hand brushed its surface, and something in her went suddenly soft and weak, as though at a friendly caress. It was a formal room, a room for guests, for aliens. Well, from now on she was a guest, an alien, but here at least was one kindly symbol, one thing wrought out of love and happy memories.

Jen sank suddenly to her knees and pressed her face into the old silk cover. "Mother," she

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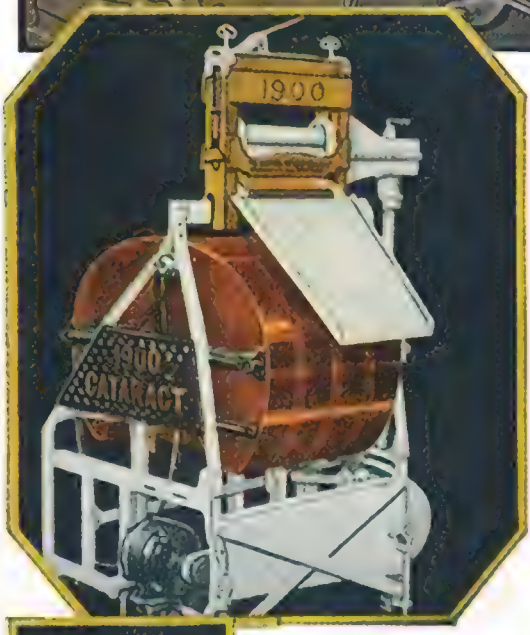

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asked, "help me through. Show me the way to go now."

She had suddenly the feeling of some one standing close at her side as she knelt, a strange feeling of continuity with some progression of life, something of which she was a definite part. Even in the long hours of sleepless suffering that followed, where she lay, staring with wide eyes into the dark, the sensation endured.

It was perhaps because of this that the dream came to Jen. Toward morning she fell into a heavy, weary sleep and found herself in the curious place.

She seemed to be going down a steep incline toward a dark vale that lay between great, bleak, high peaks. The whole path ahead lay in a thick obscurity of shadow, but a piercing wind came out of it, and a sense of horror, of utter fear, crept on her. She wished to turn away, but some unseen force drove her on, and just at the dark opening between the rocks a woman met her—a woman of vague, indistinct shape, in soft, gray garments. Her face was veiled, but Jen realized it was a face that had known much suffering.

"This is the Bitter Valley," she said. "Many women must walk through it, but they come presently to the end if they carry this lamp."

She put something into Jen's hand, and Jen saw a lamp like nothing she had ever seen before. It was more like a shallow pitcher, very like the queer lamps in the Bible, and wrought of some dark, tarnished metal.

"It is no longer bright because it is so very old. It was made far back in the earliest years by the first woman who went through here. It is called the Lamp of the House of Life."

Jen saw that it was curiously chased with little figures, with a pattern in which children's shapes were overlaid with fruits and garlands of flowers, with wheat and flax and bees and a tiny distaff. The handle was a little, round-bodied, stooping child.

"Take the lamp," said the woman, and Jen, taking it, saw a tiny thread of light ray out through the gloom in the gorge. It made a little path of safety before her feet. Suddenly her trembling and her fears ceased—

It was here that she awoke. She lay for a long time remembering it. Day was still far off. And the bitterness and the hot rebellion in her heart still flowed, but a change had come into her mood, a more selfless capacity for weighing her values. She could still feel the weight of the old bronze lamp in her hand.

WHEN daylight came, she told Joe she was not willing to do it. As soon as she heard him stirring about at his chores, she went out to him, while the children still slept. A keen wind had risen in the night and had whipped the hillside dry; the lane was filmed with ice; the runnels of thaw were gone. The sky was a bleak tatter of gray rags, but it was not more bleak, more riven by play of elements, than Jen's haggard white face as she came up to Joe.

He had attended to the cows and foddered Ben and Doll. He stood in the entry way with a halter in his hand. He laid it down as Jen came up, and faced her, dark, sullen, with a queer mingling of pent fury and shame. But Jen did not look at him; she turned her shadow-circled eyes out on the slope of March-rimed fields that had hemmed in her life so many years.

And she told him then that she couldn't set him free—was not willing. She had thought it all over and had changed her mind.

"Changed your mind," Joe echoed with a sneer. Then his brow grew black. He came up closer, lean, infuriate, but still handsome in a devil-ridden, virile fashion. "Changed your mind! S'posen I say it's too late. S'posen I say you got to, that I'll make you?"

"No," said Jen, "you can't make me. I've thought it over. Marriage for our kind of folks—it's something you can't change. Not

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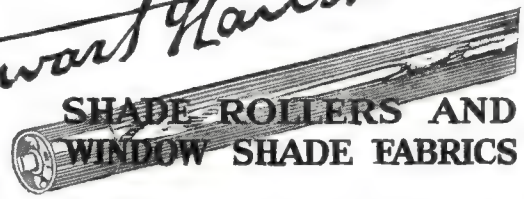
And they found—as do countless others in hotel and club, business office and home—that the name "Hartshorn" associated with Shades and Shade Rollers, is a guarantee of the elimination of all shade troubles.

Stewart Hartshorn



SHADE ROLLERS AND WINDOW SHADE FABRICS

STEWART HARTSHORN CO., 250 FIFTH AVENUE. NEW YORK

THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

SUMMER CAMPS—SCHOOLS

Every boy and girl wishes to spend a summer out-of-doors—in the woods, at the seashore or in the mountains and the summer camp is the place to be.

Parents know the disadvantages of a summer spent in the city and with the unlimited opportunities offered at the best girls' and boys' camps of the country, it is no longer necessary that a boy or girl be confined to the unattractive surroundings afforded by the city.

In the camp pages of our April, May and June issues, you will find the announcements of many of the best camps in the country. If you do not find here the one you have in mind, our SERVICE BUREAU will be glad to put you in touch with the camps in your locality. Send full particulars. Camps are spreading up everywhere and GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S SCHOOL DEPARTMENT is the place from which to receive information on these camps.

SCHOOLS—You will find the announcements of schools in our six issues, April thru September. The SERVICE BUREAU will also be glad to help you find the right school.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
119 West 40th Street New York City

The Bitter Valley

you nor me. There's something to it that stays—that sticks to you."

"Stays! Sticks!" Joe sneered. "People'd tell you different down to town."

"Mebby they would, or in cities. But here in the country when a man and a woman marries, an' works together, against wind an' weather, an' takes the luck of the seasons, an' their livin' off the land an' —an' has a family—there's somethin' *to* the tie, Joe. You'd find out. Oh, 'taint only the children—though our lives are wove together in theirs—"

"You're proud, then?" Joe sneered.

"Proud," Jen echoed wearily. "It's pride would tell me to leave."

"Well, then, why don't you?—'Taint 's if either one of us was livin' easy. I can't stand it no longer. I don't want to. God, I could stick on this hill till my bones'd rot, an' nobody care. There's a long life ahead, an' other ways. I'd like somethin' different—the city—"

"The city, Joe? You couldn't get along. You were raised here—this is your pa's place. A year ago 'twas good enough. It's just this—this—like you said—a spell. Because you care for some one new. But I got a feeling that might pass—"

"Pass," Joe sneered. "What do you know about—about this kind o' thing?"

"All things pass," Jen said slowly, her eyes still on the hillside.

"Oh, you drive me crazy." Joe had snatched up the halter, and now he flung it angrily on the floor so that the buckles clicked and creaked. "Jen," he cried, "you're thinkin' like a fool. You're goin' back on your own talk. That's what I mean about us. It's past, past and over. We had our chance, and it hasn't turned out good. An' we're still young—" He broke off, looking at her worn, white face. "Well," he said, "look at what it's done to you—livin' with me! I've got the devil in me, I guess," he cried harshly.

She looked at him for the first time, and her cold face stirred and softened. A little ripple of life, of pity, overran it. "After all, it don't matter what we are. It's what we've made between us. You and me. We've had life together. S'long as we both lived we'd have—we'd have a piece out of life together in our own minds. We'd think about it. It'd leave a mark. You can't throw it off!"

"You're crazy," Joe said again. Then he broke out in sudden passion. For his part he was done—he was sick, he was tired. He was going, if she wasn't, and he was going to town, now. She'd find out.

He turned and started dragging out the cart; the shafts smacked sharply on the earth. She heard him at Doll then, swearing, pulling at the horse's head. She tried to speak, to think of something to say, but could not. Then she heard the children calling from the house. She went up the little incline to the kitchen steps. And here for a moment she faced again the whole valley prospect. It occurred to her that though she lived high in the air—"most as high's God himself"—she was in reality walking through the bitter valley of her dream, a valley of shadow, of death even, whose steep walls were closing about her—in spite of the lamp.

Within ten minutes Joe had driven off to town.

IT was past eleven when Jen, moving at her morning's tasks, heard the gig driving up her lane. She looked out and saw old Doctor Martin and instantly she knew. She threw on her little shawl and ran out to meet him.

When Doctor Martin saw her, he tossed down his reins and jumped out and came quickly to her. His wrinkled old face was filled with concerned anxiety.

"Is Joe dead?" Jen asked quietly, and the old doctor put out both his hands to her.

"You women!" he said. "No, he ain't, Jen, but he's been hurt. Well—pretty bad. Doll threw and dragged him. He's broke a lot o'

"But are your pans close enough to the fire?" "Yes, because it's *heat* that does the cooking"

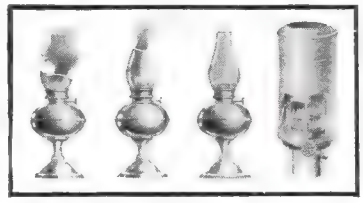
"And that Long Blue Chimney gets *all* the heat out of every drop of kerosene—burns it up *clean*—then drives that clean, intense heat directly *against* the pans."

Clad in a big blue-and-white checked apron, Science stepped into the kitchen one day. It frowned at the sooty pans, sniffed at the disagreeable odor of unburned kerosene and declared: "All this is unnecessary."

Then Science went back to the laboratory and worked until it produced the New Perfection stove; the stove that three million women use and endorse today.

The Long Blue Chimney

The Long Blue Chimney—the famous feature of the New Perfection—keeps the cooking pan away from the flame for very good reasons. The chimney provides just the space needed to allow every drop of the kerosene to burn up into *clean*, intense heat. None is wasted as soot or smoke. And picture the housewife's relief to be rid of these disagreeable things!



A long chimney on an oil stove is just as necessary for a clean, hot flame as a long glass lamp chimney is to secure a clean bright light.

At the same time, the Long Blue Chimney makes a strong draught—sends the heat, quivering-hot, up against the cooking pan. It hits the bottom of the cooking utensil with full force, and starts immediate operations upon the food inside!

Why Three Million Use New Perfections

"Clean heat's the thing"—the *first* thing—one looks for in a stove. The three million users have found that the New Perfection gives just the *right* heat for every kind of cooking clean, steady, dependable heat.

And what a comfort to find an oil stove that lights and heats instantly! A touch of the match and the flame responds—quick as a dog to its master's whistle. There is no dallying—no waiting for a flame to generate.

A Quick Start and a Steady Flame

The Long Blue Chimney makes that *speedy, steady* flame possible. When the flame is once set, it *stays set* and goes steadily about its work—providing plenty of *clean* heat that cooks anything.

The local dealer will gladly demonstrate the New Perfection for you. Or send to us for a copy of the New Perfection booklet. The New Perfection Stove is not complete without a New Perfection oven and Warming Cabinet.

Use ALADDIN Utensils, Too

Two of the popular Aladdin Cooking Utensils are pictured in use on this stove. Their many convenient features will appeal to you. Ask your dealer.

★

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO
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Made in Canada by
THE PERFECTION STOVE CO LTD SARNIA

HOUSEHOLD CMP PRODUCTS

Also makers of
PERFECTION *Oil Heaters and*
ALADDIN *Cooking Utensils*

Branches in Principal Cities

In using advertisements see page 4

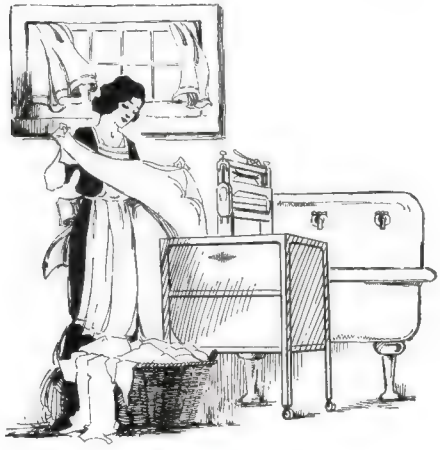
ATLANTIC

WASH BOILERS

Simplify Your Laundry Problem

The question, "How shall I get the laundry work done?" takes the pleasure out of life for many a housekeeper. Yet it is not difficult to have your washing done at home if you have the proper facilities. One thing you will need is a good wash boiler. Get an ATLANTIC.

ATLANTIC Wash Boilers are durable, strong and perfect in design—built for SERVICE.



Whether your clothes are washed by hand or by washing machine, BOILING alone assures that aroma of purity which distinguishes ideally cleansed fabrics.

The delicate apparel that every woman loves, the dainty things for the baby, and the household linen—all will be immaculately cleansed by a good BOILING after they are washed.

The purchase of an ATLANTIC Wash Boiler is an investment that will pay big dividends in satisfaction.

ATLANTIC Wash Boilers last longer—because they are made better from better materials.

ATLANTIC STAMPING COMPANY

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

bones an'—an' he'll have to lay 'round a spell o' months and get knit up. We got him all set, and Ez Terry's bringing him on a sofa, at a snail's pace. He's got to have a good, wise, an' clear head about him. But I'll allow you always had that."

"Did Joe *want* to come here?" Jen asked slowly.

"I'll say so. He didn't holler for anything else. 'Tell Jen!' he says, 'tell Jen!' and fainted right off. He's got sleepin' powders now an' likely stay off a while."

"I never knew Doll to run away."

"I expect Joe was pepp'ry, Jen. He gets irritable too quick, and something must ha' happened to town. Mebby he was a little disappointed in something. Anyway, he whipped her pretty hard—coming back."

"Coming back?" Jen exclaimed.

The Doctor shot her a quick, half-sly, sympathetic glance. "Jen, you and I—we've been through things. And we know Joe." He cleared his throat and spat. "I expect Joe's been a little foolish. There was a little piece down to town, there—nothing serious to her—but, well, I guess she got a little tip or so. Anyway, she went away last evening quite sudden. For good. Joe—Joe's one of these fellows gets easy worked up, but such things blow over."

"Yes," said Jen quietly, "all things pass."

Far down at the foot of the lane she saw a spring wagon drawn by two horses turning in. A man walked slowly beside it. So Joe was not leaving, after all.

JEN sat beside Joe's bed, waiting for him to waken. He had lain stupid with sleep, muttering slightly, for some hours. Now he was stirring on the edge of consciousness. Both arms were in splints; his hips were done up in a plaster bandage; the bedding was elevated above his left knee. Doll had done a thorough job. In the kitchen Jen could hear the neighbor woman who had come in to help with her household chores stepping quietly about. But the room that held Joe and herself was a pool of silence, an isolation beyond her experience.

She could see the framed symbol of their marriage above the bed. The marriage was still there. Joe had declared against it, had even gone away. But he had come back—in broken shards, it is true, but here he was. And here she was. He would find her—as she had said.

But now a great nervousness possessed Jen as she watched his eyelids twitch, realized his approaching consciousness. When he knew exactly what had happened, when he found her there, what would he say? An abased, a humbled Joe was beyond her imagination. A Joe thrust into the wrong, repentant—it was an incredible concept. A wave of thrilling warmth swept over her thinking what she might do if he turned to her repenting—then a quick scorn burned in her.

Repenting! He had come to her only when nothing else was left. He had come when he found himself alone, uncared for. When his luck turned, his new scheme crumbled, then he had turned, like a prodigal son.

But that's the way it always was Men came back like that—when they were beaten and defeated. And being a woman, you loved and forgave. Only as a rule they acknowledged the beating. But now Jen felt it might not be so with Joe. Arrogant, bitter, dominating, it was not likely he would be humble—again she balked before the thought of a humble Joe. Well, and if he were not! Had not the first Prodigal Son come back and been received, even loved, without question.

She looked at Joe's inert hand lying stiffly at his side, and a sudden wave of maternal pity for him rose—for his stupidity, his futility, the passion of nerves that ate in him, for his lack of self-control. Some part of her he had lost forever, some part of her whose loss he might sometime realize, but now she was not

FOR BABIES JUST LEARNING TO WALK
THE FIRST STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

The Specialist Shoe

Exclusive with Franklin Simon & Co.

A PROTECTIVE
NOT A CORRECTIVE SHOE

THE Specialist Shoe supports little arches as soon as little feet are ready to support little babies. It was designed by today's leading orthopedic specialist.

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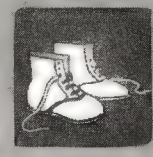
Third Floor



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For Babies of 1 and 2 years, Sizes 2 to 5
Of white buckskin, or tan or black kidskin

Franklin Simon & Co.
Fifth Ave., 37th and 38th Sts., New York

Without Cost to you

One of the most useful
Household Books
ever published

Good Housekeeping's Book of Recipes and Household Discoveries is the only book of its kind. Contains recipes *plus* money-saving and time-conserving suggestions for the home. The result of years of study by Good Housekeeping Institute. Book contains 240 pages, and is durably bound in white oil cloth for cleanliness. Just off the press.

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
119 West 40th St., Dept. 41
New York City

DUPLEX FIRELESS STOVE

You Do Not Pay For a Duplex

A Duplex Fireless Stove in your kitchen quickly saves its first cost in fuel, time, and the many less expensive dishes it prepares. It is a real necessity in thousands of homes from coast to coast.

And remember—it bakes, roasts, boils, stews or steams. Its many refinements, such as the warp-proof steel case, aluminum lined, with patented steam vents and individual covers, even its extra capacity, come to you without extra cost.

Your dealer can probably show you a Duplex. If he cannot, be sure to write for the Duplex Folder, showing all sizes and the name of your nearest dealer.

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Durham Mfg. Co.

World's Largest Makers of Fireless Stoves

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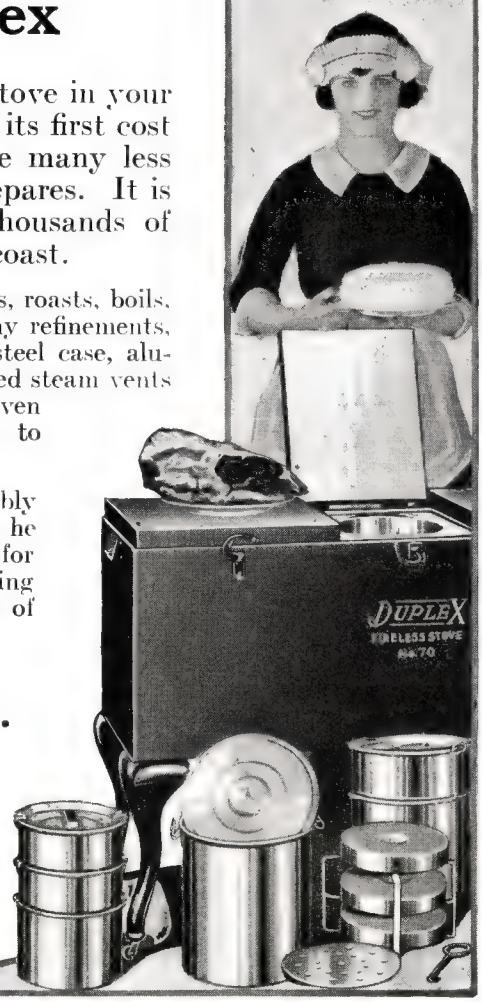


What the editor has to say—

is of the utmost importance to every reader of Good Housekeeping. Every month he talks to you about problems—some local—some national, but all closely associated with your interests and your welfare. Don't miss his first paragraph on page 14.

The Bitter Valley

woman, but an all-pitying mother to him. Then she heard him speak.

"Jen! You! Lean down, Jen." He was looking at her with feverish eyes, his tanned face gaunt and drawn with pain. "Doll throwed me," he said vaguely, looking up at her, wincing under returning consciousness.

"Don't talk, Joe, Doctor said to lay still."

"Yes," he said, "I'm glad you're here, Jen—I wanted you to be here." He rambled a little, opened his eyes again. "You know I'm a fool, Jen. What c'd you expect of a fool?" he said suddenly.

"Don't talk, Joe, You lay still. It don't matter."

"No—it don't matter. Put your hand on my head, Jen. When Doll began to drag—I see you's plain, Jen, right there in the road. Put your hand on my head I tell you, *an' keep it there.*"

That was all, the old irritable, imperious voice, but Jen lifted her hand and laid it on his hot forehead.

"You got the hand to ease away pain, Jen," he said presently.

She sat very still, stroking his forehead. She had not been mistaken. There was nothing humble about Joe. He wore his sackcloth and ashes with the fierce pride of a wounded hawk instead. But he had spoken, and she knew she was his necessity. Her hand moved gently, automatically, and presently he relaxed again, sank into another film of slumber.

Jen rose and went quietly into the kitchen. The room was in a blaze of golden fire, for the sun had come out and turned all the sky a pale apricot.

For the first time Jen remembered the tin cup in the sunny window. The lone violet had gone, shriveled and withered. But there was something else. The blue hyacinth had burst from its green-gold calyx. It was holding up its head in the sunlight like a sapphire torch, and Jen's tired eyes were suddenly sweet with a rapt content and happiness. She showed it to the neighbor woman.

"Ain't it pretty?" she said. "I always did say blue's the color for the spring."

The Dwarfies

(Continued from page 63)

Grundy's magic, but I can help my Flower Fairies, and I believe that I can help Grumpy Grundy!"

The Flower Princess then sent two of the Dwarfies to bring Grumpy Grundy before her, and when Grumpy Grundy came, she was so ashamed she could not look at the beautiful Flower Princess.

"Grumpy Grundy," said the Flower Princess, "you have changed some of my pretty fairies into hoppy-toadstools, and for that wrong perhaps I should punish you. But I shall send you to live beside the tinkling brook, where you will hear day and night the singing and cheery laughter of the bubbling waters. There you must stay until you learn to like happiness, and there the splashing of the waters will keep you clean. But I shall make the creatures keep away from you by giving you the name of *Symplocarpus foetidus!*"

The Flower Princess waved her magic wand over Grumpy Grundy and changed her into the Skunk Cabbage, the first flower of spring, growing in marshy places and listening day and night to the singing of the tinkling waters.

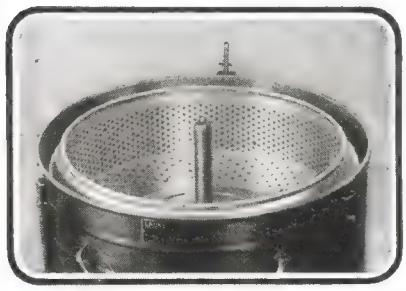
Then the Flower-Princess waved her magic wand over the hoppy-toadstools, and they changed to Spring Beauties.

Then the sadness of the Dwarfies and the woodland creatures was changed to gladness, for in the pretty pink and white flowers they saw reflected the loveliness of the hearts of the Flower Fairies.

Showing the nickel plated copper INSIDE tub lowered, with vacuum cups in washing position.

To dry the wash for the line in one minute remove the vacuum cups, easily done and then

pressure on a pedal lifts the inside tub above the water line. Turn a handle and clothes are whirled dry for the line in one minute.



"If it has a wringer it isn't a Laun-Dry-Ette"

Washes the Clothes in 15 minutes Dries for the line in one minute

FROM coast to coast has gone the story of the marvelous Laun-Dry-Ette. This electric washing machine upsets all precedents, for it washes, blues, rinses and afterwards dries the clothes for the line, in one minute without a wringer.

You can imagine how this saves wear and tear on the clothes, how it makes them easier to iron, and how it prevents buttons being broken or pulled, and prevents destruction of snap fasteners, hooks and eyes, etc.

And never—positively *never*—at any stage of the wash, while using the Laun-Dry-Ette, do you have to place your hands in either hot or cold water.

Here is a really complete washing machine—exceptionally compact—can be operated in the kitchen if necessary. It bears the star of the Good Housekeeping Institute approval, and is in its fifth successful year—thousands in use.

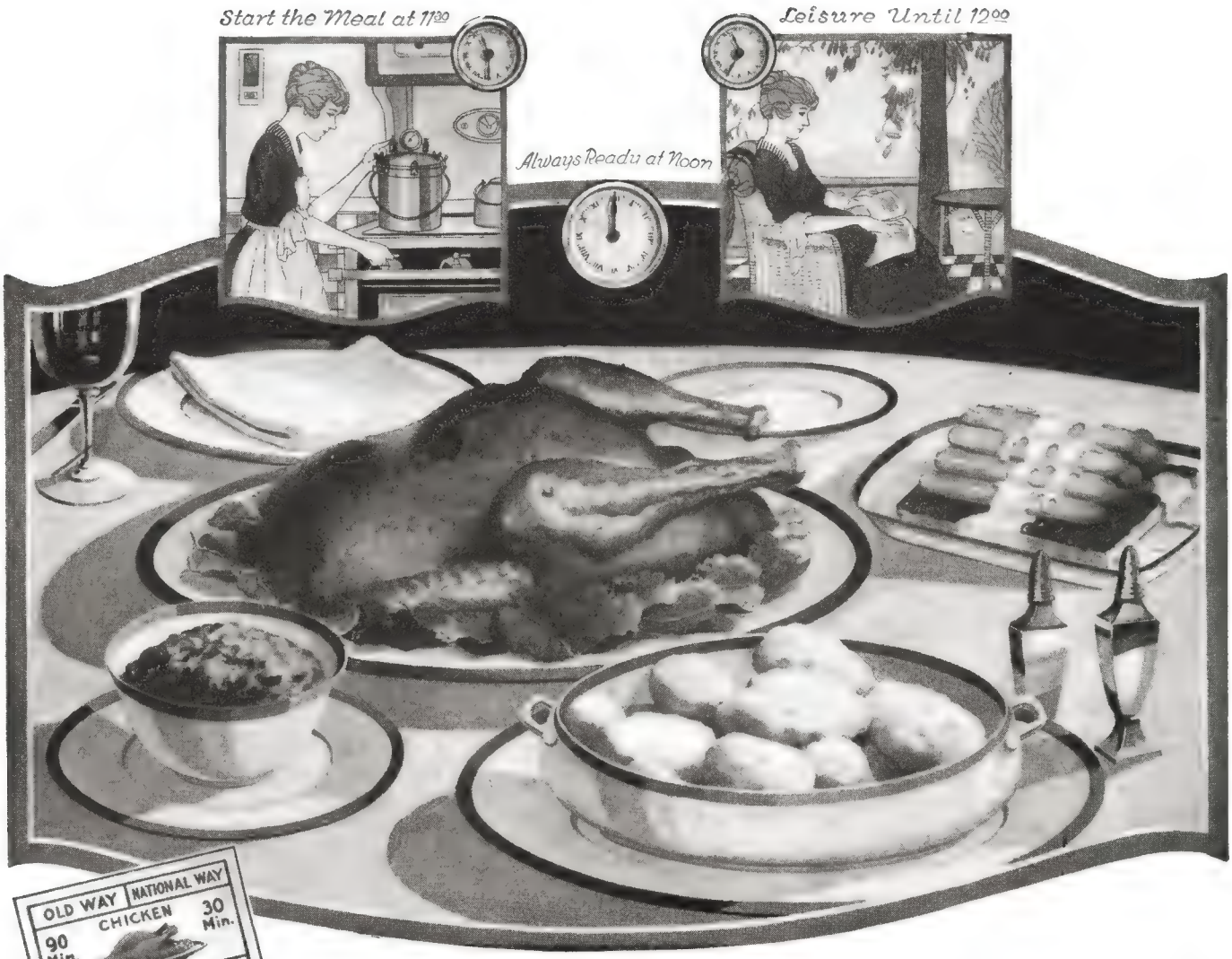
See the Laun-Dry-Ette dealer, or if there is none in your locality take this advertisement to the nearest electrical or hardware dealer and have him order for you. *Write for descriptive literature.*

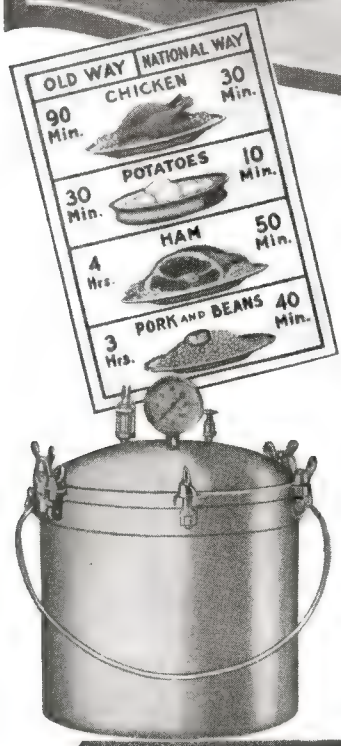
The Laundryette Manufacturing Company
1210 East 152nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

★

LAUN-DRY-ETTE

WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER





This Entire Meal Cooked in Thirty Minutes

Thirty minutes from the time an entire meal is placed in the NATIONAL Steam Pressure Aluminum Cooker, it is ready to be served—deliciously cooked, with all nutritive properties and flavors retained.

The NATIONAL Pressure Cooker, endorsed by the Good Housekeeping Institute, saves ⅔ the time and ¾ the fuel ordinarily used in cooking.

The whole meal—meat, vegetables and dessert—cooks over the low heat of a single burner—any fuel. Food requires no attention. Will not stick nor burn. No odors escape. Flavors do not mingle.

"NATIONAL" pressure-cooked foods are healthful. They more thoroughly satisfy bodily needs. Cheaper cuts of meat, inexpensive cereals and vegetables are quickly and deliciously prepared.

The NATIONAL Cooker insures easy and successful "cold-pack" canning and preserving. Meat, vegetables and fruits are quickly processed.

Savings of food and fuel pay for the NATIONAL in four months. It lasts a lifetime.

Fill out the coupon. We will send you literature telling all about Steam Pressure Cookery. ***Mail the coupon now.***

Jobbers and dealers write for proposition.

★ **The Northwestern Steel & Iron Works, Dept. A, Eau Claire, Wis.**

National
STEAM PRESSURE ALUMINUM COOKER

Northwestern Steel & Iron Wks.
Dept. A
Eau Claire, Wis.

Gentlemen—Please send me complete information regarding the NATIONAL COOKER.

Name _____

Address _____

G.H.—4-21

The Kingdom Round the Corner

(*Continued from page 40*)

turned toward her with the brightness of relief.

"That's splendid of you, Porter! You guessed what we wanted. Porter always guesses what I want, Lord Taborley; she's my second self. And Porter can tell your fortune from the cards—can't you, Porter? Only she never reads the cards on a Sunday; she says it brings bad luck. If you come here often, you must try her.—You might take that dish from her—thanks awfully. There's room for it here on this corner of the tray."

Tabs smiled inwardly while he did his awkward best to make himself useful. He might know very little about women, but he knew intuitively quite a lot about this particular woman. He knew that Porter had guessed nothing, because nothing had been left to chance. He knew it as surely as he had known what Maisie had been doing in front of her mirror while he had been kept waiting. He knew that long before his arrival every detail of his reception had been prepared and planned, and that Porter had been instructed. The whole morning had been spent in dusting, sweeping, polishing, and making ready the various dishes of dainty cakes and neatly-cut sandwiches which were being spread before him. He was certain that the kindly patronage of Maisie's way of addressing Porter was another part of the conspiracy.

CURIOUSLY enough it was Porter who made him like and trust Maisie more than he had done as yet. Porter's eyes, when they rested on her mistress, embraced her with a slavish worship; when they rested on him, they warned and dared him. He had the feeling that the man who made Maisie cry was likely to feel a knife in his back. Maisie must be good to be able to call forth such fanatical loyalty from a humble woman. He began to be infected by this atmosphere of idolatry. And yet—

What was Maisie's object in belittling his love for Terry? What did she hope to gain by it? He hardly dared allow himself to suspect; thinking in her presence was like speaking aloud. She heard unspoken words as plainly as those that were uttered. But the suspicion would not be suppressed. Had she formed the audacious plan of winning him for herself? And this despite her three previous marriages, despite her knowledge of why he had visited her, despite his knowledge of Adair?

Quick as a flash her eyes turned on him with a scarcely perceptible shake of her head. The door clicked discreetly as Porter left them. It was like clearing a ring for the second round. The dangerous intimacy, half tender, half inimical, returned.

"There's no harm in being pleasant," her voice was musical and pleading, "however unpleasant the circumstances which have thrown us together. Taking tea with me doesn't set up any social obligation. You won't have to know me again or anything like that. Now that we understand each other—how do you like your tea? Is it two lumps?"

With the tongs poised, she waited for him to tell her. But he didn't tell her; he smiled inscrutably. He wasn't sure at what he was smiling. Perhaps it was that he was happy—happy in a worldly-wise fashion that he had never been with Terry. He could say anything to this woman, and it wouldn't shock her—there was comfort in that. But she had scared up a doubt in his mind that he might have mistaken his kingdom. Perhaps the recovery of youth wasn't everything. There were things very precious in themselves which were well lost under certain circumstances. Maisie's youth, for instance. She was far more enchanting now than she could ever have been as a girl. In losing her youth she had gained in sympathy; it was that that made

As easy to make a cup as to sweeten it.

The processes are the same.

Sweetening your coffee is about the easiest thing you do. So natural that it doesn't even require thought.

But simple as it is, it's no simpler than *making* a cup of coffee or tea with Faust Instant.

Put a half a teaspoonful of Faust Instant Coffee into a cup of boiling water. There's your cup of delicious coffee—ready in an instant.

With Faust Instant Tea it's just the same, except that you'll need only an eighth of a teaspoonful of the soluble Tea.

Faust Instant makes coffee or tea as soon as it enters the boiling water in the cup. Nothing is wasted. There are no grounds to be thrown out. You don't even have any pots to wash.

Isn't it wonderful—after all? Only think: Never another disappointing cup. Never a failure. And all this at a material saving in time, in work, and in cost.

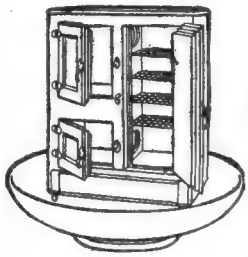
	Coffee	Tea	Price
Standard	30 cups	100 cups	$0.40
Medium	60 cups	200 cups	.75
Family	120 cups	400 cups	1.40
Hotel	480 cups	1600 cups	4.75

C. F. Blanke Sales Company

Department 2 St. Louis, Mo.

Distributors of the famous Faust Coffee and Tea, Faust Chile Powder, and the other products manufactured by the C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.

★ FAUST INSTANT COFFEE AND TEA



"Like a Clean China Dish"

Food is High—Protect It

—Rounded inside front corners
—Non-leaking construction
—Cold air circulation

With the high cost of food—with the scarcity of foodstuffs forcing utmost economy—the food-saving qualities of the Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator stand out as a timely solution of the problem.

*LEONARD
Cleanable Refrigerator

The Leonard Cleanable is an ideal food preserver. You may entrust the choicest of foods to its cool, clean, glistening interior. The constant circulation of dry frigid air, protected by ten ice-saving walls of insulation, keeps costly meats, vegetables and dairy products *fresh*. No longer will spoiled foodstuffs be a source of great household expense and waste. The economies of the Leonard Cleanable and its healthful cleanliness are responsible for the fact that one out of every seven refrigerators sold is made by Leonard.

Go to the nearest Leonard dealer and see the many exclusive Leonard features. The rounded inside front corners, the non-leaking construction, the retinned shelves and all metal ice rack, the removable drain pipe and the self-closing air-tight Leonard locks—these are all master touches to be found in the Leonard. Rear icing door and porcelain-lined water cooler if desired.

C H Leonard

Send for actual porcelain sample and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
14 Clyde Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

C. H. Leonard, builder of refrigerators for 38 years gave the world the one-piece porcelain idea, the Leonard patent trap, the non-leaking device, the patented rounded inside front corner, the ten-wall insulation, the air-tight lock, and a score of other inventions which measure excellence in home refrigeration. Mr. Leonard coined the word "Cleanable" and copyrighted it. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on the "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" should be a handbook in domestic science. Write us now for your copy.

The Kingdom Round the Corner

her understand him so well. In a wife you wanted more than youth—the knowledge of a companion. It began to dawn on him that there might be truth in what she had said.

"You hadn't expected things would be like this," she was saying, "just you and I, sitting like old friends and drinking tea together. You'd nerved yourself up for a vulgar row. I know. Well, since you won't tell me how many lumps, I'll give you two."

As he bent forward to receive the cup, their hands touched. The contact was electric. A rush of excited vitality seemed to pour into his body. When he sought her eyes, they were calm as ever.

"You're a most bewildering woman—the most bewildering I ever met," he confessed.

"Except my sister," she corrected.

He glanced up at the portrait and back to her, comparing the features. "Yes, I see it now. She is your sister. I ought to have guessed. But I haven't met her, so I don't except her."

"No, you haven't met her," she assented. "But until you've met her, you won't rest; and after you've met her, you won't rest either. And so you think I'm bewildering! You thought something else, which you didn't have the courage to put into words. Bewildering and dangerous—the most dangerous woman you'd ever met—that was what you meant."

He smiled with a shade of embarrassment. "I might have called you the most disconcerting woman; you're all of that. No man of sense, who valued his peace of mind, would tell any woman she was dangerous."

"I don't see why. Why shouldn't he? Do tell me! I shan't be offended." She leaned forward, absorbing him with her childish eyes, her lips parted with expectancy.

"Because—" Tabs checked himself while he studied the tantalizing innocence of her expression. He felt certain he was going to say something irresistibly unwise. "Well, if you must have it, because to tell a woman that would be to tempt her to be dangerous."

"But I love to be tempted," she said eagerly; "temptation is the yeast of life." And then, in a whisper, speaking less to him than to herself, "A woman knows she's old when temptation ends. To be tempted means that one's wanted—wanted dreadfully, so that it hurts That's living—to be wanted. Not to be wanted is worse than death. When you're dead, you're forgotten, and you forget. To be forgotten and to remember is the end of all things. Not to be wanted when you're alive is to beat your flesh against the walls of a tomb. Lord Taborley, I know what you came for."

He had set down his cup. She covered his bronzed hands with her own passionate white ones, overwhelming him with a rush of words.

"You came to accuse me, to bribe me, to buy me. You didn't want to hear me; I was already condemned. Do you think I don't know what's said about my marriages? I know too well. But it isn't vanity that makes me want to be loved. It's the terror of not being loved—the same terror that makes you cling to Terry though she doesn't want you in return. We all want to believe we're wanted. It's human. Without that, life's a blank. One can't face up— And I—"

She tore her hands from him and buried her face, sobbing, in the cushions.

V

HE had done it. By some unaccountable blunder he had made her cry. What had he said? Only a minute ago she had been so radiant and smiling. His first thought was of Porter; she must not know. This crying must be stopped before she heard it.

He roused himself and limped round the table to the end of the couch against which her face was hidden. He could see nothing but the pale gold of her hair, the ivory whiteness of

OH! LOOK

Something Brand New

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

Goes Twice as Far

In Cans And Bottles

This great, new preparation does not displace our regular Liquid Veneer, but is a companion product, especially made for the one purpose of renewing all DUSTING AND POLISHING MOPS. It aims at one thing and it does it so wonderfully well that it will make your floors rival your piano in cleanliness and polish.

It will save you a lot of money, because, besides being wonderfully effective, it really GOES TWICE AS FAR.

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You are taking no risk, whatever, when you purchase Liquid Veneer Mop Polish, because, if you do not find it to be exactly as represented and are not entirely satisfied with the results obtained from its use, you have the privilege of returning the unused portion of any package you buy, to your dealer, and he is authorized to refund your money.

PRICES: 30c, 60c, $1.25, $2.00 and $3.00 at hardware, furniture, drug, grocery and department stores.

Prices, $1.50 and $2.00
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Do Not Forget That World-Renowned Old Stand-by

LIQUID VENEER

Cleans, polishes, beautifies pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, all at one sweep of the cloth. Used in modest homes, aristocratic mansions and royal palaces, the world over.

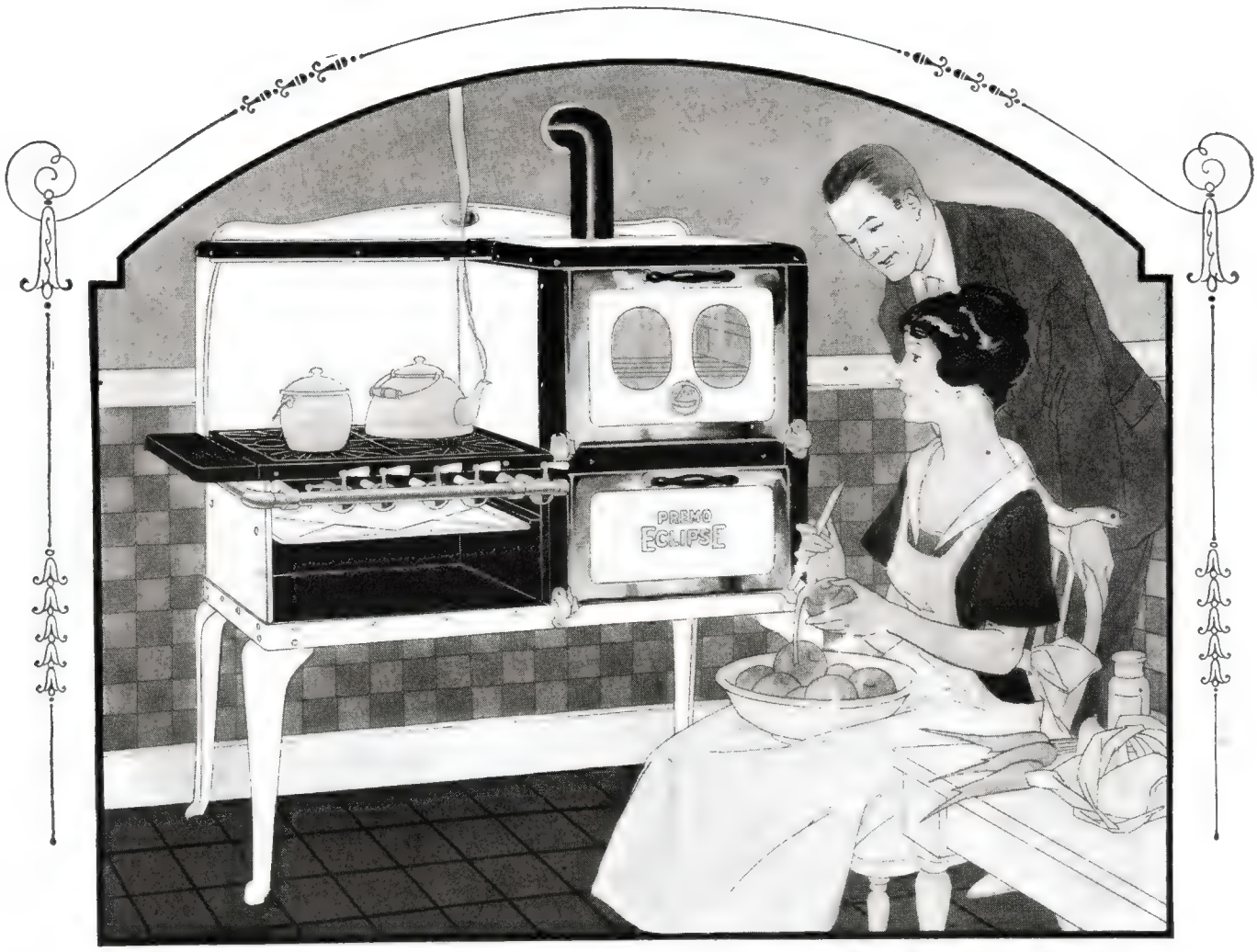
Remember, also, that the

LIQUID VENEER MOP

is, without exception, the champion mop of the world; that there is absolutely nothing like it. The swab comes off with a pull, for washing and renewing.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

Bridgeburg, Ont. London, Eng. Buffalo, N. Y.



KITCHEN COMFORT depends largely upon the range. And the Premo Eclipse has been designed with the user's comfort *first* in mind. It is finished entirely in porcelain enamel and nickel, and can be kept new looking for years with a damp cloth. Its graceful lines, rounded corners and sparkling finish give Premo *real* beauty. And its *unusual* convenience is a daily joy. Little things—like lever valves and the windows and thermometer in the oven door—make kitchen work simpler and easier. The cast iron oven bottom will not warp, rust or burn out. It distributes the heat uniformly, makes Premo Eclipse a perfect baker and gives years of service. The extra boiling lid in the oven bottom comes in handy when the meal is large and in cooking strong odored foods—all smells are carried out through the flue. Ask your dealer to demonstrate Premo Eclipse or write direct for your copy of the "Eclipse Cook Book." Recipes tested by *Good Housekeeping*. The Eclipse Stove Company, Department C, Mansfield, Ohio.

★ PREMO ECLIPSE GAS RANGE

The Kingdom Round the Corner

her neck, and the pitiful heaving of her shoulders

"Confound it! What a brute I am!" he muttered "What the dickens does one do with a woman in hysterics?"

He laid his hand very timidly on her silky hair. He had had no idea that it was so silky. "Cheer up!" he said softly. And then again, "I do wish you'd cheer up."

She took not the slightest notice, save that a small white hand scuttled out like a mouse from beneath the cushions and commenced a hurried search. He dropped his own large handkerchief in its path, saw it take possession of it and dive again beneath the cushions. It made no difference to the sobbing.

What ought he to do? He couldn't endure the sound—it wrenched him. He bent over her, trying to turn her obstinately hidden face in his direction.

"Maisie!" The word had slipped out. It didn't matter. It mattered so little that he repeated the indiscretion. "Maisie, you mustn't break your heart like that. No one thinks ill of you, and you *are* wanted. Heaps of people want you."

The shoulders ceased to heave for a fraction of a second, but her face still refused to turn. "Who-oo—who wants me?" Her voice reached him choked with tears and muffled.

Tabs frowned. The question was a poser. Who did want her? He was blessed if he knew. There must be people who wanted her—Adair, for instance. But the mention of Adair would provide her with a reason for a new outburst. There was only one thing to say under the circumstances, so he said it

"I do."

She lay so still that she might have been dead. It was frightening, this sudden silence after such a storm of emotion. It was so frightening that he had to say something more to prove to himself that she could hear

"You're beautiful. You're so gay when you're not crying. I don't think any man could prevent himself from wanting you." And then desperately, in a last effort, "You're most tremendously charming."

Her face never stirred from the cushions, but he was aware that surreptitiously his handkerchief was being employed industriously.

"It's over, thank God," he said beneath his breath.

He had just time to compose his features before a tear-wet eye blinked up at him. It was an eye eloquent with gratitude and babyishly blue. "You're a dear," a small voice whispered.

VI

HE had been called many things from time to time, but never before a "dear." To be called a "dear" by a beautiful woman was an entirely new sensation for him. It made him distinctly uncomfortable—almost ashamed.

Taking himself off to the nearest French window, he stood staring out morosely. He was cross with himself and even more cross with her. Why couldn't she have behaved sensibly?

But beneath his irritation and always struggling to surmount it was a quite different emotion—an emotion of tenderness. He kept seeing her as she had lain there sobbing, so fragile and dispossessed and broken.

He had been standing at the window for perhaps five minutes when her voice reached him from a great distance.

"Thanks for the hanky. I'm better now"

"I'm glad," he said with his back toward her, once again on his guard.

As he turned slowly, she greeted him with a smile of welcome and nodded toward her sister's portrait. "She wouldn't have cried, you know."

"Wouldn't she?"

Maisie shook her head vigorously like a little girl. "No, Di wouldn't. She never cries. Even when we were children we couldn't make her."

When this happens to an ordinary shade the "filling" cracks—makes pinholes

Brenlin has no "filling"—it wears

"Filling," usually chalk or clay, is used in ordinary window shades to give the flimsy, loosely-woven material weight and body.

This "filling" is brittle—like school chalk. When the wind sucks or whips the shade, it crumbles and falls out.

Pinholes and cracks appear—the shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined. "Filled" window shades cannot "stand up" under the little strains of everyday wear.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none! *Its* tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

A valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly

It cracks and shows pinholes—the "filling" has fallen out

Fold a piece of Brenlin. It remains unbroken; it has no "filling" to crack and fall out

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

Residence of H. B. Hite, B. Frank Trissler and Edward Resenstein shaded with Brenlin by Walter E. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.

Bread and Milk for Supper

Give your little folks plenty of rich Carnation Milk to drink; pour it over their cereal and fruits. They like its wholesome flavor, and it is good for them because it is so pure. Just cows' milk, that's all—evaporated, and sterilized for safety's sake. Buy this convenient milk from your grocer. Write for the Carnation Cook Book.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY

426 Consumers Building, Chicago
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Carnation ★ Milk

"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white

Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle, Chicago
Aylmer, Ont.

Carnation Milk Toast—2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful flour, ½ teaspoonful salt. Put on fire Carnation Milk and water mixed together. Add butter. Cream together the flour and a fourth of a cup of Carnation Milk. When Carnation Milk on the fire reaches the boiling point, stir in flour and add the salt. Let all boil up, remove from fire, and pour over slices of toast. (Add teaspoonful of sugar, if sweetening is desired.)

Brown Bread—1 cup of white flour, 2 cups graham flour, 2 cups of Indian meal, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup molasses, ¾ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water. Sift white flour, graham flour, Indian meal, salt, and baking powder together; add the molasses and the Carnation Milk mixed with the water. Beat well, and steam in buttered mould for three or four hours.

Ginger Bread—2 cups flour, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful ginger, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoonful lard, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls Carnation Milk, 6 tablespoonfuls water, ½ cup molasses. First sift flour, and then measure two cups. Add soda, ginger, cinnamon, and salt to flour, and sift twice. Cream the lard and sugar, and add the well beaten egg. Beat this mixture thoroughly. Mix the molasses with the diluted Carnation Milk, and add alternately with the flour, a little at a time. Bake in one layer.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Recipe Book. Send for it.

The Kingdom Round the Corner

It flashed on Tabs that this conversation about the unknown woman was intended as a kind of peace-offering. Not to be ungracious, he roused himself to a show of interest. "Couldn't make her! Surely you weren't so cruel as to try?"

"Here's your hanky," she said, tossing the moist ball across to him. "Cruel! We didn't mean to be cruel. I suppose we were. She used to ask us to try. There was a game we played; we called it 'Christian Martyrs.' She was always the martyr; she liked it. All she ever did when we hurt her was to say, 'Do it harder; I can bear more than that.' She was as proud then as she is today of all that she could bear. I think that's what made her husband furious. She seemed always to be saying to him, 'Do it harder,' and he certainly did. But neither he nor any one else has ever succeeded in making her cry."

Tabs glanced at the aloof beauty of the painted face. It was like the face of a Roman Empress, so proudly secure in its serenity. "Make her cry! Why should any one want to make her cry? To do that would be a kind of blasphemy."

"That's why," Maisie clasped her hands eagerly. "You've said it for me exactly. I've never known how to put it. It's the holiness of God that tempts men to revile Him. He evades them, outlasts them, and yet compels their affection. They have no power over Him and can't destroy Him, though they can destroy everything else in the world. What a man loves and has no power over, he longs to destroy; either that, or to drag it down to his own level, so that he can get his arms round it and comfort its weakness and hug it to his breast. It was that way with Di and her husband. He couldn't drag her down. He couldn't find her weakness. She was always up there. So he reviled her."

A silence fell between them. They stared at each other across the room's breadth, finding each in the other something at the same time intimate and incomprehensible; each feeling that they stood on the verge of a discovery. It was Tabs who spoke.

"*Was!* Then he's dead?"

She barely nodded. "Killed at the Somme, poor fellow. He must have hated her to the end. In everything else he was large and splendid."

"And his name?"

Again Tabs was striving to remember where he had seen the unknown woman's face. He *had* seen it—of that he was certain. He had the sense that the circumstances under which he had seen it had been tragic. If he could only make Maisie reveal the name, he might recall.

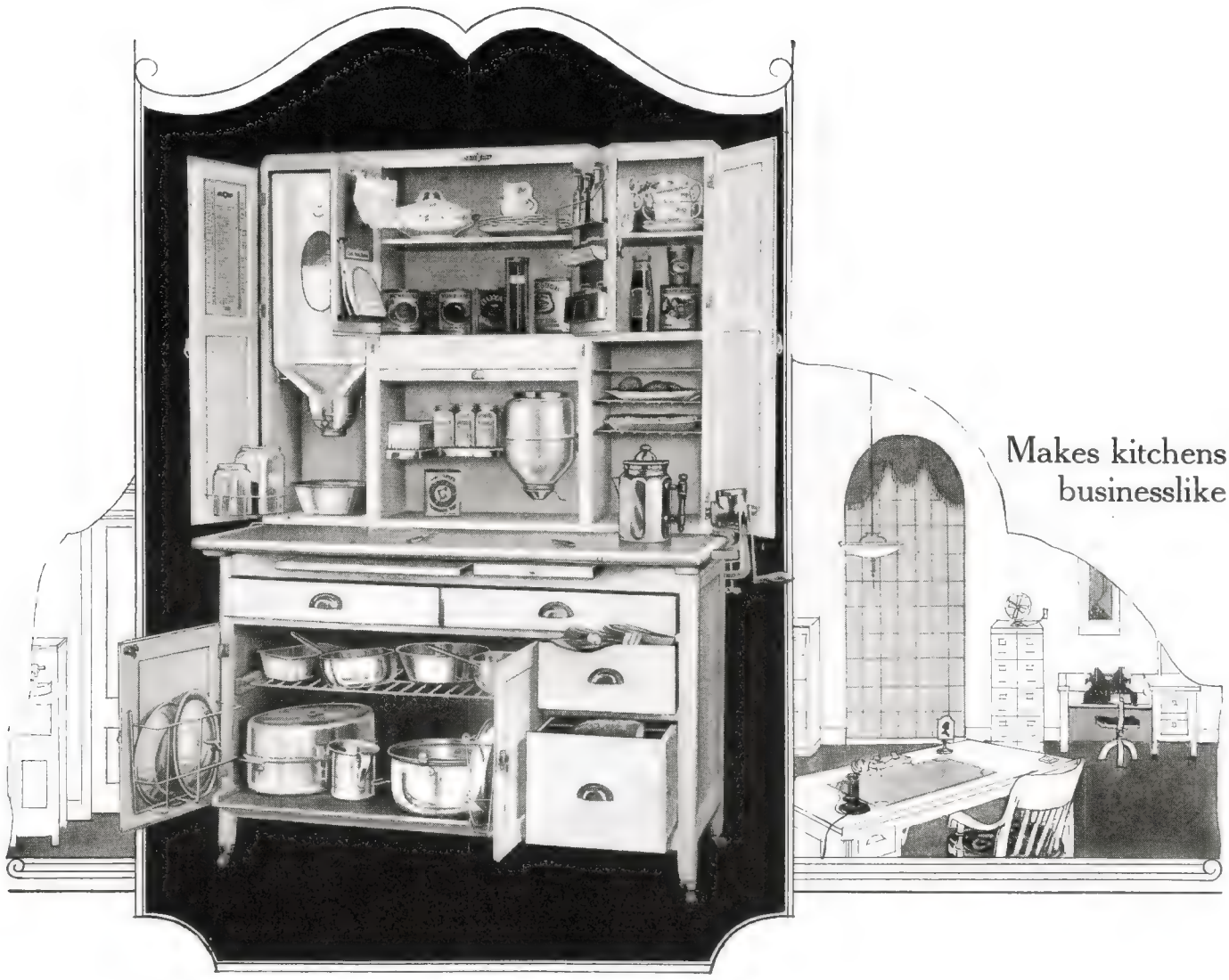
VII

"HIS name was Lord Dawn." Seeing the instant puckering of his brows, she asked quickly, "You knew him?"

"Knew him!" Tabs pondered the question. "I'm not sure. But Lady Dawn—I've heard a good deal about her. She had a nursing unit in France, didn't she? Of course she had; you and Terry were with her. It was in her hospital that Terry met Braithwaite. She passed me yesterday, driving with the Queen in the Park; not that I noticed her. It was Terry who did that." He came slowly over from the window to the fireplace and stood gazing level with the picture above the mantelpiece. He spoke wonderingly: "The most beautiful woman in England, they say! So this is Lady Dawn!"

When he had finished his inspection, his interest and absorption were so great that he did what he had vowed he would never do again—he sat down for a second time on the couch beside her.

"There's something wrong," he said quietly. "Either you're misinformed, or I'm mistaken. Let's get things straight."



Makes kitchens businesslike

This Excellent Cabinet

Makes every motion count

The superiority of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet was attained by what efficiency engineers call scientific "motion study."

It is designed to make motions, and minutes, count.

It serves you better because it contains a great number of conveniences arranged in efficient order. Its design is a marvel of scientific efficiency. So it gives more freedom from kitchen hours.

The Napanee possesses the quality that insures generations of faultless service. Its builders are not carpenters. They are cabinet makers, skilled in their painstaking craft. Each Napanee, like the finest furniture, expresses their ideals. Compare the Napanee with other cabinets—then compare the prices!

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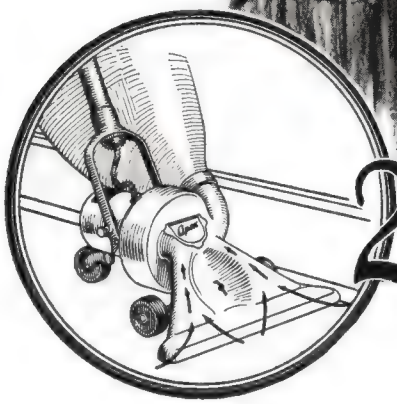
★ NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET

TRADE MARK NAPPANEE INDIANA REGISTERED

Helpful Booklets

"What We Learned About Built-in Features" is an interesting booklet that will solve some big kitchen problems for you if you are planning to build or remodel. "More Time Out of Your Kitchen" is another booklet that will show you the way to more leisure with your present kitchen. Write for either—they are valuable, but FREE.



2 Apex features

1. Inclined nozzle permits working under low built objects and close around things.

2. Divided Nozzle: Division of air current distributes cleaning suction equally across the entire width of the nozzle.

Manual Extravagance or Mechanical Economy

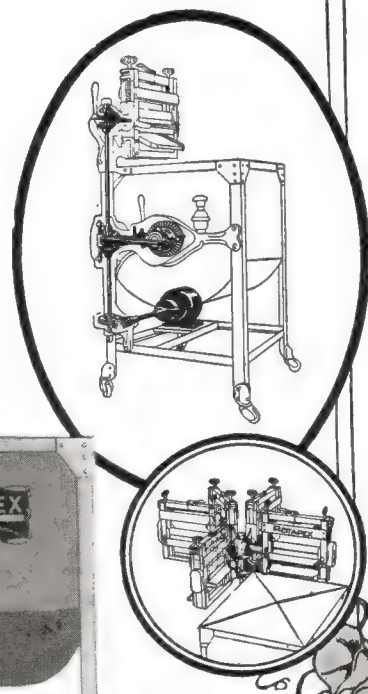
Housework must be done. You do it yourself or pay for having it done. Either way, it is costly.

Cleaning and washing are the hardest and most expensive parts of housework, unless you own the proper mechanical aids. No housewife is guilty of greater extravagance than broom and dust-pan cleaning—and tub and wash-board washing.

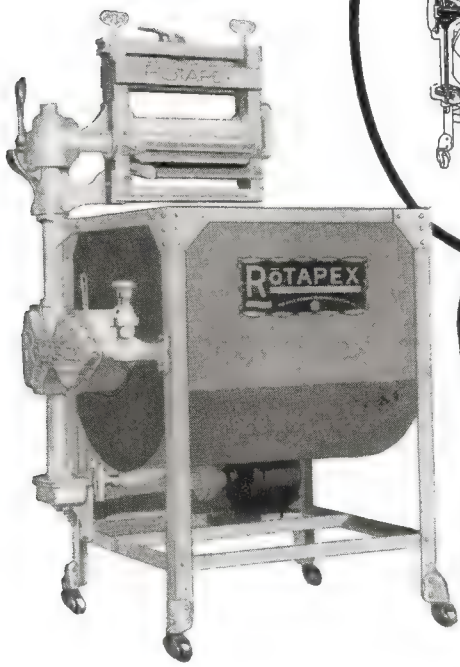
If you have been keeping house for five years you have paid for a high-grade electric cleaner and electric washer *five times over.* But what have you to show for your money? Will you go on, paying for them again this year, without getting them?

The Apex Cleaner and the Rotapex Washer are tried and proved cleaning investments. The results of ownership are noticed immediately in cleaner floors, walls and furniture, and in whiter, softer clothes,—in freedom from all the slavery that robbed you of time, energy and money.

Both the Apex Cleaner and Rotapex washer are essential to good housekeeping. They pay for themselves in the economies they bring.



Direct Connected
Ample power is controlled through friction clutch that prevents blowing out of fuses. No belts to slip; no chains to break. All bearings are watertight; all moving parts enclosed.



5-Position Wringer
Wringer is reversible. Operates, automatically locked, in any one of five positions. One may wring from tub to tub while cylinder is washing clothes.

Apex
ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER

Over a quarter million housewives know the value of Apex exclusive features and the economy of Apex cleaning. It saves their time, prolongs the life of floor coverings and preserves draperies and upholstery.

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For time-saving, clothes-saving, home-laundry performance, the Rotapex meets your highest expectation. Its exceptional features are the result of our long years of experience in the manufacture of household appliances. Substantial, simple and trouble-free, the Rotapex is built for life-time service.

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Please have your nearest dealer call and demonstrate the Apex Cleaner, without obligation. ☐
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The Kingdom Round the Corner

She made no attempt to conceal her amusement. She attributed his seriousness to sudden infatuation, an infatuation which made him seem ridiculously inconstant after his recent professions concerning Terry.

"Something wrong!" she echoed mockingly. "If you think that I've exaggerated anything that I've told you about—" She glanced up at the portrait. "I don't think I'm likely to be misinformed. After all, I'm her—"

"I didn't mean that," he interrupted impatiently. "I was referring to Lord Dawn. If he's the same man, I think both you and she have misjudged him."

Maisie laughed. "Lord Dawn was sufficiently definite. I'm not misjudging him. He left no room for misjudgment."

"But you said that he died hating her."

"He did, as far as we know. He gave no sign to the contrary."

"But does she, Lady Dawn, think that?"

"Think that he hated her?"

"No, that he died hating her?"

"Why, certainly. One doesn't want to be cynical, but all the deaths on the casualty lists weren't total losses. Some of them were releases. They weren't all—well, to put it mildly, occasions for wearing the deepest mourning. There were English wives to whom German shells were merciful—more merciful than English law. If they took lives, there were cases in which they restored freedom."

"And you think that she, Lady Dawn, was one of these?"

"Everybody thinks so." Then she added pointedly, "Everybody who knows her and has a right to an opinion."

TABS refused to be put off. There was a polite forbearance in his tone when he spoke. "The first thing to do is to make sure that my Dawn was the same as yours. Mine was known to us by no title; he was a Captain in the same battalion as myself. He was killed in front of Pozières. Ah, I see by the way you start that so was yours! But here's where the difference comes in: Mine loved his wife, if she was his wife, more dearly than any man I have known. His devotion was the talk of the regiment."

"Then that puts him out of the running, doesn't it?"

The studied carelessness of her question released the trigger of his indignation and made it leap out beyond control. There was in his mind the vision of those blood-baths of the Somme, where men had drowned in the putrescence and been flattened by shells like flies against a wall. They hadn't all been good before they reached their ordeal. They had come, as most men come, from every kind of prison-house of lust and human error. But they had been good when they died. They'd been reborn into valor and tenderness. And now, to hear their imperfections discussed in this pleasant room, so entirely feminine, where everything was safe and warm!

"Puts him out of the running! It doesn't."

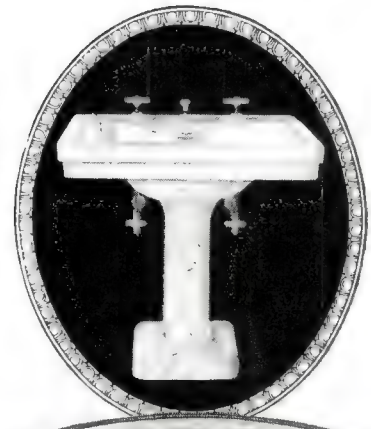
He leaped to his feet and commenced to drag himself up and down the room, limping backward and forward, while she pressed lazily against the cushions at a loss to account for his excitement.

"It doesn't," he repeated, pausing opposite her. "He's still in the running. The Dawn I knew was a very silent man. He was a man with a sorrow. It made him careless. He was in the war to die. We all knew it. The men adored him because of it. He was the finest officer in the finest of battalions."

He became aware that he was frightening her, and sank his voice. The lowered tone only made what he said the more dreadfully impressive.

"There was something funny about him." He all but whispered it. "Something funny that we couldn't understand. We couldn't understand why he should want so much to

First in the industry foremost since —



Foremost in eliminating the work of cleaning the lavatory overflow

THE overflow cleansing feature of the Madbury Lavatory (shown above) is not only the most important lavatory development achieved in recent years, but it is also a remarkable convenience in saving labor for the busy housekeeper.

This feature, made integral with the lavatory, makes it possible to thoroughly clean the overflow channel by simply holding one finger over the supply nozzle while the water is turned on.

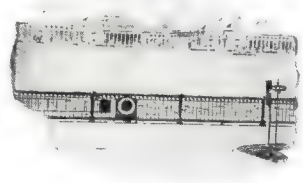
And, being constructed throughout of glistening, pure white, almost unbreakable vitreous china, a material that will not stain or discolor—this fixture unquestionably represents the highest ideals in lavatory construction.

Should you contemplate equipping an old or a new bathroom with fixtures that provide the highest degree of sanitation for the home, write for the booklet, "Bathroom Individuality."

Thomas Maddock's Sons Company
Trenton, New Jersey

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO. TRENTON, N.J.

In addition to this famous Institute, Maddock fixtures are used in the Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Del.; in the Gladstone School, Cleveland; and in many other equally modern buildings of well-known educational institutions throughout the country.



Buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Maddock equipped.

Remember the importance of the plumber in protecting the family's health

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S.
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The Griswold HEART-STAR
Waffle Iron

"*HAVE* a heart!" urges Mother, generously, never intending to be slangy, bless her! But what else can she say when she is making waffles on a Griswold Heart-Star Waffle Iron?

Mother finds it so easy to bake delicious light wholesome waffles on her new Heart-Star Waffle Iron that she keeps right on offering hearts, crisp and piping hot (the little stars in the center go to Peggy), until even Jimmie is filled up.

Good waffles aren't just luck. One reason why Griswold Waffle Irons turn out such tempting waffles is that the pans are uniform thickness—this distributes and holds the heat evenly, and bakes the waffles thoroughly, a beautiful even brown all over!

Notice the coil handles which are always cool, never burn out or loosen; and the ball-bearing hinge which makes it so easy to turn the pan. Cup and groove catch grease that would otherwise run down into the fire. Low rings for use on coal ranges and electric stoves and deep rings for gas and oil.

Griswold Waffle Irons make welcome gifts at all times, but this new Heart-Star design is particularly appropriate as an engagement or wedding present, and is appreciated by women who like to serve dainty dishes.

THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO., ERIE, PENNA., U. S. A.

Griswold Heart-Star Waffle Irons are sold in all the better stores. If your dealer hasn't them, send for our new booklet on Waffle Irons, Patty Irons and Gem Pans.

The Kingdom Round the Corner

die The reason why we couldn't understand was a woman's photograph."

She looked up at him timidly. "Yes?"

"Wherever he went he carried it. When he went into an attack, he carried it next his heart. In billets he slept with it beneath his pillow. He pinned it against the walls of dug-outs. That was where I saw it. I remember now. It was smeared with the mud of a hundred trenches—Boche trenches as well as ours. It looked down on curious sights, did that woman's printed face in the photo." He laughed harshly. "Sights that those of us who were there will spend the rest of our lives in an effort to forget. And here you and I sit and talk . . .

"Well, as I was saying, we couldn't fathom why he should be so keen on death when there was that woman in the world for whom he cared—for whom he cared right up to the last. It was at the Somme, in the attack on Pozières, that he went west. He was in command of a company that got cut off. When we found him, he had that bit of cardboard so tightly clasped that we couldn't take it from him."

He paused, suddenly exhausted. His indignation had burned itself out. "I'm tired," he apologized. "I'm afraid I let myself get out of hand. I scared you for a moment. I'm sorry. Do you mind if I sit down?"

She pushed the table back to make it easier for him to take a place beside her. "It's all right," she consoled him. "I know you're only just out of hospital. Terry told me. You're not really recovered yet. Besides, it was my fault; I spoke lightly. I wasn't thinking what I said. But I don't feel lightly about these things. I couldn't." Then she said something which struck him oddly, "You know my man's out there."

What did she mean by her man? If she had said her *men,* he could have comprehended. She had lost three husbands in the war. But why did she particularize and say, "my *man?*" It seemed cruel to the rest. And which of the three was it that she regarded as so peculiarly hers?

He jerked his thoughts back. "There was something you told me about Lord Dawn; you said it explained him. How did it go? I think you said he hated his wife as men hate God, because they love Him so much and yet He won't come down. Well, out there it wasn't like that. Dawn climbed up to her; yes, and perhaps beyond her. Out there he didn't need to pretend to hate her; he could afford to love her without loss of self-respect. I suppose he thought it was too late to tell her after all that had gone before."

"Either that," Maisie assented, "or else—It would be like him. Or else because he was too much of a sportsman. As it was, if he were killed, she wouldn't need to be sorry. But if he wrote her that he loved her and had always loved her, and then got killed—don't you see, that's where her remorse would start?"

Tabs nodded. "And yet she was his last thought. She ought to know it. It's monstrous that she should go on believing—" He broke off. And then: "She must be told. It's merest justice—whatever it costs."

VIII

THE light had been failing while they talked. A tap fell upon the door. Coming at that moment when their nerves were jangled, it sounded ominous. Their heads turned sharply. Maisie's voice was unsteady when she asked.

"What is it? What do you want?"

"It's Porter, madam. Dinner is served."

"Oh, come in, Porter. Have you laid a place for Lord Taborley?"

As the maid entered, Tabs rose. "I had no idea— Why, I've been here for hours. I really must apologize, Mrs. Lockwood, and be going."

However much his reception had been pre-

What Our Friend the Architect Told Us

Facts that Every Home Builder Needs on Construction

Vaulted and crowned ceilings made on metal lath add beautiful and rich effects to any house at small expense. Ten dollars spent in this way is equal in architectural effect to a hundred dollars spent in other ways. Use vaulted ceilings in halls, dens, dining and breakfast rooms. See small cut.

Beauty and dignified charm of stucco exterior and the infinite variety of treatment made possible by stucco are exemplified in this picture. This loggia is on the inner court of the residence of William V. Kelley, Lake Forest, Ill. Howard Shaw, Architect

Plaster on Metal Lath Won't Crack

"Use metal lath and you won't have plaster cracks," said the Architect to his friends. "Metal lath means beautiful walls, also fire protection. I want you to send for a booklet just published on this subject."

"Metal lath is a money saver," said the husband. "Is it expensive to put up?"

"Metal lath costs nothing, as it pays for itself in saving repairs and redecorating," replied the Architect.

Vaulted Hall Ceiling. Plaster on Metal Lath. A Permanent and Inexpensive Embellishment.

"Think of the joy of having beautiful walls and ceilings that never have cracks," exclaimed the wife.

"Metal lath prevents cracks and stops fire," said the Architect. "Let me show you a new house where metal lath is being put up."

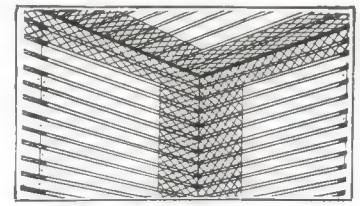
In the new house only part of the plastering was done. Parts of the walls and ceilings were covered with a network of steel mesh. "That's metal lath," said the Architect. "When plaster is put on the steel mesh is embedded as in reinforced concrete. Plaster on metal lath will not crack."

"Is metal lath the reason why beautiful buildings and homes don't have plaster cracks?" asked the wife.

Metal Lath Pays for Itself

"Metal lath is what prevents cracks," answered the Architect. "Use metal lath and you will save all the ugliness of cracked plaster, and also the heavy expense of continual repairs. Metal lath is produced so economically now that every one can use it. See here, how metal lath stops fire." He pointed to the steel mesh under the stairs. "Fire can't get through that plaster on unburnable metal lath."

"Beautiful walls and ceilings and safety from fire. I certainly want metal lath in our house," said the wife emphatically.



Detail of corner, showing a 12-in. strip of metal lath used to prevent unsightly corner cracks.

Send for Booklet

"You want to know all about metal lath before you build or buy," said the Architect. "Send today for that illustrated booklet. It is not an advertising booklet. It is full of pictures and information about interior plaster, also about stucco building. It's free, but the edition is limited. Write today to the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, 72 West Adams St., Chicago."

Prevents Cracks **Metal Lath** *Stops Fire*

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Dear Sirs: Please send me your booklet, "The Essentials of Building." I understand it is free and there is no obligation and no manufacturer's advertising in it. I am planning to build: Yes ☐ No ☐

My architect, or builder is .....

Name .....

Address .....

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Some varnishes are waterproof but are wofully lacking in the toughness necessary to wear-resistance. Other varnishes, generally satisfactory, quickly turn white and go to pieces under the action of water. "61" has the maximum *combined* degree of wear-resistance and water-resistance.

Many other technically opposing qualities are balanced in "61," such as *luster* with *spreading, quick drying* with *durability* and *brilliancy* of color with *permanency* of color.

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arranged, dinner had formed no part of the program. The slightly puzzled expression on Porter's face betrayed that fact to him at a glance.

Maisie laid an arresting hand on his arm. To the maid she said cheerfully:

"It's all right, Porter; Lord Taborley is staying."

As Porter was making her exit, he commenced again to protest. Maisie silenced his objections by leaning against him warningly. "You've talked of everything except me," she whispered. "It was about me you came to talk. You *must* before we part."

Following her across the hall to the dining-room, he reflected on her ability for getting him into deeper and yet deeper water. He had the feeling that he was being led somewhere against his will—somewhere that might be for his good or for his harm, but which would inevitably cut him off from many of his old affections. He had the discomforting sense that he was doing something disloyal to Terry. Heaven knew what promises might not be exacted from him before the evening ended. When would it end? He would have to stay for at least an hour after coffee—that would bring him to nine o'clock. Sir Tobias Beddow would have been expecting him long before that to deliver his account of the result of his mission. Furthermore, Sir Tobias would be demanding an explanation as to how it was that, having asked for Terry's hand the night before, he was still unengaged to her. If he postponed the interview till tomorrow, it would create the appearance of lukewarmness. He couldn't very well excuse himself by saying that he'd spent the afternoon and evening with Maisie. And he couldn't get Maisie to let him off on the plea that Sir Tobias, her harshest critic, was waiting for him. Besides, he had accomplished nothing as yet; Adair Easterday had not been mentioned.

If ever he made good his escape, he prayed that he might never again encounter a woman possessed of charm. His paramount desire was to seize his hat and make a furtive exit. There was nothing to prevent him but the politeness due from a man to a woman—and she traded on it. As he passed into the dining-room he was secretly on his guard.

"I wonder what she'll do next to inveigle me?" was his thought.

"IT'LL be only a little dinner," she explained as they seated themselves. "You weren't expected. But Porter always has something hidden away for an emergency. Don't you, Porter?"

He was getting accustomed to these asides addressed to Porter. He began to perceive that Porter had other uses besides gliding round the table in a cap and apron. She was a conversational stop-gap when situations grew awkward, as they frequently must between an ensnared bachelor and an unchaperoned widow.

And she was eligible; he had to own it as they sat down to their first meal together. Tea hadn't counted as a meal; you can serve tea to anybody. But dinner for two, in an oak-paneled room when the spring dusk is falling, is different. The table was lit by four naked candles. Looped back from the windows hung the marigold-tinted curtains. Several houses away a woman was singing. The atmosphere of the room was vibrant with romance; all that was lacking was his impulse to be romantic.

Maisie was chattering gaily and forestalling his wants. It was clear to him that it made her happy to have a man so entirely at her mercy. She meant immensely well by him. Behind her mist of words she seemed to be saying, "Isn't it nice to be just we two together?"

But he was thinking of the other three soldier men who had played the game of being

Charm that has a Single Source

IN beauty which serenely stands the scrutiny of repeated glances, artifice plays small part.

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

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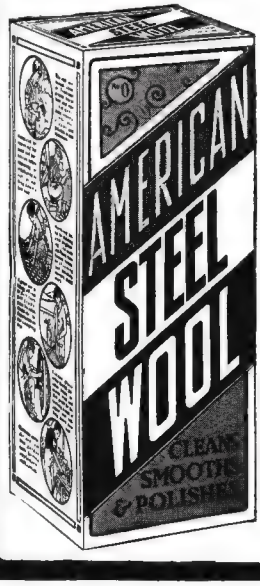
You simply pull off a wad of these *softly wooled* steel strands and rub. Use with warm water and any kind of white soap. Leaves no grit, no slimy surface, no soapy odor. Easy on the hands. No gloves needed.



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The Kingdom Round the Corner

"just we two together" before him. He felt pity and distaste for Maisie in equal proportions. Those men had each in turn caressed her, dipped their hands in the largesse of her pale gold hair, seen their souls' reflection in the cornflower innocence of her eyes, drunk forgetfulness from the poppy-petals of her mouth, and gone away to die, believing she was wholly theirs. How little of her was theirs now! She was almost virginal—as though she had never been touched by their passion. And yet there seemed to be one of them whose memory had outstayed the rest, for she had said, "You know, my man's out there." Was she merely a light, predatory woman or—or very loving and lonely?

She was speaking more seriously now. "We mustn't tell her. It's natural to be sorry for him now that he's dead." He picked up the thread and guessed that she was referring to Lord Dawn.

"We must tell her," he said.

"But we mustn't," she urged. "For years he tried to make her wretched. There were rumors of other women. She's found peace at last. It wouldn't help him to let her know that he had died loving her out there. He's beyond any help of ours. They all are." He surmised who the *they* were—the three soldier-men who had sat there before him. In pleading for silence for others, she was pleading for silence for herself. Again she was defending herself against his thoughts. "All the dead had their chance. Lord Dawn had; there were so many years in which he might have told her. To tell her now would be to rob—"

She broke off as the maid reentered with the coffee. Her tone changed instantly to one of convention. "Not here, Porter. We'll have it in the drawing-room."

AS he followed her out across the hall, he glanced at his watch. It was past eight o'clock. He could lose no more time. He must plunge boldly into the subject of his mission and bring his visit promptly to an end. He dreaded the temptation of that feminine room, with its cosiness and security and quiet. It made him too much alone with her; she was not a woman with whom it was wise to be alone too long.

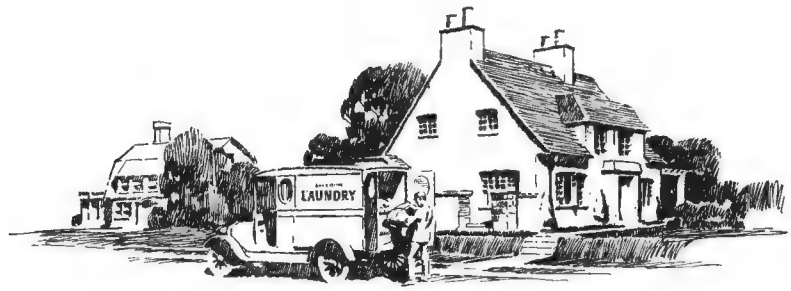
The moment the maid had left them and the door had closed, he became confirmed in the sanity of this decision. Everything in the room appealed to him to procrastinate. The curtains before the French windows were closely drawn. The hearth had been swept in their absence; the fire glowed more companionably than ever. About the table where the coffee waited, a solitary lamp shed a golden blur. It was heavily shaded with yellow silk, so that most of its light escaped their faces and fell downward.

She had seated herself on the couch. When she had filled both cups, she glanced up at him smilingly, patting the vacant place beside her as a sign that he should occupy it. He was standing before the fire, looking immensely tall in the semi-darkness. He could see her plainly where she sat beneath the lamp, but of him she could see nothing but his outline, for his eyes were lost in shadow. When he seemed not to have noticed her sign,

"Come," she said coaxingly. "You don't spare yourself at all. You make yourself tired by so much standing."

"Mrs. Lockwood—" She started as he called her that. Twice already she had been Maisie to him. "Mrs. Lockwood, as you reminded me before dinner, it was about you that I came here to talk. Let's get it over. I haven't any idea how far things have gone. I should like to believe that nine-tenths of what's said is nothing more than gossip. But why can't you let Adair alone? He may mean nothing or a tremendous lot to you—but why can't you?"

(*To be continued*)



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Said a famous Frenchman, visiting America for the first time: "Ah—you Americans—you are the cleanest clothed people in the world. I envy you!" We have reason to believe he meant what he said.

Clothes sent "out" in Siam are usually washed in a village pond—one water for everybody's washing. Blow-can sprinkling is universal among the Chinese. In Mexico it is well known that laundresses rent out apparel of their patrons—many instances are related of men meeting their own shirts on unfamiliar backs. Europe, too, has its unusual customs.

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Everything in the family bundle is washed in five to ten baths of cleansing suds in rainsoft water in modern laundries.

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In modern laundries, personal apparel is refreshed and cleansed inwardly and outwardly—actually made purer than the milk we drink.

It is well to remember that this service of sanitation—which helps keep us the cleanest clothed people in the world—is obtainable only in modern laundries.

To be sure of this service that is safe and saving; to be sure of protection for your own health and that of your family; to secure help that will take all of the inconvenience and work of washday out of your home, send your family washing to one of the modern laundries in your city.

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Old English Brightener is an ideal cleaner for your floors—waxed, varnished or shellaced—and for your woodwork and furniture. This preparation cleans perfectly *without injuring the finish.* It leaves a light film which polishes beautifully, protects against wear, and makes the finish last twice as long. Contains no oil, so it will not collect dust, discolor the wood or soil your rugs.

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That soft, beautiful lustre you've admired in your friends' homes; that evidence of good taste in every room; that spick-and-span look of floors, furniture, and woodwork—you, too, can have it easily.

It's very simple. Just spread a thin film of Old English Wax on the surface. In a few minutes a little rubbing will bring it to a beautiful polish and produce a hard, wear-resisting finish that will last for months.

All you need to have beautiful floors, woodwork, and furniture is a soft cloth and a can of Old English Wax. Or, for your floors, if you prefer, you can use the Old English Waxer-Polisher shown in the picture. It's the new, easy way to put on wax and polish floors.

Beautify your floors with Old English Wax. You can, no matter whether they are hardwood or softwood, varnished or shellaced. The floors may be walked on as soon as polished. Heel-marks or scratches cannot penetrate the hard wax finish, and the floors will grow more beautiful with age.

Because Old English Wax contains more hard, high-grade imported wax than any other, it goes further, lasts longer, and *costs about one-third less than* most other finishes. One pint can, at 85c, will cover the entire floor of a room 14 by 18 feet.

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Name_____

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For the Home Dressmaker

(*Continued from page 56*)

the waist and allow it to lap over the raw edge of the skirt. When you get to the two sides slightly gather or lay plaits as desired.

Over the seam which joins the waist and the skirt a piece of braid is placed. A sash of braid is used at the normal waist-line in the picture. This is adjustable and may be as shown on page 56, below, or lowered as is becoming.

At intervals of three inches a one-half-inch braid is slip-stitched to the dress forming an attractive trimming, while at the bottom a three- or four-inch braid gives a distinct hem.

Since it is important that this braid be put on in a straight, workmanlike way the material should be laid on a sewing table or the floor and the correct line for the braid marked with chalk or white thread

The silk frock is cut in exactly the same way as the serge. The material is laid on a fold and the same measurements followed.

3	yards of Canton crêpe or Silk 40 or 42 in. wide at $4.50 per yd.	$13.50
¾	yd. of Canton crêpe or Silk 40 or 42 in. wide at $4.50 per yd. for trimming	3.38
1½	yds. of China Silk for lining, $1.00 per yd.	1.50
¼	yd. of Organdy or batiste for chemisette at $1.00 per yd.	.25
1	card of hooks and eyes	.10
		$18.73

IF a pattern is used, lay the material on a fold and cut by the pattern. The only difference between the silk and the serge frock is that instead of the round neck with the slit, the dotted line showing a deep oblong opening is followed. This opening should be on a thirty-six-inch pattern fourteen inches deep and four to five inches wide, according to the figure, at the bottom; that is, two to two and one-half inches on the half when the material is laid on the fold, and three to three and one-half inches at the top when the material is laid on the fold. This dress also may be slipped on over the head and can be made with or without a lining.

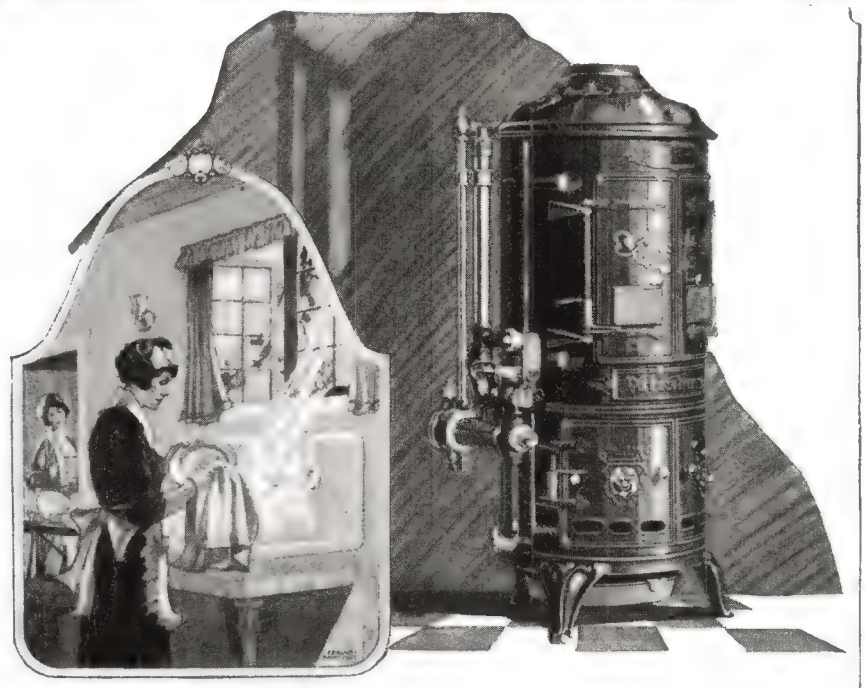
In a dress of this type a semi-fitted lining of white lawn or China silk is very nice indeed as it protects the material. The dress need only be tacked to it at the shoulders. It is possible to fasten this waist lining from the opening at the front. If a lining is used the chemisette of tucked organdy, net or batiste can be placed on the lining instead of to the dress itself. It is sewed to the lining on one side and snapped on the opposite.

The neckline and the sleeves which should be slit up three inches at the direct center, are bound with a fold of contrasting crêpe. The crêpe also being used to face the broad sash. This sash, by the way, is sewed into the underarm seam on one side and carried across the back only and formed in a big soft bow on one side. Such a sash should be seven to eight inches broad, one side of it being of the dark crêpe and the other of a contrasting color. Just a line of the contrasting color may be turned over at the back of the waist, if it is becoming. This depends on the figure.

In attaching the skirt to the waist, the lower edge of the waist is turned under and the waist section applied over the raw edge of the skirt section. It may be stitched by machine. If this is done be sure and use a sewing silk of exactly the shade of the crêpe. The raw edges of the material on the wrong side could then be finished by a narrow silk binding.

In some dresses of this sort instead of the machine stitching a bias fold of the material in the same shade is used as a finish. In dressmaking lesson number two directions were given for applying a bias fold.

In this skirt as in the serge the allowance has been made for two shallow side plaits or for gathers on each hip. This gives the width to be found in the new models and yet retains the slim line.



The Source of Hot Water Supply

THE installation of the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater is the beginning of a never failing supply of hot water. As soon as you turn the faucet hot water—too hot to put your hand in is on its way to you. Fresh from the main it comes—heated enroute by the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater—free from rust and sediment. And the beauty of it all is that this service is constant—all day long, all through the night.

The Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater functions alone. Personal attention is absolutely unnecessary. It provides you with hot water in the cheapest and most satisfactory way.

If you are interested in a better hot water service for your home, you will appreciate our booklet *The Well Managed Home.* May we send this booklet to you?

PITTSBURG WATER HEATER COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

★ **Pittsburg**
AUTOMATIC GAS
WATER HEATERS

Game Poultry Meats and Made Dishes

The housewife who has learned to can meat successfully may be said to have taken her "Doctor's Degree" in home canning. It is not intrinsically difficult to can meats; correct sterilization and a perfect seal insure success.

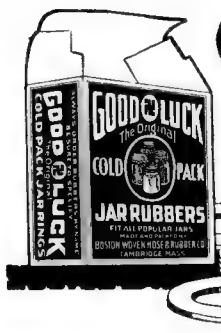
Think of the convenience and economy of meat canning. Where game is plentiful people quickly tire of it during the season, yet how welcome a salmi of wild duck with olives or a dish of potted quail would be later in the winter. Poultry is at its best in weight and flavor in late autumn, and every chicken killed and canned then saves the trouble and expense of winter feeding. Pigs, sheep and beef can be treated in the same way and fall supplies stretched throughout the winter season. A letter came to us the other day from a GOOD LUCK user who had canned 50 jars of beef.

Of course no experienced housewife ever attempts to can meats without a supply of reliable GOOD LUCK jar rings which she knows can resist the softening action of long boiling. The splendid record of GOOD LUCK jar rings in laboratory tests and in practical use show them to be ideal for this purpose because their tough fibre is unaffected by heat.

GOOD LUCK rubbers come packed with all new Atlas E-Z Seal fruit jars

Owing to our capacity of more than 5,000,000 GOOD LUCK Rubbers daily, we are able to announce the return of the GOOD LUCK ring to the pre-war price of 10 cents per dozen without in any way affecting its high standard of quality. Order through your dealer, or, if he cannot supply you, send 10 cents for sample dozen. Send 2 cent stamp for our new cook book on Cold Pack Canning.

★



GOOD LUCK
RED JAR RINGS
BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY
20 HAMPSHIRE STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
The Largest Manufacturers of Rubber Rings in the World

The League for Longer Life

(*Continued from page 30*)

the object of examining the blood sugar is to take early steps to restrict the intake of carbohydrates in the food. Starches, which form the principal part of the carbohydrates in our food, also must undergo digestion before they are absorbed into the blood. This digestion converts the starch into maltose sugar, a sugar closely related to dextrose and easily converted thereto.

We now have come to a very illuminating fact. It is well known that a diet composed of excessive amounts of carbohydrates tends to produce fat. It follows that extremely fat people are likely to be so because of the excess of carbohydrates which they eat. It seems, theoretically, a wise deduction to associate an excessive consumption of carbohydrates with diabetes and with excessive obesity. Dr. Joslin, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, makes the following statement:

"Diabetes, therefore, is largely a penalty of obesity, and the greater the obesity, the more likely is nature to enforce it. The sooner this is realized by physicians and the laity, the sooner will the advancing frequency of diabetes be checked. The penalty of taking too much alcohol is well known, and a drunkard is looked on with pity or contempt. Rarely persons who become fat deserve pity because of a real tendency to put on weight despite moderate eating, but usually most should be placed in somewhat the same catagory as the victim of alcohol. In the next generation one may be almost ashamed to have diabetes."

I think there is no doubt that in the propaganda for better health which GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has been conducting for so many years, the advice so frequently given, to refrain from eating excessive quantities of sugar, is based upon sound physiological evidence In the same manner, the danger of the overeating of starch is equally well founded. It is well known that starch does not so directly nor anything like so promptly threaten the overflow of sugar into the urine as sugar itself does. Thus, in restricting the carbohydrate diet, it is far more important to eliminate the excess of sugar than it is the excess of starch.

Some Important Considerations

In the first place, everybody interested in his own welfare should know that diabetes is not a disease confined exclusively to the ages between forty and fifty-nine. In point of fact, it attacks all ages, even the age of childhood. I have already referred to the higher fatality of the disease in children, and the smaller possibility of controlling it by diet, or otherwise. Even under the age of five nearly 200 children per 100,000 of population die of diabetes every year. In the five years including 1914 to 1918, 434 boys and 332 girls under the age of five died of diabetes. From five to nine years inclusive, the mortality is a little bit higher, 487 boys and 515 girls. From ten to fourteen inclusive, the number of deaths rapidly rises, being 945 boys and 800 girls. From fifteen to nineteen there is a decrease in mortality, namely, 836 boys and 612 girls After reaching maturity, in the five years from twenty to twenty-four inclusive, 868 men and 707 women per 100,000 died of diabetes From twenty-five to twenty-nine inclusive, 973 men and 796 women died of this disease. From thirty to thirty-four, 1058 men and 776 women were victims, and from thirty-five to thirty-nine, which brings us up to the present group, 1007 men and 938 women succumbed.

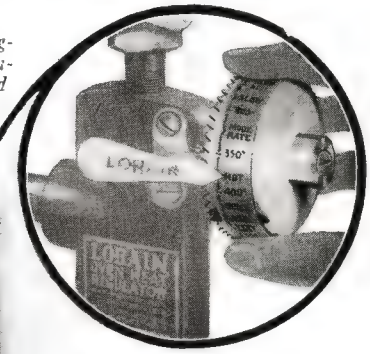
These data show that up to twenty years of age, the deaths among boys and girls are almost the same, but from twenty to forty years, the deaths among men are greater than among women.

Another point that I wish to accentuate is that the mortality of diabetes does not stop with the age of sixty, but for five or ten years after that even increases in magnitude. The group under consideration, nevertheless, shows

LORAIN

★ OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

An easy turn of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator wheel places 44 measured and controlled oven temperatures at your command



Important Notice

Hereafter the "wheel" of the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator will gain a distinctive color. It will be enameled in a beautiful shade of red. Not all the "Lorain"-equipped ranges now on sale have the new red wheel, because the change has but recently been made, but be sure that the indicator hand bears the name "Lorain."

Read This

If you have a good range you don't feel like discarding for the present, use a thermometer in getting oven temperatures, watching the oven to see that the temperature is maintained. This is only an approach to "Lorain" regulated heat, but it will help.

Cook by Temperature—*to avoid failures*

If women would learn how to cook by temperature instead of "by guess" they would never have failures. Until I learned this secret with my purchase of a "Lorain"-equipped gas range I could never tell how my baking was coming out. Now I never have unlucky days.

THE above quotation from the letter of a "Lorain" user will interest all women who keep house.

Many modern cooking authorities, including *Good Housekeeping Institute*, are now giving accurate temperatures for oven cooking. Instead of the old-fashioned, inaccurate expressions, slow oven, moderate oven, hot oven, etc., they now state the exact degree of heat to use.

This important step forward has been made possible by the "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator, which *sets and maintains accurate, controlled, measured oven temperatures.*

The "Lorain" is an attachment to the oven of our gas ranges. By the setting of the red wheel on the heat regulator it is possible to get and maintain, for any length of time, an accurate degree of heat in the oven, regardless of gas pressure variations, atmospheric conditions and other influences.

"Lorain" eliminates guesswork and "unlucky" days from oven cooking. It has many other interesting advantages, including "unwatched" whole-meal cooking.

There is a "Lorain" dealer in your district. Watch for his "Lorain" advertising in the local newspapers. Ask him for a demonstration of the "Lorain." If he hasn't our book, *An Easier Day's Work*, write to us for a copy.

Only these famous gas stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

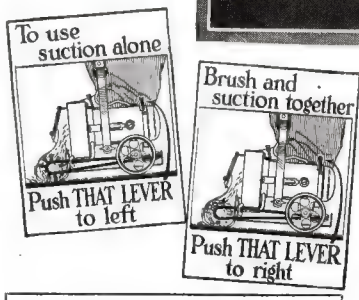
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 34 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

1921

"Once Over—
Twice Cleaned"



Turn THAT LEVER to the left and you have the type that cleans by powerful suction alone.

Turn THAT LEVER to the right and you have the type that cleans by a combination of the same powerful suction and correctly speeded Motor Driven Brush.

You Should Demand These Things in a Vacuum Cleaner

That it Clean Thoroughly!

THE Electric Sweeper-Vac with Motor Driven Brush does that indeed. Its powerful suction and Motor Driven Brush form a combination of unusual cleaning power. The correctly speeded brush fairly chases out the imbedded dirt that an inferior muscle-driven brush would pass by. The snug-fitting nozzle prevents its escape. The powerful suction whisks it instantly into the dust bag.

That it Operate Easily!

Take your index finger. Place it beneath the handle of the Sweeper-Vac—after turning on the conveniently situated electric switch. With only your finger to propel it, the light, well balanced Sweeper-Vac will glide easily over the rug, cleaning thoroughly as it goes.

That it Work – Day In and Day Out!

The Electric Sweeper-Vac is constructed simply. Its mechanism is encased in strong steel, insuring constant, dependable operation. You may take it from the closet—sure that it will do its work faithfully and well.

The Electric Sweeper-Vac does more than meet these basic demands. Its exclusive lever controls the operation of the brush—giving you either powerful suction alone, or this same powerful suction and Motor Driven Brush combined. Its dust bag is guaranteed to be spill-proof. Its mechanism runs long without oiling. The Electric Sweeper-Vac, with Motor Driven Brush, gives you just a little more service than you demand.

Write to us for name of nearest Sweeper-Vac dealer

M.S.WRIGHT CO.
Manufacturers
Worcester, Mass.

★ *Electric* **SWEEPER-VAC** *With Motor Driven Brush*

Dealers write us for 1921 selling plans

PNEUVAC CO.
Selling Agents
160 Fremont Street
Worcester, Mass.

a tremendous increase in the prevalence of diabetes and the number of deaths therefrom. Taken in five-year periods, the following are the data obtained by combining the five years of mortality reports of the census.

From forty to forty-four inclusive, 1262 men and 1158 women; from forty-five to forty-nine inclusive, the mortalities were, men 1756, women 1866; from fifty to fifty-four, the deaths for men were 2760 and women 3049; from fifty-five to fifty-nine the statistics show the death of 3190 men and 4140 women. During this period of twenty years, therefore, women apparently are more susceptible to diabetes than men, with the exception of the first group from forty to forty-four inclusive. These are important data, showing the necessity of greater care in women from the age of forty-five to sixty to guard against the ravages of this disease.

While in many persons diabetes is associated with kidney trouble, it is not in its nature essentially a kidney disease. It is included in the reports of the Census Bureau of Vital Statistics among the general diseases, and is not classed as any form of nephritis. Undoubtedly, inasmuch as the kidney is called upon to carry the whole burden of excreting the unburned sugar, its functional capacity must, of necessity, be injured to some extent.

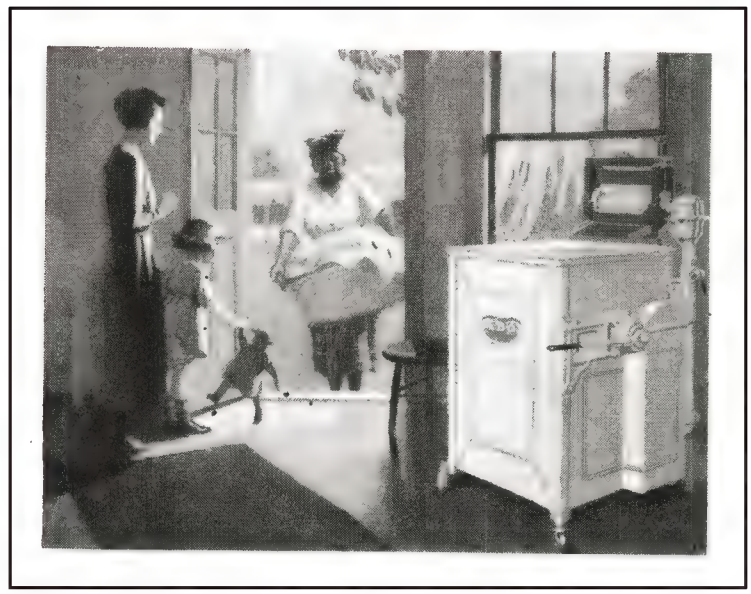
When I consider the group above sixty, I shall have something more to say about the mortality of diabetes between the ages of sixty and seventy. It is even greater than that which attacks the older members of the present group.

The Way to Avoid Diabetes

The practical point in the whole matter is, how can this disease be avoided? I think I have sufficiently emphasized the point that wrong eating is one of the chief causes of the development of this trouble. It goes hand in hand with obesity, and obesity is produced either by eating too much food, or by eating food improperly balanced. The plain inference based upon the facts briefly outlined above is that the inordinate eating of sugar and, to a certain extent, of starch, is the principal cause of the development of diabetes. Starch and sugar are natural foods. They compose almost two-thirds of the normal diet of man and, hence, if this proportion is not overstepped, there is nothing to fear.

The carbohydrates of which starch and sugar are types, together with the fats in our food, furnish fuel for the human engine. The energy exerted by our bodies and, incidentally, the heat which is required for their functioning, are derived chiefly from fats and carbohydrates. Fat is the ideal fuel. Its sole purpose is stoking the fire. Starch and sugar, on the other hand, not only furnish fuel, but are the principal source of the fat in the body. A certain amount of fat is a necessity. Not only does it round out the form and afford a proper cushion for the embedding of the muscles, but it also serves, in time of need, to keep the "home fires burning." When, by accident or otherwise, we are unable to get ordinary foods, life can be maintained for a certain period on the fats that are stored in the body. If one is kept perfectly still, he can live a long while without the introduction of any food product whatever, unless water is considered as a food. Thus, the function of fat is clearly understood, and its importance should not be minimized. It is the excess of fat which we have to avoid. The best and safest way to do this is by limiting the consumption of sugar.

In a state of nature, the only sugar which the body requires is that furnished by the food which we eat. If we have a judicious assortment of meats, vegetables, fruits, and cereals, we procure a proper amount of sugar for all physiological purposes. The seductive taste of sugar leads men to use much greater quantities thereof than physiological necessity requires. The average annual consumption of sugar per head in the United States is not far from

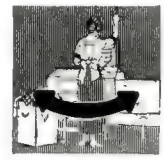


Do Your Washing at Home!

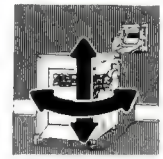
Your clothes are not mingled with the soiled wearing apparel of strangers; they are not exposed to contagion amid insanitary surroundings; nor is there any checking bother; no clothes disappear; you do not have to wait days for the return of your laundry—when you have the washing done on your premises, under your supervision, by the A B C *Electric Laundress.*

Heed those advantages of the lifting (↕) dipping process, as listed for cylinder and vacuum washers. Note the merits of the rocking (⇌) tossing process, employed in oscillating washers. Then credit the A B C *Electric Laundress* with the sum of *all* these good features; for it washes by both (✚) of these leading methods, to extract *all* dirt; it offers the advantages of two good washers in one, for the price of one.

Some electric washers ***lift*** and ***dip*** the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water—and it is a good method.....



Other electric washers ***rock*** and ***toss*** the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water—and it is a good method ....



The A B C Electric Laundress ***does both.*** Rapidly it alternates these good methods, combining their advantages....

An exclusive *springless* mechanism achieves this dual washing action without clash or din, without lurch. Invest in no single process washer before you see this *double process* A B C with its twofold advantages. A near-by dealer will gladly demonstrate it. Today, write for illustrated book, "The A B C of Washday."

SOLD ON DIVIDED PAYMENTS

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY PEORIA, ILL. NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Factories and Executive Offices: Peoria, Illinois

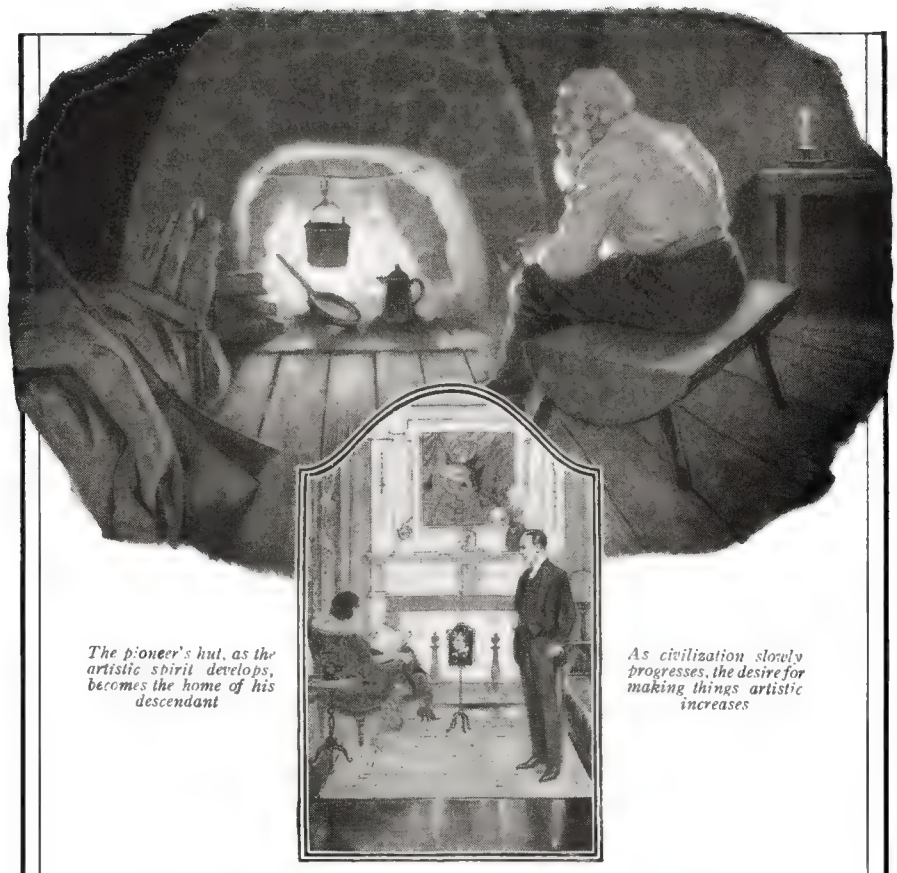
Pioneer and Leading Makers of Power Washers

★

A B C

Electric Laundress

Copyright 1921, Altorfer Bros. Co.



The pioneer's hut, as the artistic spirit develops, becomes the home of his descendant

As civilization slowly progresses, the desire for making things artistic increases

Good Varnish Both Enhances
and
Preserves the Home Beautiful

Better homes make better citizens. As appreciation grows of the finer things of life, the more sordid impulses become less and less a factor in determining human action.

Since 1858 Berry Brothers varnish products have been important essentials in the beautification of the home. Today the great civic edifice, the industrial plant, the palatial residence and the modest cottage alike employ them, for they have proven their supreme worth through years of service.

There is a Berry Brothers product for every varnish need. *Liquid Granite* is the famous *durable* water-proof floor-varnish. *Berrycraft*, the wonder-working stain finish for furniture and interior woodwork. *Luxeberry White Enamel*, beautiful in tone, lasting and artistic. *Automobile Color Varnish* to renew the car. And scores of others—at your dealers.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
World's Largest Makers
Varnishes and Paint Specialties

Detroit, Michigan — Walkerville, Ontario

The Luxeberry Painter Says:

"Like every one else, I get the most satisfaction out of working for people who really appreciate good work.

"And so, when my customers tell me to be sure and use Berry Brothers varnishes, I say to myself that here's some one who is discriminating enough to know the best, and it's up to me to give my very best to them."

The League for Longer Life

ninety pounds. It is unfortunate that we have no statistics by which we can determine the increased prevalence of diabetes in this sugar-eating era over former days when the amount of sugar available for man's use was so limited that consumption thereof was probably no more than fifteen or twenty pounds per head per year. Nor can we go back to the times prior to the development of the sugar industry when there was no artificial sugar used except honey, and that is not to be regarded as artificial, but as a natural product. If, as has been shown, it is the excess of sugar which causes this disorder, the wisdom of lessening its consumption is apparent.

We have tables of average weights of children and grown people based on measurements sufficiently extended to warrant us to believe in the accuracy of these average determinations. It is believed now by many of the advanced physiologists and dieticians that this average weight is greater than it should be. The Life Extension Institute is disposed to consider that a person under the average weight is in a better physical condition than if he attains to this weight. This is an indication that our national diet is either too generous in quantity, or not properly balanced as to its character. Probably both of these conditions may be found to be correct.

It is true that it is rather late in life at forty to begin to restrict the intake of sugar. Inasmuch, however, as the great mortality of diabetes comes after the fortieth year, it is the part of wisdom to take heed of this fact.

Treatment of Diabetes

It has long been recognized that diabetes is not amenable to any kind of drug treatment. In other words, there is no medicine, so far as medical knowledge extends, which is of any use whatever in either restricting or curing the trouble. The moment diabetes appears, there is just one thing to be done, and that is rigidly to exclude all sugars, and as much of the starches as possible, from the diet. As this is the only adequate treatment, it emphasizes the advisability of the prophylactic measures which I have urged above, namely, to begin right away at the start to give less sugar to our children, and to eat less sugar after we grow up. Fortunately, a strict control of the diet often relieves the symptoms at least, though perhaps it does not effect any cure of the real trouble. Nevertheless, it strengthens the vitality of the patient and enables him to live, somewhat comfortably, much longer than he otherwise would.

So impressed are advanced physicians with the idea that diabetes is a diet disease, that the starvation method of treatment has been introduced and found, in many cases, to be highly successful. Not only are sugar and starch forbidden, but all kinds of foods are restricted very much in quantity. Of course, there are dangers in starvation. Among these is the danger of developing an acid condition of the body commonly known as acidosis. But even this danger is less threatening to the patient than to allow diabetes to proceed without any attempt to check its ravages.

I appeal now to the sober men and women of the ages from forty to fifty-nine inclusive, to take heed. You are feeling fine. Your weight is gradually increasing. Your vitality seems to have no limit. Your efficiency has reached practically its maximum. And yet you have to face the possibility of being a victim to a disease, mysterious in its character, resistant to all medical treatment, due doubtless to dietary indiscretions, and which, when once it is fastened upon you, seems almost incapable of being shaken off. You men and women may add many years to your lives if you will correct your taste, restrain your appetite, and eat simple foods in a simple manner. Stop putting sugar in your breakfast foods. Stop eating cakes and candies and confections. Stop putting on flesh, and return to the simple diet that brings health and longevity.

SIMPLEX IRONER

"THE BEST IRONER"

Extremely Simple—Absolutely Safe—
A Matchless Ironing Result

"See What My Simplex Can Do"

Look at this little dress—perfectly ironed in a minute and a half! With a Simplex Ironer in *your* home many of the distressing tasks of the household will vanish—keeping the children presentable, for instance. Dresses, rompers, aprons are so quickly and easily ironed the Simplex way. And your husband's and son's shirts, too! They can be ironed just as satisfactorily; besides, of course, all the endless supply of house linens—table cloths, napkins, sheets and curtains.

Do not deny yourself this economical necessity, for in the average family, the Simplex actually pays for itself in a year!

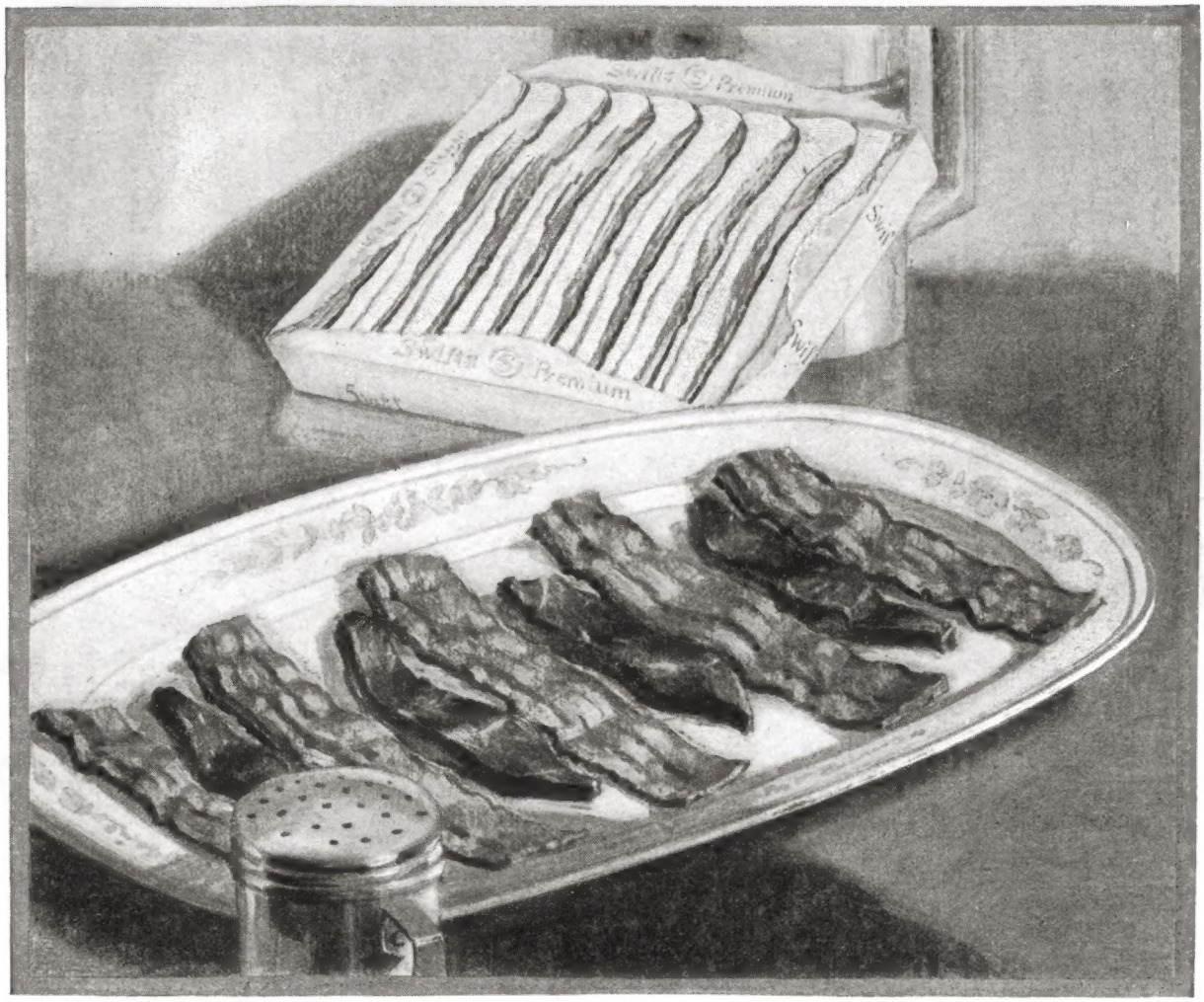
★ Write for booklets and name of nearest dealer

AMERICAN IRONING MACHINE COMPANY

504—168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Eastern Sales Office: 70 W. 45th St., New York
Pacific Coast Office: 431 Sutter St., San Francisco
Factories at Algonquin, Illinois, and Woodstock, Ont., Canada

You control the Ironer by merely tilting the feed board, both hands being left free to guide the work—and in *perfect security.* When bringing the iron into action, the hands must be placed on the front edge of the board entirely away from the hot iron. You can iron in comfort while seated.



Premium Bacon with liver!

Swift's Premium Bacon and liver are especially good together. Why? Because the liver—though a great delicacy—needs just the savory zest of this delicious bacon.

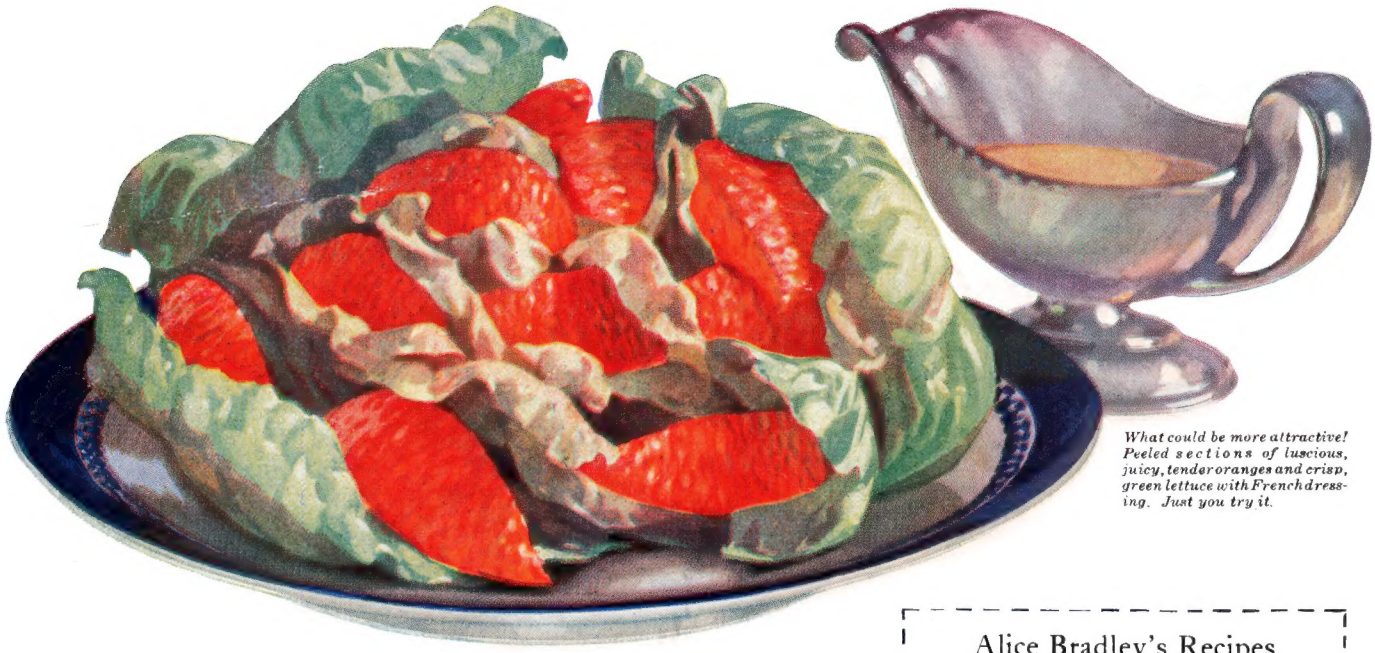
Naturally the flavor of this dish depends largely on the bacon. Swift's Premium Bacon has just the right proportion of fat and lean—it is so perfectly cured, that its distinctive taste adds real charm to anything with which it is served.

Be sure to get Swift's Premium when buying bacon. You will find it in whatever form you prefer—in the whole strip or in slices put up in the sealed glass jar or in the parchment-wrapped carton.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

★ Swift's Premium Bacon

Sprinkle some sliced liver with salt and pepper, and dip in flour. Fry some slices of Swift's Premium Bacon, remove them from the frying pan and fry the liver in the fat. Arrange the liver with the crisp, curly bacon on a hot platter. Over it pour a gravy made by adding equal parts of vinegar and water to the bacon fat. Thicken, if desired. This makes a tart, savory sauce which adds to the flavor of the liver.



What could be more attractive! Peeled sections of luscious, juicy, tender oranges and crisp, green lettuce with French dressing. Just you try it.

Five-Minute Lunches

for Busy Women

Delicious—Healthful—Quick

YOU can make a meal of oranges—a quick, delicious meal. There's nothing else so good, and there's no cooking, fuss or trouble.

Five minutes, and you have a luscious fruit dish, a cup of tea and bread and butter. And that's as healthful and as nourishing a noon repast as any woman wants on busy days.

An orange dish is "salad and dessert in one"; and there are scores of combinations with other fruits or cocoanut to gain variety.

Our free book suggests "five-minute dishes" of this kind. See our offer above to the right.

Why spend hours on *any* midday meal when there's a convenient, luscious, healthful fruit so handy?

You need orange foods also to help balance heavy meals. For orange juice contains organic salts and acids which are both natural appetizers and digestive aids.

For Balanced Meals

And although oranges are known as "acid fruits" their reaction in the blood is *alkaline*—a healthful offset to the *excess acidity* caused by the "unbalanced eating" of meat, fish and eggs.

So oranges are of great dietetic value in balancing meals. Hospitals serve four times as many as do most homes, because *they know*.

Alice Bradley's Recipes

Sent Free

MISS ALICE BRADLEY, *Domestic Scientist and Dietician, is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, in Boston* We asked her to prepare a book of recipes especially for us. It contains more than two hundred—all tested and proved by Miss Bradley, so they're sure to work. It includes several so-called "five-minute dishes." Send for a copy. It is free to women who reply to this announcement. Just mail a post card and get one by return mail. Dept. 314

Here's a "fruit cocktail" perfectly delightful to try. Cut an orange in sections, remove the membrane, and place in cup with a few cherries, diced pineapple and white grapes. Sprinkle a little sugar to taste.

Sunkist

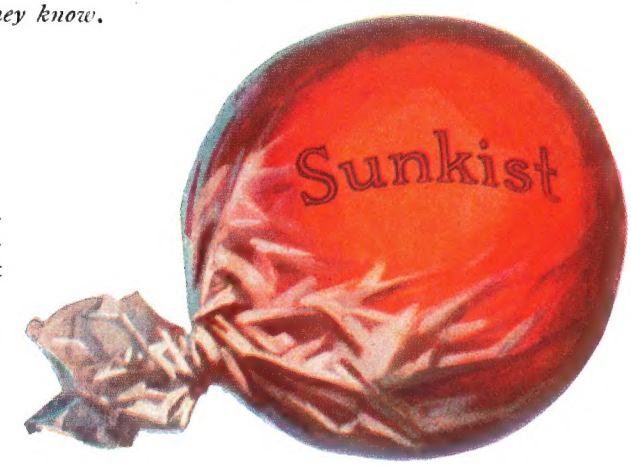
Uniformly Good Oranges

Serve sliced or halved for breakfast, in salad for the lunch and in desserts at dinner.

Let the whole family have the benefit of this fine fruit in some form every day.

Sunkist oranges are firm, but tender, juicy, sweet and practically seedless. They slice best and are easiest to separate and cut.

All first-class dealers sell them. Get a delicious dozen now.



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